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Beginning

NORTH OF 36

By

Emerson Hough

"AN OLD WOOD CUT"

Painted by Edward V. Brewer for Cream of Wheat Company

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Why Do We Wear Long Trousers?

For many centuries, knee breeches were the conventional gentlemen's wear. Then Beau Brummel, the famous fop, startled London's smart set one morning a hundred years ago when he appeared in a "shocking costume," including tight-fitting black trousers. They soon became the fashion, although knee breeches were not abandoned without a struggle. The Duke of Wellington once was refused admission to a ball because he presented himself in long trousers.

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DAVID ADLER & SONS COMPANY
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That's one of the reasons for being sure of getting clothes with our name in them

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

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George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Churchill Williams, F. S. Bigelow,
A. W. Neall, Arthur McKeogh,
T. B. Costain, Thomas L. Masson,
Associate Editors

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NORTH OF 36

By EMERSON HOUGH

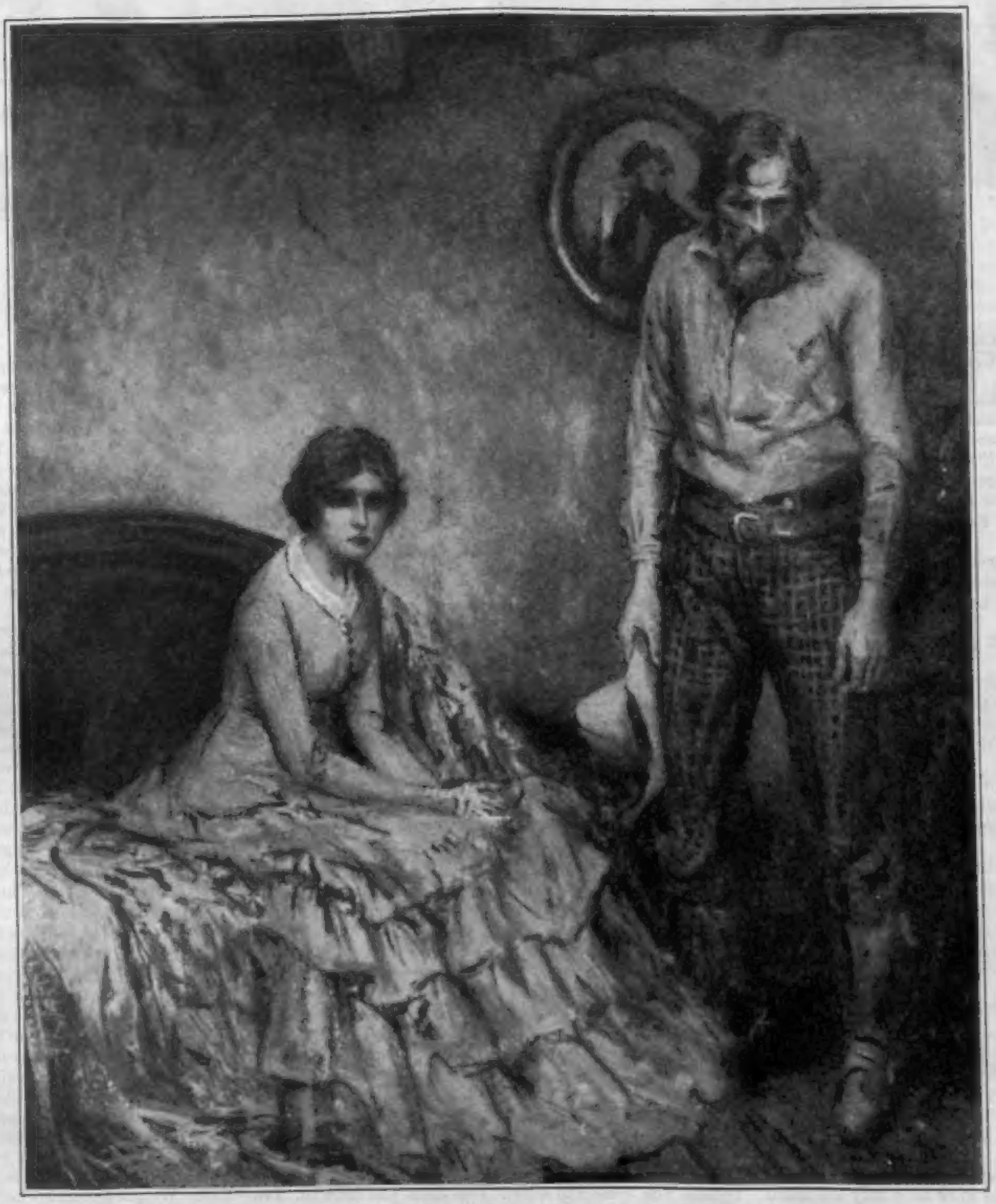
ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

MEN ——" Taisie meant to say "Good morning, men," as usually she did if she came to the cook-house door before they had finished breakfast. But this morning she hesitated, halted.

There had been the usual mealtime silence of the cattle hands, broken only by rasp or chatter of steel on tin; but as the tall girl's shadow fell at the door of the log house Jim Nabours, foreman of Del Sol, rose at his place. Fifteen other men pushed back their chairs nervously, staring at the boss as though caught in some overt criminal act. In the occupation of eating a regulation breakfast of beef and beans, cattle hands, time out of mind, have asked no aid and invited no company.

But Taisie Lockhart was their hereditary chieftainess. Her father, Col. Burleson Lockhart, these two years deceased—a strong man in his day, and a poignant—had owned the Laguna del Sol range, of unknown acreage. Likewise, he had owned no man knew how many thousand head of long-horned cattle, from calves to mossy horns; owned yonder branching and rambling building of log and adobe called the big house; owned the round pens and the live-oak groves, the mast-fed range hogs and the nuts that fed them; owned bunk houses and cook house and corrals. Yes, and owned faith of body and soul of every man that lived on Del Sol, from old Salazar to the gawkiest ranch boy to put his saddle under the shed.

Heiress to all this, as her father had owned lands and herds and men, so did Taisie Lockhart. But to her, orphaned and alone, came an added fealty from her men that amounted almost to fanaticism. Most of them had known and loved her from her childhood. In her young womanhood they enshrined her.



"I Don't Say Out Loud What I Do Mean. All I Know Is, Our Range Is Skinned"

The boss of Laguna del Sol now stood framed in the doorway, in man's garb of shirt and trousers—an assumption shocking in that land and day. This costume she deliberately had assumed when she took on a man's duties in a business preëminently masculine. Obviously now, she was tall, slender, supple, rounded to a full physical inheritance of womanly charm unhardened by years of life in the saddle and under the sun. More; she was an actual beauty. Anywhere else she would have been a sensation. Here she spoiled each unfinished breakfast.

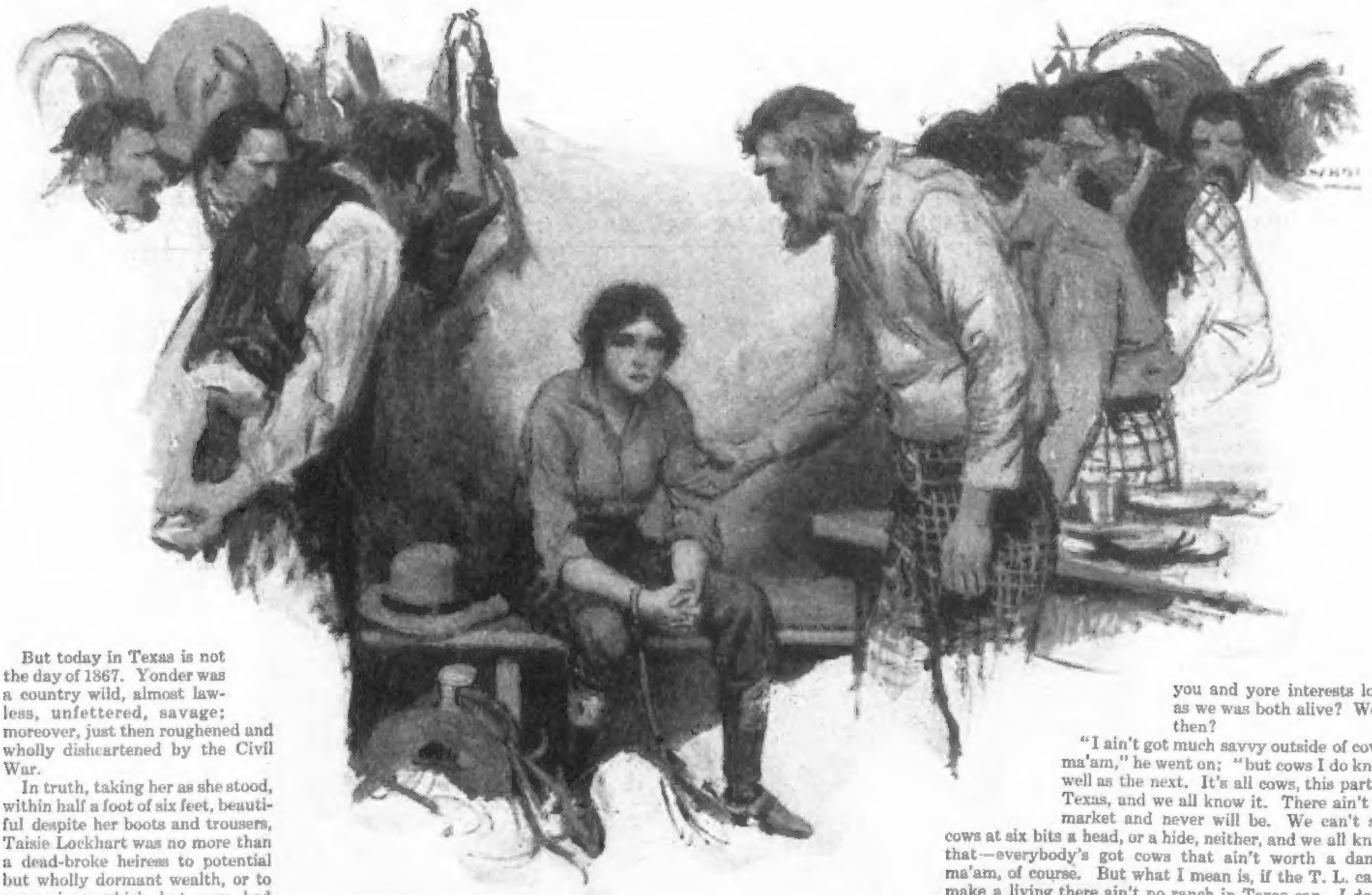
Against the morning light the freckles of Anastasie Lockhart could not be seen. No matter. Every man of these could have told you the number and contour of them each and all. In a way, too, they could have told you that her freckles went with her hair. The light that shone through the mass of dark red hair—long and unconfined she wore it, clubbed between her shoulders with a shoe string—lighted a thousand fronds into a sort of aureole, halo, crown. Not that this, either, was needed. For long, Taisie Lockhart, orphan owner of Laguna del Sol—far south of Stephen Austin's first settlement in old Texas it lay—had been traditional saint, angel to every creature that wore boots and spurs within a hundred miles. Nay, more than that; across two states—old Texas and old Louisiana—so far as interchange of information then went, before the day of telegraph and rails, men, and even women, spoke in hushed tones of Taisie Lockhart; the former out of awe at her beauty, the latter out of pity for her fate.

An orphan, left alone at twenty, just as she came home from her convent schooling at the ancient city of New Orleans, with no woman relative and no female companions other than her servants, what could be the fate of such a girl, seventy-five miles from the nearest town, twenty-five from the nearest rancho, and the rumor of her beauty continually spreading league by league? On her shoulders rested all the responsibilities of what was or had been one of the largest and richest ranches of Central Texas, and thereto was the responsibility for what manner of beauty sets mad the hearts of men.

Every woman in all Texas, at least in all the Texas of Bexar, Guadalupe, Comal, Gonzales and Caldwell counties, was sorry for Taisie Lockhart. She was trying to hold together the property left her by the sudden death—through murder—of her father, Burleson Lockhart, frontiersman on the bloody borders of the Southwest since 1831. And every woman wondered what man she would marry. Every woman also demanded that she marry soon.

An Alabama man Burleson Lockhart's father had been; he himself was Louisianian up to his young manhood; and since then Texan, from a time before the Texas Republic was born.

Add to Burleson Lockhart's six feet of fighting manhood the tender beauty of Anastasie Brousseau, gentle and beautiful Louisiana girl, willing to leave her own plantation home among the moss-hung bayou lands for the red borders of Comanche land—and behold Taisie, present mistress of Del Sol, motherless since six, educated by her father in compliance with her mother's steady wish, and now owner of a vast property that today would mean many millions.



"If You Talk of Turning Off Us Men, Where'd We Go? What'd We Do? I Ask You That, Anyways, Ma'am"

But today in Texas is not the day of 1867. Yonder was a country wild, almost lawless, unfettered, savage; moreover, just then roughened and wholly disheartened by the Civil War.

In truth, taking her as she stood, within half a foot of six feet, beautiful despite her boots and trousers, Taisie Lockhart was no more than a dead-broke heiress to potential but wholly dormant wealth, or to possessions which but now had vanished.

And that was why she now broke down in her morning salutation, even when all her men arose and joined Jim Nabours in silent attention.

"Men ——" began the tall girl once more, and once more failed.

Then Taisie Lockhart ignominiously leaned her red head on her brown hand against the gray cook-house door jamb and shed genuine feminine tears. Which act made every man present wish that he could do violence to something or somebody.

The boss was crying! Well, why? Had anything—had anybody —— The eye of each looked to his wall nail, where, in ranch etiquette, he had hung his gun before taking up his knife and fork.

Jim Nabours cleared his throat. His Adam's apple struggled convulsively, walking up and down his brown and sinewy neck. Taisie knew he wanted to speak.

"Men," she began yet again, at last desperately facing them with undried eyes and stepping fully into the long room, "I've come to say good-by to you. I've—we've—you've got to go!"

The men stood, shocked. What could she mean? Go? Where? What? Quit the brand? Leave Laguna del Sol? Leave her, the boss? What did that mean? Not even Jim Nabours could break the horrified silence, and he had been foreman these five and twenty years.

"Boys," said Taisie Lockhart at last, suddenly spreading out her hands, "I'm done! I'm broke! I—I can't pay you any more!"

And then Taisie Lockhart, owner of perhaps fifty thousand acres of land and what had once been fifty thousand cows, broke down absolutely.

She cast herself on the board bench at one side of the clothless table, sunk her glorious head on her flung arms and wept; wept like a child in need of comfort. And there was none in all the world to comfort her, unless sixteen lean and gawky cow hands could do so; which, now patently, they could not.

"Miss Taisie, what you mean?" began Jim Nabours, after a very long time.

"Broke!" whispered Anastasie Lockhart collegiately. "Broke at last! Boys, I'm clean busted and for fair!"

"That ain't no ways what I mean, Miss Taisie!" went on the anguished foreman. "Broke ain't nothing. Yore paw was broke; everybody in all Texas is and always has been. Pay? He didn't; nobody does. But what I—now, what I mean is, what do you mean when you say we got to go? What have we done? What you got against us?"

"Nothing, Jim."

"Why, good Lord! There ain't a man here that wouldn't—that wouldn't—indeed, ma'am, there ain't, not one of us that wouldn't —— So now then, you say we got to go? Why? You'd ought to tell us why, anyways, ma'am. That's only fair."

The girl's somber eyes looked full into his as she raised her head, one clenched hand still on the table top, the quirt loop still around the wrist. She faced business disaster with the courage many a business man has lacked.

"That's what makes me cry," said she simply. "It's because you won't go easy when I tell you. It's because you'll be wanting to keep on working for me for nothing. I can't stand that. If I can hire you I've got to pay you. When I can't I'm done. Well, I can't any more. I'd sell my piano for this month's pay. I've tried to, but I can't."

"What? You'd sell the Del Sol pianny? Why, Miss Taisie, what you mean? I helped freight her up here from Galveston. That's the onliest pianny in Middle Texas, far's I know. That's branded T. L., that pianny! And you'd sell her to pay a lot of measly cow hands wages they didn't no ways ever half earn? Why, ma'am!"

Again sundry evolutions of the Adam's apple of Mr. Nabours.

"Oh, I don't doubt you'd stay on, because you've all worked around here so long. You'd all be careless about your wages; you'd do anything for me, yes. That's because you think I'm a girl. You think you have to. I'm not—you don't. I'm a business man, like anyone else. If I can't make Del Sol pay I've got to give it up; that's all.

"I'm four months behind now," she added, "and not one of you has whimpered. The store's naked and you know it. Some of you even may be out of tobacco, but you don't complain. That's what cuts me. You're the finest bunch of hands that ever crossed leather, and I can't pay you. All right! If I can't, you can't work for me."

"But, Miss Taisie, ma'am," struggled her foreman, "'tain't nothing a-tall. What's a few pesos one way or other? We can't buy nothing, nohow, even if we had money, and don't want to, noways.

"Besides, what'd become of us? Besides, what'd become of you? Have you ever thought of that? Didn't I promise yore paw, and yore maw, too, that I'd look after you and yore interests long as we was both alive? Well, then?

"I ain't got much savvy outside of cows, ma'am," he went on; "but cows I do know well as the next. It's all cows, this part of Texas, and we all know it. There ain't no market and never will be. We can't sell cows at six bits a head, or a hide, neither, and we all know that—everybody's got cows that ain't worth a damn, ma'am, of course. But what I mean is, if the T. L. can't make a living there ain't no ranch in Texas can. I don't put my hands back of no outfit in the world, ma'am. We've run the T. L. on over twelve hundred head of loose stuff this winter, and I told the boys to pick the yearlings and twos careful."

His eyes shifted, he perspired.

"We got plenty of water and all outdoors. We didn't lose one per cent last summer, and winters was when we didn't lose nothing. The increase is a crime, ma'am. If we'd hold a rodeo in our band—which we'd ought to—God knows how many we'd find in the T. L. I'd bet sixty-five thousand! And the mesquite full of long ears that no man claims. If we can't do well no stockman in Texas can."

His eyes avoided hers as he gave these Homerically mendacious figures. But he went on stoutly:

"Yet you talk of quitting! Why should you? The old Laguna is the richest range in Texas. Our grass sets 'em out a hundred and fifty a head heavier than them damned coasters from below, ma'am.

"And if you talk of turning off us men, where'd we go? What'd we do? I ask you that, anyways, ma'am."

"If there was any market," began Taisie, "it would be different. As it is, the more we brand the poorer we get."

"Well, all right; we ain't any poorer than our neighbors. Market? Of course there ain't no market! Rockport has failed—canning cows don't pay. Hides is low. There's nothing in the steamship trade, and no use driving East since the war is over. Besides, with such good water and range as we got on Del Sol, why, nothing ever dies; so there ain't no hides no more.

"As for long ears, slicks, we're as good off as old Sam Maverick, that wouldn't never bother to brand nothing hardly, and so found hisself swamped when the war was over. We got less unworked long-ear range west of us than anybody, but nobody tries to sell hides or cows now. The New Orleans market costs more to get a cow to than the cow comes to when he's there. The steamships has us choked off of everything east of us; we can't ship nothing and break even on it. Every one of us knows that, of course."

"Too many cows!" Taisie's head shook from side to side.

"Yes! Enduring the war, cows just growed like flies in here and all over Texas. Market? No, that's so. But when you once get to raising cows, ma'am, and branding cows that no one else has raised, and seeing the herds roll up and roll up—why, it's no use! No cattleman can do no different. If we had a market—why, yes. We hain't, and ain't going to have; but what's the use crying over that?

Shall every stockman in Texas lay down and quit cows just because he can't sell cows and ain't got no market? If he does, the state might as well quit being a state. It might as well, anyhow, since the damn Yankees have taken it over to run since the war."

The shadow of Reconstruction was on Jim Nabours' face. And what he said covered the whole story of the general destitution of an unmeasured empire tenanted by uncounted millions of Nature's tribute to life when left alone. This was Texas after the Civil War, impoverished amid such bounty of wild Nature as no other part of this great republic ever has known. The first Saxon owner of Laguna del Sol paid for some of it in Texas land scrip that had not cost him two and a half cents an acre. His original land grant had cost him less. Scrip went in blocks and bales, held worthless. Men laughed at those who owned it. Land? It could never fail. The world was wide; the sun was kind; life was an easy, indolent, certain thing.

Nothing less than a section of land was covered by scrip. It was nothing to own a thousand sections, if one liked to fad it. And, since a hundred thousand cattle might roam there unmolested and uncounted, it literally was true that every man in Texas was land poor and cow poor—if he was so ignorant and foolish as to buy land scrip at two to five cents an acre when he might have all the range he liked for nothing at all, and all the cows he cared for without the bother of counting them.

It was genesis. It was still in the beginning, in the Texas of 1867, where the Americans had just begun to extend the thin antennæ of the Saxon civilization. Here was a life for a bold man, rude, careless, free, independent of law and government. A world unbounded, inestimable, lay in the making.

But any who could have read fully this little drama at the cook house would have known that world to be tenanted by men embittered by the war and ready to say that their world now was made and done. Of these, Taisie Lockhart, orphan loaded with riches that could not be rendered portable or divisible, made one more unhappy unit. She was, naturally, far the more unhappy because through her education she had found a wider outlook on life and the world than had these others. Somewhere, too, in her stern ancestry had been a sense of personal honor which left her still more sensitive.

But the immortal gods take pity on the sorrows of youth and beauty, it may chance. They have their own ways, employ agents of their own selecting. This orphan heiress, keen to pay her debts, became one of the first factors in one of the most Homeric epochs in the history of all the world. Not so long after this woebegone meeting of bankrupt cattle folk at the Del Sol cook house there was to appear a phenomenon that set at naught all customs, that asked no precedent, that defied even the ancient laws of section and of latitude. All of which did not just now develop.

"Set down, Miss Taisie," said the gray old foreman awkwardly, gently, flushing at asking the owner of Del Sol to be seated in her own cook house. She had arisen, and, hands at her eyes, was about to leave the place. Now she dropped back and looked at him dumbly, suddenly no more than a weak girl at her wit's end.

"Now listen to me, Miss Taisie," began old Jim Nabours with sudden firmness. "You know I've worked for yore folks all my life, ever since I come down from the Brazos forty years ago. I come back here when the war stopped—Kirby Smith's men on the Lower Red was the last to surrender. This is my place, that's all.

"Now, I got a right to talk plain to you. I'm a-going to. When you say you're going to turn off a bunch of the best cow hands in Texas, just because you can't pay their wages no more, why, then you ain't showing reason nor judgment. I'm foreman for the T. L. brand. What I say goes. When you say we're turned loose you're talking foolish. We ain't! What's wages to us? I'd like for you to tell me. Did we get any in the Army? Does anybody pay wages now, in all Texas? How can they?

"Miss Taisie, I went with yore paw to Austin, when he was a member, and in the big Assembly Room was a man at a desk with a hammer, and says he, ever oncet in a while, 'Motion done overruled!' Then he soaks the table with the hammer. And now, ma'am, yore motion about firing sixteen good cow hands is done overruled!"

Jim Nabours' great fist fell with the force of a gavel on the breakfast table, till the tin plates rattled under their two-tined forks. Frowning, he looked savagely at the young woman. He was no better than her peon for life, for her father had given her to his care. She was the very apple of his eye.

"But what are we going to do, Jim?" Taisie's tears now were less open and unashamed.

"What makes you ask that of me, ma'am? I ain't got that fur along yet. I don't know what we're going to do. But I do know, for first, we ain't going to quit. Fire us? Why, good God!"

The grizzled beard of Jim Nabours to some extent concealed the Adam's apple, now again on its travels. There was not a man in the embarrassed group who did not wish himself in the chaparral precisely then, but every man of them nodded in assent. Of them all only old Sanchez, thin, brown and wrinkled, spoke at first—an old, old Mexican, born on Del Sol under its second transfer from the crown of Spain.

"*Si, señorita,*" said he. "*Es verdad!*"

"Shore it's the truth!" broke out a freckled youth of seventeen, the soft beard just showing on his cheeks. But then, as he later confessed, he plumb bogged down. And the youngest of them all—Cinquo Centavos, they called him, since he had but five copper pennies when he rode in, twelve years of age; he was now fourteen—stood with his blue eyes wet with tears, unashamed in his rags.

"Give me time to think, men!" said Anastasie Lockhart, immeasurably touched by all this. "Let me see. Wait—I don't know!"

She rose and went to the door, framed once more gloriously against the sun; and sixteen pairs of eyes of silent men went with her.

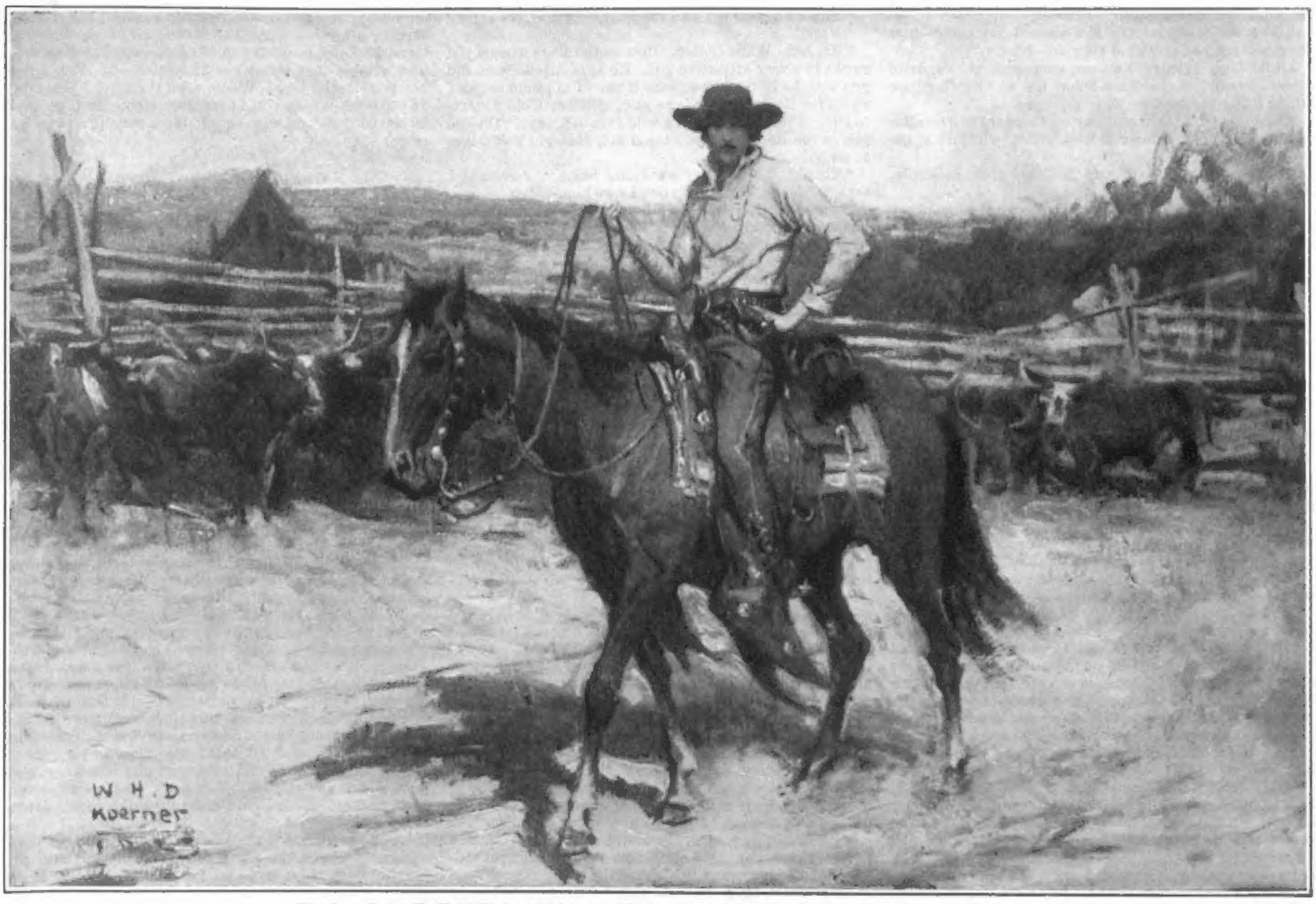
A sudden baying of the ranch pack of foxhounds arose. It was not directed toward her. The dogs were streaming toward the pole gate of the yard fence. A rider was coming in.

II

IT WAS not the custom of the young mistress of Del Sol to ride out to meet strangers at her gate. She received callers in her own rude office or her almost ruder parlor. To meet any caller on this morning was distasteful to her every thought. She gave the incomer only a glance as she walked to her horse, which stood, head drooping, anchored by the long bridle reins thrown down.

A peculiar animal, Taisie's favorite mount, so marked as to be distinguished anywhere. No doubt descended from Blanco, the great white wild horse whose menada

(Continued on Page 125)



The Long Reins He Held High and Light, and Rode as Though He Did Not Know That He Was Riding

JOHN CITIZEN'S JOB

By Henry H. Curran

THE other day a good friend of mine who goes by the name of John Citizen was sitting next to me. John was reading the evening paper. So was I. We do it very easily together—side by side, facing forward, each buried in the rumpling of his own sheet. Now and then we bark at each other, or snort, or umph, according to the effect of the news upon the temper. These explosions are never answered; they go forth, smite the adjoining eardrum, and then die, unwept and unsung. They are an essential part of the reading of an evening paper.

But this time the duet came to a sudden close. Not at my hands. It is John Citizen who did this thing. He did it once before, back in 1917. On that occasion he threw the paper on the floor, thought hard for a minute, and then said quietly, "I'm going to enlist—tomorrow."

He did; and spent a year pushing mules in and out of freight cars in France, the way you always push a mule—prayerfully, from the rear forward.

Now for the second time he had crashed into the concert long before its proper ending. It was like knocking out a homer with three on base in the first inning, then calling the game and taking the team off the field. It wasn't regular. And the only near-by wars I knew anything about were New York's morning and evening Subway battles. For this was 1923, and we were both in those battles anyhow, already and every day. I put down my paper with a sigh.

"What's the big word, John?"

"It's this." John is very precise. "It's the way our politics are run. They're not up to snuff. I think I ought to take a hand."

My jaw dropped. My head reeled. I hung on to my chair tight, with both hands. "What's the use of worrying about miracles?" I thought. But I was supposed to say something—not just think.

"Yes?" I gasped presently.

"Yes. I'm going in. Now tell me where to go. You know. Do I call up somebody?"

I told him where to go. He lives in Doolittle Street, and that's in the Slapsteenth District.

"Now tell me what it's like when I get there—how they're organized and what they do—briefly."

I told him—briefly. You can enumerate the sands of the sea briefly—if the other fellow has an idea there are not so many of them.

"And do you think it will pay me to do this? Or is it a wild-goose chase? A labor of love, with a swift kick at the end?"

"No, no. It will pay you. Selfishly and unselfishly. Try it."

"All right; then—am I needed? Any good come of my going in?"

"Yes, you're needed," I said earnestly. "You're needed a lot." For I know this man John Citizen. He's just the kind that's needed most.

Political Apprenticeship

"NOW one last question, and you can go on with Sammy the Southpaw and Flossie the Flapper"—I started to interrupt—"or whatever it is you're reading. Just this: Aren't the woods full of folks like me in politics? Chockablock with business men, say, already? All of us helping to pick out our congressman, so that we're really represented by him?"

I started to rise. Then for the first time the humor in the miscreant's make-up began to twinkle out of his left eye, and I sank back in relief. The ordeal was over. We renewed the rumple of the evening papers, and the concert went on to its fitting conclusion, just as it had back in 1917—barring the unseemly interruption.

This story is told because it is true. John Citizen is a good deal of a man. I know him well. He is no allegory. He's just a perfectly good red-blooded American who has to earn a living, look out for the wife and kids, and get through life as best he can, like all the rest of us. And now he's in—in politics—on his way! He tells me it takes a little time here and there—though not enough to bother home or business—and that the rewards are worth the while already. He's going to stick around and look it over a little more; says it's a great game if you don't weaken.

Then he turns around and gives me a job of my own to be done.

"Why don't you tell somebody else what you told me?" he asks. "I know half a dozen who'd like to do something about it—if they knew how. You were ten years in the game—why don't you tell 'em? Just answer those five questions I asked you—that's all! I think they'd like to know a little about it, just as I did."

So that's that.

Well, here goes!

First—about those ten years in the game that John Citizen hung on me. It's true. I admit it. And I'm glad I did it—though my landlord has his doubts. The only reason for trotting out the ten years now is to foster the impression that I know what I'm talking about. John Citizen takes it on faith, but you might not.

To begin with, the moves of the game set me to pulling doorbells—that is, canvassing the voters; to watching the polls; stump speaking, from soap boxes and decrepit old wagons instead of stumps; acting as district worker, district lieutenant, district captain; sitting in with leaders, county chairmen, statesmen and regular fellers, highbrows and human beings; managing campaigns; running for office—seven times; and all the other curious chores that contribute their small mites toward the momentum of a great party organization. That's on the purely political side—the day-and-night American factory that turns out our governing personnel for the land of the free and the home of the brave.

On the officeholding side they made me successively local school trustee; alderman—for six years, including periods as acting president of the board and as acting mayor; city magistrate; and president of the Borough of Manhattan. Those jobs touch, in order, the legislative, the judicial and the executive branches of government.

Fifteen Million Nonvoters

ALL this happened in the city of New York; and the ten years were consecutive, save for two years in the Army that cut into the middle of them. I wound them up by running for mayor of New York in 1921. More than 300,000 people voted for me—but twice as many voted for the other fellow. When I came back to town in December and started to pick up the pieces John Citizen met me at the pier.

"There's a good act on Broadway," he said.

"Yes?"

"Ah, oui. Willie Collier. He's on the stage when a girl comes in—very attractive girl. He says, 'Hello, who did you vote for?' She draws herself up. 'I'm proud to say I voted for Henry Curran,' she says, stifflike. Collier starts to trip, then recovers, with a wild look in his eye. 'Oh—so you're the one!' he says. Good act, Henry. You ought to see it."

"Thanks, John—for the welcome home." John and I are old friends. But that's one I owe him.

Six weeks before that a white-haired little old lady who happened to have been born and brought up in New York went to the polling place to register. She had traveled two hundred miles to do it.

When the clerk looked up from his big book and began to ask her the required questions she seemed nervous. It was her first vote.

"Your name, please?"

She told him.

"Residence?"

That, too, was put in the big book.

"Born in the U. S. A.?"

"Oh, yes," she said.

"And—your age?" The clerk kept his eyes on the big book prudently.

"Over twenty-one," came the answer with a snap.

"Ah—and—how long have you lived in the state of New York?"

"Eighty-two years," she said proudly, and it was a minute before she realized the reason of the smiles that were going around. Then she joined with them—for they were something more than friendly—even a bit wistful, perhaps, as one watched them.

Well, she voted for me too. So there was another! And my blessings on them all, whether they voted for me or not—the whole million of them, men and women voters of New York. They all have their troubles, and what to do about it is anybody's guess. As Charlie Murphy says, "That's past"—that election. Murphy is the big smoke of Tammany Hall. When he says "That's past" he's in the act of giving a long interview to the newspaper men as they ask him about some endeavor of his that didn't turn out just as he had hoped. That's all he ever says—those two words. Not a bad line, either. Cuts "Let bygones be bygones" in half, and gives cards and spades to "Ever onward and upward," and such like. You can't always be going upward, anyhow. The world doesn't let you. It's not built that way. Mountains are no good without valleys. And escalators are expensive.

All of which lands us—now that we have cleared away the underbrush—square on the doorstep of John Citizen's five questions. We can best tackle them one at a time—one a month, as the clock goes around.

The first question to answer is the last that was asked:

"Aren't the woods full of folks like me in politics? Chockablock with business men, say, already? All sitting in, so that we know we're really represented by our public officials?"

No, they are not, John Citizen—and Jane Citizen. For this means you too. If they were we'd be talking about something else.

But there are those who say: "Oh, it's all right. We're doing well enough—plenty of good people in politics. There's Hoover. And Hughes. And Mellon knows a lot about money. They're all helping the President. And Bill Stiggins was in the legislature last year—voted for him myself. Anyhow, don't we all vote? That's what does the business—that's a citizen's right—that's what makes him an American.

We may as well begin right there. If we did all vote, that would not make Americans of us. Nor would it do the business. There's more to it than that. We'll take a look that way in a moment.

But we don't all vote. Not even that.

Furthermore there are so many of us who are able to vote and yet don't that somewhere in this beloved country of ours there is a screw decidedly loose—not loose, but lost—absent without leave—A. W. O. L.—gone! Now the number who were eligible to vote in 1920, but did not vote, was something like 15,000,000—yes, 1, 2, 3—keep on counting till you've tallied up 15,000,000 American citizens who don't even vote! You thought everybody was doing it when you voted? Before you came or after you went, marking ballots or fingering voting machines, the same as you? No, there were some who played hooky that day—about 15,000,000 of them. Here it is, in a nutshell:

In 1920 there were 105,000,000 people in the United States, of whom 60,000,000 were adults. If we subtract from the latter 6,000,000 to 7,000,000 aliens, and then perhaps twice as many Americans who cannot vote because of unsound mind, imprisonment, educational disqualification, or otherwise—say, 19,000,000 in all—we find that there were still some 41,000,000 citizens entitled to vote. The number that voted was 26,000,000—in 1920, a red-hot presidential year! Where were the rest? The other 15,000,000? Or call it 14,000,000 if you like; or even 10,000,000! Where were they? Were they all sick in bed or out of town?

One-Day-a-Year Citizens

NO. JUST A. W. O. L.—most of them. Nothing to get excited about. But the figure is interesting. Fifteen millions are a lot of people. More than half as many as the 26,000,000 who did vote. In which basket were your own friends found when the votes were counted? Do you know? Some of those business men, for instance, that go down the street with a look that says, "One hundred per cent American—that's me!" Were they in the voting basket? Or the other? They're good fathers and mothers, good husbands and wives just the same, those 15,000,000—and corking good Americans, too, in a pinch. But they really ought to tone down that hot talk about what a rotten Congress we have until they cast a vote once or twice. Just a couple of degrees down. Shove in your ante, brother, before you draw cards.

So much for those who don't vote. If they were all morons we should worry. But we know they're not—and that's an answer to John Citizen's question already, isn't it?

But let us turn to the 26,000,000 Americans who do vote—on Election Day. How many of them vote also at the primaries? How many do anything more—about politics? How many men and women in your community do something about politics besides vote—just a little—as part of the year's round of work, play and rest? Are the ablest and best of your friends and neighbors in the game at all? I don't mean all the way in, to the exclusion of everything else, as fell to my lot for ten years. That's different. I mean just keeping track of it in odd moments, giving it a few minutes here and there—minutes that can be spared without hurt to home or job—but really keeping track of it. How about that? Are they there? All of them? Those friends and neighbors of yours whom you most regard and respect? You don't need me to answer that question. Even John Citizen knew the answer before he asked it.

We are often urged nowadays to get back to the Constitution. That's the pill that's most popular with the political doctors—a sure cure for anything—if you know what it means. But the Constitution is worth a visit now and then, for all that. By the way, when did you last have

a look at it? It's good stuff—take it from me. Worth a look. Well, the first thing we notice in that document is its persistent habit of looking upon us as a representative government. The Constitution has given us that label for nearly a hundred and fifty years. But no label of that kind belongs on any picture of American Government as it exists today, because such a label is not the truth. Its words are as far from the facts of 1923 as though our Constitution had never been written.

There is no representative government, because the great majority of those who are best fitted to take an intelligent and helping hand in the choosing of our representatives will have nothing to do with it. They wash their hands of politics, because it is too dirty, too full of bunk or takes too much time. They tell one another, in the parlor and the club window, over the morning paper and astride the cracker barrel, that politics is rotten, city government is rotten, Congress is rotten, and the politicians are all rotten. Then they go about their business with a comfortable feeling of having covered the subject. And they are good people.

Big Bill Baker's Choice

BUT when it comes to choosing their representatives in city, state or nation they are absent. They may vote—15,000,000 fail to do even that—but voting is not enough. Voting is only marking up a preference for one of a number of candidates whom somebody else has chosen. Voting is only the easiest and least important step in the every-day-in-the-year process of picking the candidate, putting him into the primaries, campaigning for his election, electing him, seeing him into office, following and aiding his work in office in the interest of the public good, and then returning him or throwing him out, according to his deserts, when the political wheel comes around to its next revolution. Voting is small potatoes. Those of our people who do nothing but vote are not represented in our Government. They are the legion of the absent. And yet they are good people—with one eye shut. So I say we are without representative government today, and that any reference to America as a representative government is so far beyond the truth that it challenges attention.

It's worth thinking about. The first time I began to think about it in terms of human beings came on a street corner one night as I stood listening to the campaign oratory of a young man who was running for judge in one of our local courts, under the guardianship of a political boss named Big Bill Baker—or Big Bill Anything Else, as the case may be. The young man stood on the tail of a truck that was hitched to a philosophical horse that had seen better days. In the roadway the small boys played about with red fire, and the rosy glow lit up the faces of the doubtful electorate on the sidewalk—of whom I was one—as well as the impassioned features of the speaker. I won't tell you whether he was a Republican or a Democrat or one of the fifty-seven eternal varieties of American Mugwump—for this article has nothing to do with any one party as against any other—but I will tell you that he was a good young man, and that he was elected; and that, for all I know, he has made a good judge, so far as the frailties of human nature permit any of us to be good judges. He came to his climax just as I joined the crowd, and, raising his hands to high heaven, bellowed this clincher into the night: "And I repeat, my friends, I repeat—that I am one of you!"

One hand comes down, outstretched and palm upward, in token of nothing to conceal.

"For I was"—the other hand swoops down into the first—"born in a tenement house! And I understand tenement houses."

Both fists close, and stay closed, quivering.

"I stand here for good air shafts, for good dumb-waiters, and I say the water must run—it must run all the time. And when I am your judge, and put on the black gown that decorates the bench, I will know, and never forget, the needs of the people who live in the tenement houses."

Violent applause from the truck driver.

"And more than that, when I am a judge"—lowers his voice to a solemn stage whisper—"a judge, my friends"—hand on his heart, in holy awe—"I will be industrious—impartial—and ee-ficient. For—if I was not industrious, impartial, and ee-ficient—I say to you—that Big Bill Baker—would never—have made me—a judge!"

Loud applause, for Big Bill Baker.

Shades of the fathers! Rags and tatters of the Constitution! Ghosts of government of the people, for the people, by the people! Yes, it was Big Bill Baker who made him a judge; Big Bill, and nobody else, who picked this particular young spellbinder out of the ranks of the hosts who live in a great bailiwick, and said to him: "You—I mean you—go ahead and be our judge—by the votes of the people, of course, because this is a representative government—but you're my man, and that settles it!"

That settled it. The black gown of Big Bill's choice decorates the bench today, as the wearer sits there, firm as the Rock of Gibraltar for good air shafts, good dumb-waiters, and water that runs—all the time.

Well, I'm for good dumb-waiters, too; and I'm for a judge who is ee-ficient—I'm very much for that. In fact, I'm for every plank in the young man's platform. But I'm not for the way he was picked out. And it was a sublime moment when the red fire and the reverence of an outspoken candidate fanned into flame the adoration of the multitude for Bill Baker—Bill the Boss—Big Bill, the Man Who Makes the Judges, under our representative form of government.

Who's Who in Politics

BUT fear not. I am not going to get out the old mallet and start pounding the boss. That is too old a pastime. The reformers played out that rubadub long ago. They pounded the boss to a pulp. And they're all back in the grand stand—all the reformers. The boss is still at the bat, knocking out baberuths. We have good bosses and bad bosses, good leaders and bad leaders, and we all have our own ideas of when a leader degenerates into a boss, and when a boss becomes beatified into a leader. There will be those who lead in politics, as there are those who lead in every other walk of life; and leadership runs easily into command, and thence into bossiness when the reins lie limp on the lead horse's back. But the boss is part of the story, just because it is Big Bill Baker who is represented on that judge's bench, while a lot of other people are not. We'll come back to Big Bill later on, and then we'll take him both ways, good and bad.

Now let's look at it another way—this question of Who's Who in Politics.

We know there are some 15,000,000 American men and women who are entitled to vote, but don't. So they're out. They're Who's Not Who in Politics.

We know that most of the 26,000,000 Americans who do vote let it go at that. So most of them are out too.

We know, therefore, that there are mighty few Americans who are really in politics. Big Bill is there. But not

(Continued on Page 93)

"Just Put It on the Next Bill"

LUCY, INC.

By GRACE SARTWELL MASON

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

WHEN Lucy wakened in the morning she wakened all at once, alert, hopeful, new minted. She stretched herself enjoyably, with vigor, felt of her smooth, strong arms, kicked back the covers with splendid thrusts of her long legs and wondered what this day would bring her; something pleasant, perhaps even wonderful. She always awoke expecting something wonderful to happen before the day ended. So far no day had ever come up to her expectations. And she often reflected with despair that she was getting old; something would better happen pretty soon or it would be too late. She was nineteen; almost twenty, in fact.

In pink cotton pajamas, she skipped across the room to close the windows. The morning wind of Canadian forests blew in upon her, iced wine, saturated with moisture, for it was still raining. Day after day, for a week it had rained; but in this moment Lucy could find something beautiful even in rain. In front of the Hemingway camp, where she was a guest, lay a long blue lake; and across the lake a mountain rose, maples and hemlock and spruce climbing up to the sky line, dim in the rain, long scarfs of mist caught in the pointed tips of firs. At the foot of the mountain a small brown cabin nestled. The rain fell between her and the cabin across the lake in long silver lances, so that she could scarcely make out the brown outline of it.

But she knew that it was there, and that a plume of powder blue smoke was going up from the breakfast fire of the two old gentlemen who had recently taken possession of it.

"Poor old codgers," thought Lucy indulgently, as youth thinks of age, "kept in by the rain. No one to look after them. Poor, probably, like me. I'll pop across to see them this very day."

The idea made her feel sweet and gentle. As she splashed cold water and dressed she determined to be nice all day; not to argue with her hostess, Mrs. Hemingway, no matter how exasperating she was about the oneness of everything; not to despise Mrs. Hemingway's companion, poor old Angelia Button, worm though she was; not to be restless or moody or talkative. She grew dreamy as she reflected on nobility of character, dignity, restraint. It would be interesting to be one of those tall, serene women with hidden power, suspected of a fiery nature tamed by an iron will and a white soul.

"The trouble with me is that I have no restraint." Lucy embraced this thought, forgetting that it was the very idea that had made her tremble with fury when Lydia Hemingway voiced it the afternoon before. "Today I shall be restrained." And ignoring her beloved khaki breeches—which she loved the more passionately because Mrs. Hemingway disapproved of them—she put on the prim blue serge in which she toiled when not on vacation. It was sackcloth and ashes to her, for it reminded her of filing cases and dusty silence.

Her hair she could not do much with. It is not easy to restrain bright chestnut hair, bobbed, and like its owner, head-strong and vital; but one can show one's good intentions with a stern black ribbon. The ribbon made Lucy look more charming than ever, accenting the beautiful breadth and sweep of her brows.

Leaning against the dressing table, she regarded herself and practiced serenity. She heard with the other half of her mind all the little noises of the house: Angelia Button moving mouselike, fumblingly, about her dressing in the next room; a voice from the room across the hall, monotonously repeating something—Mrs. Hemingway fortifying herself against any human impulse that might crack the shell of her oneness during the day.

"You Could Marry a Girl Who Would Help You—a Rich Girl. Have You Thought of That?"

And like a breath clouding over clear glass, at these grown-up noises a sadness slowly fogged Lucy's soul. The dim nostalgia that only youth knows came back to her. Restlessness and vague unhappiness, desires keener for their shapelessness, shadowy fears, anger and revolt. A sense of a world with every hand against her, blind eyes meeting hers, no one understanding or caring to understand, smiles stabbing at the most sensitive recesses of her ego; and a longing for fine deeds, for splendors, for escape from gray actuality beset her.

She wrenched at the casement windows and threw them open again. She leaned out and let the lances of the rain sting her face. Another day in a world of old persons; maddening old persons—Lydia Hemingway, who sat all day, tight and closed up against her, reading in a book; and Angelia Button, poor old worm. Poor anyone, who had to subsist on the crumbs of Lydia Hemingway's charity.

"I'm a frightful little beast," thought Lucy, frowning at the rain.

But with a terrible lucidity she weighed Mrs. Hemingway and Angelia Button and her own mother. When Lucy thought about her mother her face grew somber. She knew, she had known ever since she had begun to think at all, that her mother did not love her; not, at least, in the way she loved her other children, Lucy's stepbrothers and sister. Lucy was too much like her father, and that was what her mother could not forgive her for.

Lucy sighed. She had a sensation of soreness, as if all her life she had bumped against sharp corners, as if she had caromed from one critical, unloving individuality to another. Maddening old persons, crystallized in their stupid prejudices. What did they know about the yeast that was working in her, the dreadful fears, the delicious dreams, the panic revolts? What did they care about that quivering, quicksilver thing, so easily hurt, so easily stirred to ecstasy, that was her soul?

She stretched out her arms to the lake and the mountain and the rain. Oh, to be rescued from the unsatisfactory world she had been born to, to be adored, never to be laughed at or misunderstood, to be set free to be forever charming, forever—herself! A passionate hardness came into her face.

"I've got to make something happen," she thought; and with that thought she grew a little older, for this was an admission that splendid things did not just happen. You made them happen. You decided what you wanted and you went out for it.

"I want someone who will give me a chance," she thought. "I've got to find somebody."

Unconsciously she stretched out her arms and they reached toward the brown cabin across the lake. She did not see the cabin, for as is usual with youth, she saw only herself.

But the two in the cabin, to whom she had referred as the old codgers, may have felt some prevision of what was about to happen to their placid lives, for at breakfast they were noticeably peevish.

"Bet this damn rain won't let up enough for us to fish the Little Lac today."

Toby Meadows twisted around in his chair to gloom out of the window toward the lake.

"My last Mackinaw is still wet," sighed Sumner Lowell, "and I have a sore throat."

"And my devilish sciatic nerve is pipin' 'er up this morning. Guess we're doomed to stay in today."

Thus it happened that events conspired to keep Mr. Toby Meadows and Mr. Sumner Lowell at home, to receive later in the day a visitor who was to change completely the immediate course of their well-arranged lives.

Sumner Lowell was a Boston bachelor of some sixty-five years, and a family background so distinguished, so impeccable and so inhibited that when the family dwindled down to Sumner, his features had grown fine and repressed, his scholarly eyes a gentle blue and his smile a trifle wintry. Having retired from active practice of the law some years since, his life had become almost completely detached. It was as if he had stepped out of a dusty, jostling procession into a quiet green meadow, where he had found for himself a widespreading tree and a book of verse. He became one of the world's three great Chaucerian authorities.

Year after year, day after day, his life flowed along. In the well-known Lowell house whose front windows held here and there a blue pane once alleged to possess therapeutic qualities and whose rear windows looked out over the Back Bay, Sumner Lowell sat in the high, book-lined room that ran across the back of the house and wrote monographs and essays and volumes on Chaucer. And while through this mellow and quiet room there passed a pageant of knights and ladies and white horses and abbesses and jesters as full of color as a flaming rose window—a procession perfectly visible to Sumner Lowell—below his window flashed a quite different set of pictures, a pageant of modern youth—long, slim racing shells, instead of white horses; desperate-eyed young gods instead of knights; the barking voice of coaches, the wild honking of motorboat horns, instead of the lute and dulcimer. These noises annoyed Sumner Lowell frequently, and as he closed his study windows against them he reflected that youth of the present day was really something quite frightening. He had read quite a little about what was wrong with modern youth in his favorite magazine, and he was glad that it had nothing to do with him. He was dreadfully afraid of that crude explosive youth.

On the other hand, his friend Toby Meadows had a great scorn for modern youth. Take 'em over your knee and spank 'em—that was his cure for what ailed the young of the world. He admitted, though, that sometimes they stumped even him. On this same rainy day, when Lucy had leaned from her window and appealed to unseen forces to save her from a drab fate, Toby Meadows was telling Sumner Lowell how there had recently come on his yacht off Narragansett two of the despised race of flappers

"Pretty as pictures, they were, Sumner. Ned Colgroves' twins. Made me feel fit and fine just to look at 'em, until the pinkest one piped, 'I say, old fruit, we're dry as a cuttlefish bone!'"

"Toby! Surely you're exaggerating! I thought that sort of young person was purely fictional. 'Old fruit!' How distressing!"

"Give you my word! Trouble is, the present-day parent hasn't got character enough to govern his offspring. I've sometimes wished, Sumner, that I had married, just to show some of these weak-kneed parents how to bring up children."

Sumner Lowell went on with his solitaire, placing with precise movements of his aristocratic hand red on black and black on red. He smiled to himself at the picture of Toby as a father. Toby would be wax in any clever offspring's hands, especially if it happened to be a girl. And he thought of himself as a father. Now with himself it would have been different. A careful, classical education; that was the thing for the young; and traditions. Steep them in the best traditions, and then be just but firm.

The old-bachelor thoughts of Sumner Lowell ran along thus pleasantly for a few minutes; and then, catching himself at them, he smiled a half-sly, wholly delightful smile. He had queerly unexpected streaks of humor in spite of his scholarliness. He could see that he was droll sometimes.

But Toby Meadows never saw that he was droll. Probably if he had been capable of this delicately quizzical introspection he would not have acquired a huge fortune and so many houses in various parts of the world that it was said his secretary had to keep a card index of them. He had a sense of humor, to be sure; but it was the robust, purely external type. Since he had retired from active business he had become a mighty hunter and yachtsman, lavish of hospitality and niggardly of himself. He had thick iron-gray hair, a big frame, a jolly laugh and wary eyes. He couldn't have read ten lines of Chaucer, unless they chanced to be those that are sometimes expurgated from English courses, without going to sleep.

Their friends often wondered at the lifelong affection of these two, so different in type and temperament. It was said about them that they had nothing in common except a deep distrust of widows and an inordinate love of dry-fly fishing. At any rate at least once a year Toby's spectacular yacht put into Boston Harbor and he bore his friend away somewhere for a few weeks' fishing. This June, having found Sumner looking a trifle jaundiced and worn over his books, Toby had suggested opening up his big camp in Canada. But Sumner had asked, wasn't there some smaller, quieter place they could go, where there wouldn't be a lot of servants and possibly guests?

"Right you are! I'm fed up with 'em myself," said Toby. He had just come from keeping open house on the Riviera all spring. He thought for a moment. "I've got it! There's a little shack on the edge of my property up there; used to use it for servants and what not. I'll send Connors to fix the place up for us. He can stay to cook for us. I'll tell him to keep quiet about us and we'll never be bothered with visitors. No white flannels, no dressing for dinner, no women—Lord, it'll be good! When can you start, Sumner?"

And thus it fell out that they sat contentedly, one on either side of the fireplace in the little brown cabin at the edge of the lake, and no one except Connors and a guide or two ever came near them.

But, of course, seven rainy days in succession may bring a touch of melancholy to the most satisfactory situation. A half dozen times in the course of the afternoon Toby Meadows had limped to the window to see if the weather was not clearing. And on the seventh he varied his course by gazing out of the window that looked toward a little trail that rose upward and lost itself in the woods. He gazed out listlessly, and then he bent forward and stared.

"Well, I'll be darned! Look who's here, Sumner!"

Lowell left his solitaire with an effect of indulgence and joined Toby at the window. A girl had stepped out of the woods and stood with their misty blue shadows behind her. She looked like a Chaucerian page boy in brown doublet and hose. She stood unmindful of the rain, lightly poised, sniffing inquisitively toward the cabin as a young deer might. Then she leaped a fallen log, and moving as if she had invisible wings on her feet she disappeared behind the spring house. The next instant there came an imperious knocking at the door.

Toby and Sumner looked at each other with some alarm. Possibly a disquieting premonition ran through their souls.

"Shall we pretend we're not here?" Toby mouthed.

Sumner's inborn courtesy would not allow this. He reluctantly opened the door.

"Halloo!" cried the girl. "I've brought you a chocolate cake. My name's Lucy Gibbons, from across the lake. I thought you might be lonesome. How jolly this room smells—like men! Nothing but women at my camp. I've just had a fearful row with both of them. I think I'll stay to supper with you."

They fell back, amazed and speechless, before her magnificent self-possession. Sumner Lowell winced a little. Would she call them old fruit? He could see that this was a girl, modern of the very moderns. She stood like a flame on their hearth, so lithe, so vividly alive, her cheeks glowing from the cold rain, raindrops like quicksilver caught in her hair; and between her eyelids, crinkled up from laughter, her eyes were bright with a careless candor.

He began to feel a little less afraid of her. In her glance there was a certain kindness, a touch of tenderness with them because they were old. There was the intonation of good breeding in her fresh voice. He began to feel certain that she would never call them old fruit.

"I'm afraid you're very wet," he said, with his hesitating, wintry smile that was after all so charming. "You must sit down in front of the fire. I think we might—er offer the young lady some tea, mightn't we, Toby?"

He looked at Toby almost pleadingly. He was afraid that Toby might not have felt her charm. But somewhat to his surprise, Toby was smiling broadly. He appeared more animated than he had been all day.

"Good idea, Sumner. I say, Connors"—he put his head into the kitchen passage—"tea for three, please."

And Lucy suddenly broke into sparkles.

"A party! I love a party! Are there any candles? Could we have two on the table? And we'll put the chocolate cake between them, and the cups there. Will you hand me the cups? And what shall I call you?"

Whether Andrew Was Taken by Her No One Could Tell. Andrew Had His Own Ivory Tower—Peale's Favorite Phrase

She broke off and looked inquiringly at Toby. To the immense envy of Sumner Lowell, Toby rose amazingly to her sparkle. "Just call me Toby."

She gave his hand a boyish shake, firm and from the shoulder.

"How do you do, Mr. Toby?" Then she turned to Lowell, and he felt in his her cool hand, slender and strong. "How do you do, Mr. ——"

"Sumner." He felt adventurous, a trifle embarrassed.

"Mr. Sumner. And I'm Lucy. Now we're all set. You know, I believe we're going to be great friends. I like it here. It's peaceful."

She shook the raindrops out of her bobbed hair. She arranged cups and cut the chocolate cake. She admitted with an air of enjoyment quite free from malice that she had made this same cake for her hostess' tea, but when she discovered that they had locked up the canoes merely to thwart her legitimate desire for exercise she had decided that being good didn't pay, and she had come away with the cake under her arm.

"Anybody can do anything with me with kindness, but not with force," she said earnestly, for an instant her eyes beseeching them to side with her against a cross-grained world.

And then suddenly she laughed, forgetting her grievances. The sound was like light, a clear silvery beam let into the smoky, rainy afternoon light of the room. A moment before there had been only two elderly gentlemen, grumbling at youth; and now there stood on their hearth youth itself. Straight and slender, a young Diana in body, her rounded chin thrusting out with a delicate impudence, her small head spiritedly set on a delicious throat, her frank nose with the most eager uptilt to it, her gray eyes set nobly under brows that were like two beautiful sleek feathers.

After tea she sat her down on their hearth, cross-legged, in her tight riding breeches of khaki, her flannel shirt open at her throat, on which the firelight painted gold on cream. And while one finger poked at a brazen hole in her woolen stocking she told them the story of her life.

She came of a family as proud as Punch and as poor as church mice, of course. She had adored her reckless and improvident father, and he had died, and her mother had married again. There were stepbrothers and sisters, three of them, as good as fatherless, for her mother, it appeared from Lucy's slight comments, had chosen the second time from the heart, a ne'er-do-well and a wanderer. They eked out his casual support with a tiny inheritance from her grandfather. Lucy had worked at filing in a public library, a dusty, dispiriting job. When she went back to the city in the autumn she would work at some other job requiring no training, for her education had stopped with high school.

"I don't know anything!" she wailed, despair in her outflung arms. "And I want to know so much. I don't want to be at the mercy of everything the way my mother has been. I want—I want splendid things; clean and gracious things. Not—not a crowded flat, smelling of boiled potatoes. I hate grubby things. I hate filing cases. I could do so much if I could get started. Look how fit and healthy I am! And my brain's good too. It is! I know it is! But I just go round in a cage—round and round."

She leaned forward, staring with a set and somber face at the fire; and the two men regarded her with startled eyes, uneasy eyes. Young girls should not have misery and revolt in their faces. They ought not to have enough shrewd and dreary knowingness to say, "My mother never loved my father, and so she's never loved me. Poor thing!"

They cleared their throats and lifted their eyebrows and made uneasy movements. But Lucy went on brooding over the fire, until suddenly her mood changed. She sprang up to go. She had had a peachy time, and could she come again. And when she had closed the door she opened it again, stuck her head inside and cried, "I forgot to ask you: Have you any daughters?"

It is not likely that her inspired idea came to her in that moment; scarcely likely even that she had gone to see Sumner and Toby for any reason deeper than a careless impulse of kindness. But when they assured her they had neither chick nor child it is true that the seed of the idea which within a very short time sprang into full bloom was then planted in her mind.

Another week of rain played into her hands. Nearly every day she came to see them. Sometimes she came by way of the trail and sometimes she appeared kneeling straight up in a canoe, paddling with a strong, expert stroke. She brought medicine for Sumner's sore throat and bullied him into cold compresses. She played a sporting game of checkers with Toby. But, oh, final stroke! They discovered that she had the wrist and the patience for dry-fly casting.

Thus did she fasten her hands upon their hearts. An affection began slowly to ripen between the three of them. She bullied and teased and cajoled them. But often there was in her eyes that touch of tenderness because they seemed to her so old, so pathetically finished!

"Old darlings," she called them to herself.

And she studied them while purpose took shape in her mind and seized her imagination. "I've got to make something happen to save myself," was her thought.

And one day when they had all been fishing on Little Lac Marie and were making the portage over to their own lake Lucy began to ask questions. How was a stock company formed? Had Mr. Toby and Mr. Sumner ever formed a company? Did they sometimes buy stock in an unknown company—say, a small but going concern with gilt-edged what-you-may-call-'ems—securities?

"What you trying to do, Lucy—sell us something?" Toby laughed.

"Yes," she flashed, and then caught her breath. She faced them, and they noticed that her face was white under its sunburn. "Yes, I want to sell you myself!"

"Lucy!"

"I want to sell you stock in myself." Her eyes were brilliant; "In me, myself." She put her hand up to her breast. "And why not?"

She lifted her chin defiantly, but they could see she was trembling a little. Not even Toby, who was always teasing her, could smile. They knew that she was in deadly earnest. They put down their fishing tackle and found a comfortable seat on a log. The home lake lay in front of them, with the brown cabin on one side and the Hemingway camp on the other.

"Exactly what do you mean, Lucy?" Toby demanded.

"I mean, I'm like a man who's got a business or an idea or an invention or something he believes is worth capitalizing, and he asks his friends to buy stock in it to help him develop it." She stood leaning against a tree in front of them, her words tumbling out with a nervous intensity. "Well, the business is me! I want to develop myself. I want a chance for myself."

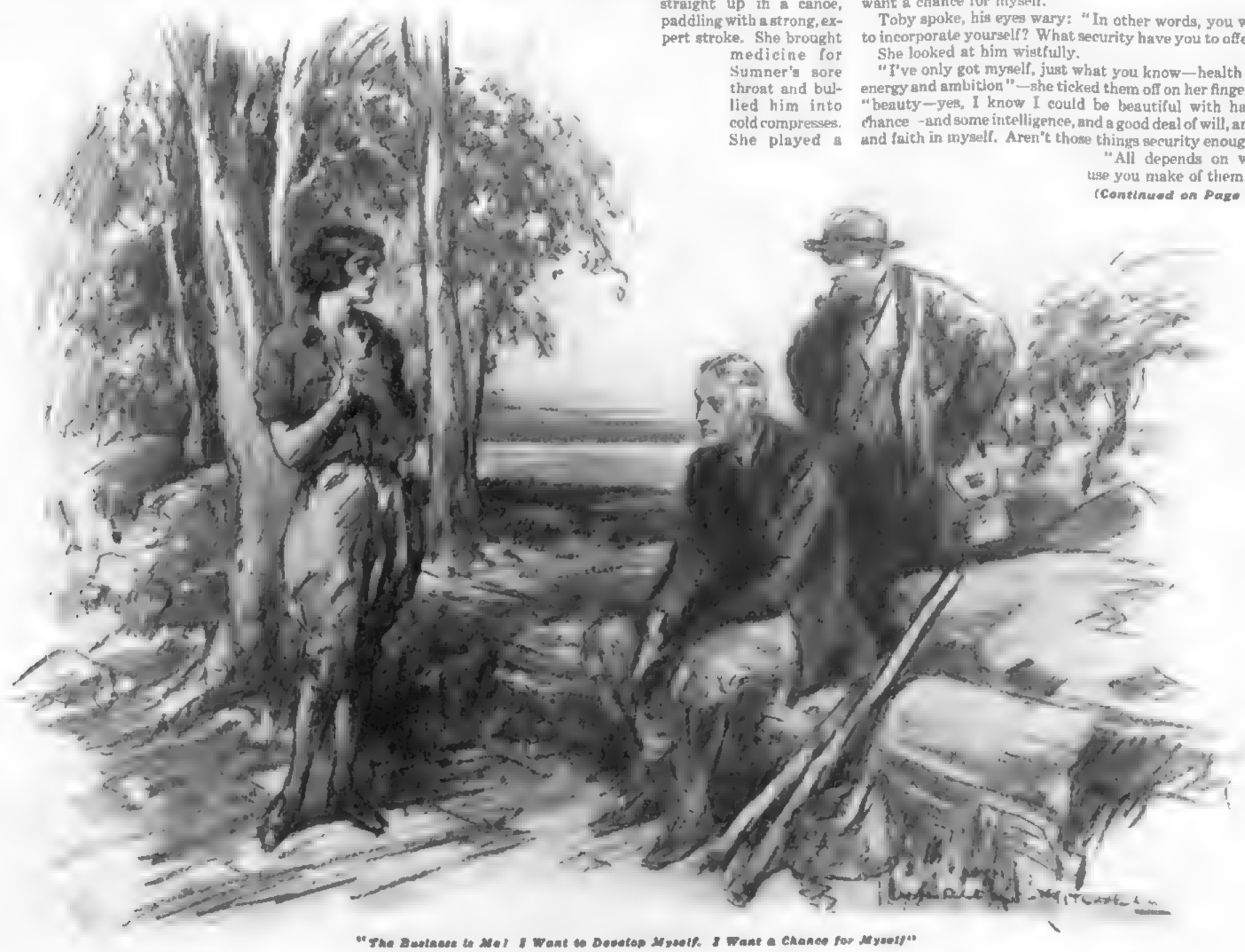
Toby spoke, his eyes wary: "In other words, you want to incorporate yourself? What security have you to offer?"

She looked at him wistfully.

"I've only got myself, just what you know—health and energy and ambition"—she ticked them off on her fingers—"beauty—yes, I know I could be beautiful with half a chance—and some intelligence, and a good deal of will, and—and faith in myself. Aren't those things security enough?"

"All depends on what use you make of them."

(Continued on Page 82)



"The Business is Me! I Want to Develop Myself. I Want a Chance for Myself"

INTERIOR DESECRATION

By Maud Weatherly Beamish

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

Her Bedroom Was a Veritable Strawberry-Ice-Cream Sundae

YOU have a very fine apartment, madam. Now will you read the lease before you sign it?" The landlord of the apartment house at the corner of two exclusive streets swept the paper out before me with a regal hand.

I took it with mild interest, for I was accustomed to the usual warnings: "Garbage cans must be kept off the fire escape," "Pianos and phonographs must not be played after midnight," and "Washing must be done in the basement."

I was ready with my pen to sign, when some clauses caught my eye: "Pictures must not be hung on the walls," "Dogs will not be permitted in the apartment," and, lower down, "For the benefit of our other guests, apartments will not be leased to couples with children."

Since I am a single woman, the paragraph about children did no more than arouse a feeling of amazement, and I realized that at the price I was paying few couples with children would dare undertake the monthly rental. But I do love to have a dog. And I certainly wanted my pictures. They were good pictures; the final process of elimination from the gray prints of The Colosseum and The Doctor—which I never think of without regret—to a few rare Japanese prints, a Whistler etching, some good lithographs and a small painting of Bellows. This last I had bought at the sacrifice of my entire winter outfit, but it was worth it.

I looked up at my landlord.

"I can't get along without my pictures."

His mouth grew firm.

The Landlord Relents

"WE CANNOT allow you to hang them. Our walls have been done by a decorator and we cannot have them ruined."

"But these are good pictures."

I mentioned the Bellows.

He shrugged.

"I'm sorry. Pictures ruin the appearance of the apartment. We gave permission once or twice for full-length studies to hang from the ceiling, but were obliged to rescind this when other guests complained that we were discriminating. Therefore we cannot allow them in any apartment."

I thought a moment. The apartment was exactly what I wanted. And I could, perhaps, keep the pictures on top of my bookcase.

"You see what I mean," said the landlord. "And besides, no one has pictures any more. They're as out of date as whatnots. I don't know of a smart home that has a picture. One might say the taste for them is—eh—provincial."

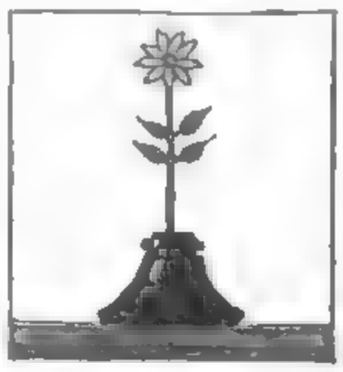
I was amused. Provincial to like art! Well, perhaps it was, and I am glad to think my provincialism runs in that line. I looked down at the lease.

"No dogs or children or pictures!" I murmured. Three essentials; all, I supposed, provincial.

"No children or pictures," he repeated. "Children are a great nuisance, and ruin not only the peace of the tenants but the looks of the house. Look at any uptown street and see how disheveled it is with children pouring out of its doors and cluttering the streets. And no matter how insistent the landlord is, there are always baby carriages in the hall. No. We cannot have children."

"But I have a dog," I said timidly. "Only a little dog, and a very nice one. He never barks."

He thought a moment. Perhaps the fact that I had not forced an issue about my pictures made an impression. He looked into space.



"What kind of a dog is he?"

"A pom. A black pom, very stylish, and very rare."

"You carry him in your arm?"

"I can, though he walks nicely."

He thought a moment, and said, "If I permit the dog, you will have to see that you never let him run about. I don't like the idea, but now and then I do permit the tenants to have dogs such as yours. I am sure you will appreciate my situation and make him as inconspicuous as possible."

I signed the lease.

"And now about a decorator. You will want one to do your rooms. And I suggest Lorinne. He is the best in the city, and does all the smartest apartments."

I had a few nice things which I had picked up and grown to love, but since I was moving into larger rooms I knew my pieces would look very scant. I did want more furniture, and I wanted attractive rooms.

"We have some apartments done by Lorinne which we let furnished. I would like you to see them," he continued while I thought.

I acquiesced and we went in his natty little car to my future home.

A Symphony in Browns

THE hall was silent and majestic. The Oriental rugs dulled our steps and I was conscious of the dignity of the large Florentine chairs and the Florentine wall table with the mirror over it. As we went up in the elevator I noted at each floor the exact replica of the lower hall, growing, as we ascended, less lavish. But the location of the pieces was identical. It was tidy but deadly monotonous, like days of illness with the same bottles of medicine in front of one.

He ushered me into a suite. The walls were cream, like great blank walls of a hospital. The rug was brown, the furniture lighter brown, and the hangings lightest brown. The inevitable long Italian table with two lamps on it bearing yellow shades stood at the side. The brown davenport had tables at the ends. The chairs were set, like eager listening spinsters, at discreet angles. The imitation fireplace had a tall fire screen before it, worked out in yellow silk. On a small table near the wall there was a lamp and a bright red book.

The book cheered me. The brown, browner, brownest effect left a curious taste in my mouth, and I felt subdued and enervated. It was all so orderly; so lacking in individuality; so deadening. I wanted to get out of it.

"Lorinne has marvelous taste. Discreet, good without garishness, as you can see. He is an education to people who don't know. No one could live here and not respond to the atmosphere of refinement."

To me the place looked like a nice refined coffin, ready for the body that had ceased to struggle.

I said nothing and we went through another set of rooms. Here the arrangement was the same, only the scheme was

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"A Good Picture Adds a Lot to a Room. It Gives One Something to Think About"

PAN OF THE PASTURE

By Struthers Burt

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. CROSBY

IT IS doubtful if this could have happened to anyone in the world except someone exactly like Mr. Milo Pankhurst, and someone, moreover, exactly like Mr. Milo Pankhurst who, at the age of forty-five, was on the edge of a nervous breakdown. But there isn't anyone exactly like Mr. Milo Pankhurst, save possibly his older brother, Mr. Israel Pankhurst, and even there the similarity is more cutaneous than subcutaneous.

For one thing, Mr. Israel Pankhurst has never been near a nervous breakdown and never expects to be. He regards nervous breakdowns, curiously enough, but not exceptionally, as being rather immoral. And for another, Mr. Milo Pankhurst—and this distinguishes him from all the other members of his family—has had an adventurous history, although you would never suspect it from seeing him or from hearing what, on the surface, he has been doing for the past twenty years.

For the past twenty years he has been the junior partner of the coffee house of Pankhurst & Pankhurst, and every morning at exactly eight o'clock he has had breakfast with his brother Israel, and at nine he has reached his office, where he has been imprisoned until five of the afternoon. At night he has frequently gone to the theater—a nice play, having to do neither with unpleasant sex things nor with the discovery of usually concealed portions of the feminine anatomy—or has joined a game of bridge at his club, or has read quietly at home in time to the rhythmic breathing of his brother Israel, who was also reading quietly at home. On Sundays he has attended with Israel, just around the corner from the narrow, decently dark, brownstone-front Fifty-second Street house, the Church of St. Denis and All the Angels, where Israel is a vestryman and where that excellent man and friend, Doctor Endicott, despite the magnificent and swaggering name of his edifice, touches once a week so lightly upon the sins and virtues of humanity that very few of his congregation have ever been able to tell the difference between the one and the other. For twenty years Milo Pankhurst had never given a thought—at least he had given no signs of having given a thought—to the dainty little red gullets that by the thousands every morning swallowed his discreetly famous products or to the dainty fingers that curled themselves about the cups where those products temporarily rested. As for the vision of a lady eating her breakfast in a negligee, it would no more have occurred to him than a similar vision of Israel in a boudoir cap. Until a year ago he took no exercise; he did not even play golf, that last refuge of the repressed.

Not an exciting picture, although the coffee business and the spice business in general have a fine raffish tropical background very different from most businesses, and the shadowy old buildings where as a rule they are conducted are filled with aromatic, buccaneering, provocative smells. The faint aroma clinging to ancient hall and stairway is like the faint aroma of Milo Pankhurst's romantic past.

Very early in his boyhood he had shown an unaccountable desire to write verse, and although his family, with a generous eye to his future happiness, had done their best to discourage this regrettable uncouthness, the desire had persisted throughout both Milo's school and college days, a little tinkling zither in the grave, empty halls of his youth; and it is a fact, nemesistical and unjust as it may seem, that no man can write verse and subsequently go into the coffee business or any other business without experiencing some inner tumult.

But this was by no means all. Milo had been further tried in the fire. Upon his graduation from his university his father, then the head of the coffee business, had sent him, with what can only be called a *lapsus memoriæ*, to Brazil upon business of the firm, and after three years Milo had returned with a mind that, for a while, had been unpleasantly filled with parrots and heavy foliage and dark-eyed maidens. There were even suspicions that he had tried to marry one of the last. All this wasn't nice, and Israel, then the smooth-haired treasurer of Pankhurst & Pankhurst, had been the first to say so. The more conservative New York business man may know that there are such things in the world as parrots and heavy foliage and dark-eyed maidens, but he tries to think about them as little as possible. In a year or so Milo himself apparently ceased to think about them. He settled down; he settled down even enough to please a great-aunt named Hattie—Aunt Hattie Minott—whose ideas about settling down would have been instructive to a bridge engineer intent upon sinking concrete piers; and if there remained in his veins any traces of his subequatorial life they slumbered beneath a placid exterior like an arrested tropical fever. His environment supplied the necessary daily dose of mental quinine.

Even Israel was satisfied and everything was going along very pleasantly indeed until that pale, blue-and-white rhapsodical morning in middle May two springs ago when Milo appeared at breakfast without his drooping yellow mustache, and upon this Pelion of radicalism heaped an Ossa of unreasonable and passionate hatred for grapefruit. Whatever may be the favorite hour for committing the more violent crimes, the mood that produces them usually appears shortly after dawn.

Israel was reading the editorial page of his favorite metropolitan daily with the concentration its complete lack of precision and decision always produced in him. The editorials gave him that splendid feeling of thoughtful vacuum which is the dignified goal of the average reader. He looked over the edge of his paper, said good morning, and then stared. He was shocked by the sudden nakedness of Milo's upper lip and the unabashed look of humor and youth this nakedness gave.

Milo Grasped Her by the Shoulders and Shook Her. "What's Gone?" He Demanded

Milo allowed no expression of opinion. "I know," he said curtly but evasively. "I shaved it off. I'm restless."

He seemed to consider this a satisfactory explanation, although between restlessness and a razor there is no obvious logical connection.

Israel sighed and returned to his paper, only to be interrupted immediately by an exclamation.

Milo had pushed back his plate and was regarding it inimically. "For ten years," he said in a restrained voice—"for ten solid years you and I have been having grapefruit with powdered sugar on it. It's unimaginative."

This was the first time he had used such an alarming adjective since he had been in the New York end of the coffee business, and Israel was naturally agitated. He concealed his agitation by retorting coldly, "I will speak to Mrs. Barton about it."

"There is no use," sighed Milo; "she'll only give us oranges instead. And I suppose after this," he continued, his despondency increasing, "we'll have some sort of eggs with bacon!"

Israel folded his paper neatly and laid it beside his finger bowl. "Are you ill?" he asked sharply.

"Never better," said Milo discouragingly. "Never better in my life."

He picked up his mail, and upon reading the third letter exclaimed for the second time.

"What's wrong now?" inquired Israel wearily.

"Nothing—absolutely nothing. In fact, everything is so all right that it's coincidental. It's a stroke of luck; it's fate. Here, read this."

He threw the letter across the table and Israel, adjusting his glasses, deciphered with growing distaste the following, written in a large spluttering immoral hand:

NETHERCOTE, CONN., May 20/21.

Dear Milo: I am going abroad. The spirit of Ulysses has overtaken me. My cottage will be vacant—can you use it? All summer, and from now on, if you will. You can commute into New York if you have to, but from your appearance the last time I saw you I should suggest a rest from that sink hole of infelicity. The hills are very tender and green, there are daisies pied—or there will be shortly—the stream murmurs with the wind; there is trout fishing in it too.

You will find no one here but old Mrs. Haley, who looks after me and cooks like an angel, and my goat. You won't have to bother about Mrs. Haley at all, but I ask you to keep an eye on my goat. In fact, to be frank, it is really in order to have some careful person keep an eye on my goat that I am writing you. I know of no one more methodical than you. My goat has a very affectionate nature, but at certain periods, perhaps especially the full of the moon, he has a tendency to wander. And you know what the general attitude of the world is towards goats. Most people won't go after goats. His name is Syrinx, which, of course, is absurd, because he's a he-goat and Syrinx was a nymph out of whom a reed pipe was made. But I named him before I knew him well.

Cordially,

QUENTIN O'BERON.

Israel returned the letter to its envelope. "Well," he said, "are you going to accept his invitation? He's that poet fellow, isn't he?"

Milo spoke with a forcibleness that had been absent from his voice for two decades. "I certainly am going to accept his invitation," he announced; "and he certainly is that poet fellow. And what's more, you needn't expect me at the office for at least a month. I need a holiday and I'm going to take one."

Mr. Milo Pankhurst, in the hush of a June evening, leaned upon a fence—it was what is technically known as sheep paling—and stared into a little orchard of half a dozen spreading apple trees, where, in the green gloom that fell downward from the thick trees and crept upward from the thick grass at their roots, a white and occupied goat shone like a star-of-Jerusalem. Mr. Pankhurst was attired in a well-cut golden Panama-cloth jacket, a pair of flannel trousers and buckskin shoes, and from under the soft collar of his shirt peeped a becoming tie of black-and-yellow arabesque, and despite his brooding thoughtfulness he looked younger and more alert than he had for many years. Spiritually and physically he was satisfied. He had

been at Nethercote two weeks, and during that time he had indulged in what only a short while before he would have regarded vaguely as a somewhat sinful orgy of sleep and reading and thinking and simple food. The last had been taken care of by Mrs. Haley, a stout and silent woman who, having been disappointed in love and being childless, had sublimated her baffled emotions into a quietly fierce intention to feed the uncertain but pathetic sex to the limit of its large stomach and circumscribed brain. She had a genius for cottage cheese and gingerbread and eggs and bacon. Food glowed when she touched it. She cooked a baked apple with the same savage tenderness she would have bestowed upon a baby had she had one.

Back of Milo Pankhurst as he leaned upon the sheep paling was a small gray shingled house, and at the south of the house a lawn, with here and there a humped rock thrusting up its tousled head, sloped away to a diminutive stream bordered by pollard willows. On the other side of the stream a valley, shining in the lucid afterglow, spread out until it touched the purple mist of distant hills, and in the middle of the valley a church steeple showed above maple trees. As the light diminished, the bell in the church steeple began to ring softly.

Milo lit a cigarette—he was smoking six cigarettes now instead of three—and glanced up at the pale green hill back of the orchard to see whether there was any sign over its edge of the rising moon.

A faint glow was visible, which, even as he raised his head, turned to a honey-colored radiance. Something startlingly brilliant and majestically hurried and portentous seemed to be climbing the reverse side of the slope he was watching. And then the top of a golden head showed itself, and before he could knock the ashes off his cigarette a great moon swung into view.

Milo lowered his gaze to the goat. "Syrinx," he said meditatively, "this is supposed to be the opening of the season when you are at your worst. Have the bells of that Wednesday-night prayer meeting no effect upon you? So far, I must admit, you have been the most admirable of goats." He sighed with a pleasant sadness. "Personally, I can hardly blame you for misbehaving on such a night," he added.

The goat said nothing, merely looked at Milo with a dark and fathomless eye and resumed his eating. He ate with a charming ruminative motion of his pointed lower jaw, and all the while he ate, his round stub of a tail whisked to and fro as if the pleasure its owner was experiencing was so acute that it could be expressed only by a perpetual gesture, fortunately not disturbing to the rest of the body. Every now and then he came to the end of his picket rope; and with a fine acceptance of fate as it is, began, without remonstrance, to browse in a circle. His glistening teeth made a sleepy crunching sound.

Milo narrowed his eyelids. He had never known a goat well until he had met this one, and now that intimacy was being established he could not understand why more people did not keep goats. Not for their milk or their flesh or their wool, but for their companionship. Nowhere had he imagined such a delightful, philosophic, soothing animal; already he could detect in himself the beneficial effects of his capricornish acquaintanceship. It was not all Mrs. Haley, it was not all leisure to read and think, it was not all silence and the countryside; it was more than that, it had something subtly to do with Syrinx.

How otherwise could he spend so many hours observing Syrinx and feel so fortified and refreshed by the observation?

The evening deepened; there was a damp, delicious smell of grass.

Milo climbed through the paling and going to the end of Syrinx's picket rope he set a heel upon the iron pin and pressed it more firmly into the ground.

"I'm sorry, old fellow," he said; "I'm really sorry. If I followed my wishes I would turn you loose completely."

He walked up to the goat and laid a hand upon the hot intelligent forehead. Syrinx abandoned his eating and stared over his shoulder at the moon.

Milo quoted softly:

"His children hid the cliffs amid
Are gamboling with the gamboling kid,
Or down the wall , with tipsy calls,
Laugh on the rocks like waterfalls.

"I wish I had known you, Syrinx, when I was younger."

Inside the house Mrs. Haley had left a lamp burning in the combination dining-and-sitting room. Milo procured a book and, turning out the lamp, went upstairs. A long while afterwards he fell asleep to the sound of sleepy birds whose occasional notes were like ruffled wings made musical.

Milo was awakened early the next morning by the telephone that stood on a table by his bed. He sat up, blinked at the warm sunshine and, rolling over, caught the instrument to his chest. A charming voice, a cool liquid voice, a voice with a trace of amusement in it, spoke to him. Milo looked down and instinctively pulled together the gaping edges of his pajamas.

"I'm so-o sor-ry!" said the voice. "Is this Mr. O'Beron? Quentin, your goat ——"

"No," interrupted Milo; "Mr. O'Beron has gone to Europe. This is his friend, Mr. —— This is Milo Pankhurst."

"Mr. O'Ber ——! Has gone to Europe!" began the voice, with a slight gasp in it, and then it proceeded calmly: "I'm so sorry, Mr. Pankhurst. I've just got back myself. I didn't know Mr. O'Beron had gone. You see, your goat—I mean, his goat—is down in my little yard, and he's already eaten six of my nine sunflowers—they're just coming up—and three of my four rosebushes. I'm so sorry to waken you up so early, but he won't let me near him; he butts at me."

"Who is this speaking?" asked Milo.

"This is Jane Thisbe, and I keep a little tea shop just as you come into the village."

"Is that your right name?" asked Milo suspiciously.

"Of course it's my right name. Why not?"

"Because it's such a curious name."

"Well, it is my right name; and would you mind sending for your friend's goat, please? I'd like to cook my breakfast." There was an exclamation of rage and the telephone buzzed. "He's eaten another sunflower!" said the voice bitterly. "I can see him through the window."

"No!" announced Milo with a sudden determination. "I won't send for him: I'll be down myself."

He climbed out of bed, hurried through a shower bath, dressed with undignified haste, chose the loudest tie he had, called to Mrs. Haley, seized a stick, and set out for the village. The village was a mile away, down a white road still damp with dew and refreshingly shaded with young maple leaves. As Milo walked he swung his stick. His heart was beating rapidly. It was the first time in twenty years he had heard a woman's voice raised emotionally save the voice of an actress or an irate mother insulting a subway guard. He loved voices that lengthened their vowels. This person was a lady, obviously. Why did she gasp when she heard that O'Beron had gone abroad?

Presently, around a bend in the road, the village came into sight, and at this end of it, swinging from the overhanging branch of a gnarled tree, was a small brown sign, which Milo had often noticed but paid no particular attention to, proclaiming in letters of gold that—if one would turn through the gate and go up a path between dwarf hedges—here was the Nethercote Tea Shop—Sandwiches, Lunches, Automobilists' Baskets.

Milo opened the gate and saw a goat who, having apparently abandoned hope of obtaining a square meal from scattered shrubbery, had concentrated upon the left-hand hedge and was eating his way slowly down it; and at the same moment a lady in a checked-gingham dress and a frilled apron ran out of the door of the house and tripped and almost fell into Milo's arms.

"O-uh! I'm so-o sorry!" she gasped.

"You needn't be," Milo responded; "I'm responsible for the goat."

He took off his hat and smiled warmly. What he had said had meant nothing, but he felt that he had answered this woman with extraordinary debonairness, and he was pleased at his own courage.

"I can't do a thing with him," the stumbling lady complained. "He won't even let me get near his picket rope. See?" She started towards Syrinx, who, waiting until the last possible moment, made a quick leap that sent the rope, weighted with its iron pin, dexterously out of danger. This maneuver completed, he made a threatening motion with his horns and then fell to eating again as if nothing had happened at all.

"He's not used to women," said Milo. "He knows me."

"I don't know why he isn't used to women!" retorted Miss Thisbe with some heat. "This is one of his regular stopping places every time he breaks loose. Once every month or so Mr. O'Beron had to come down here three or four mornings in succession."

"Then he doesn't like women," continued Milo placidly. He abruptly changed the subject: "You know O'Beron well?"

"Yes," she answered; "he's a great friend of mine."

Milo was watching her face intently. Her brown eyes were turned away from him and he thought he detected an added flush in the pale oval of her cheeks.

"I know him very well too," he commented with considerable dry meaning in his words. Miss Thisbe looked up at him swiftly and indignantly. "You're the blandest man I've ever seen," she said, "and you put things in the rudest way."

"I'm sorry," apologized Milo humbly; "I live only with an older brother. . . . I'll catch my goat for you." He stepped forward. "Syrinx!" he said amicably. "Steady, boy! Steady!" The goat regarded him with

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"The Water's Exactly Like Liquid Sunlight," She Called Joyfully. "Why Don't You Take Off Your Boots and Wade Too?"

THE CATCH-CANS

By Sam Hellman

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

"What's This Bunk You Been Handing Me About Alaska?"

EVERY time some of them hot-stove lizards cuts loose in the papers with a lotta guess hop about what would happen if Jack Dempsey and Strangler Lewis was to be got together in the same ring I has to set myself up to a flock of snickers. From the breezes them babies blow you'd think that they never was a argument between a fist slinger and a mat flopper, but such ain't the fact a-tall.

Back in the naughty '90's, when Bill Bryan was trying to make a monkey outta the gold cure instead of outta the Sons of the Evolution like he's doing now, I quit the fight game for a while to see what the wrestling business had in it for a honest lad whose motto was, "Never ask money where it comes from." I got a idea I told you lads something about this, how I grabbed hold of Eel McTague in St. Louis and about the trip around the world we took by requests.

Well, anyways, when we gets back to Frisco they ain't enough jack between us to buy a haircut for a billiard ball, and to make it a laughing matter the wrestling pastime has went and took a grand flop for itself. They has been so much raw stuff pulled by the catch-cans while we is gone that even the come-ons has got wise. All you got to do is to mention the grappling game and right away everybody's fingers acts like a load of retired Camembert has just been dumped in the room.

I happens to know a few guys in the burg that is good for a small touch, so me and The Eel is saved for a coupla weeks from the disgrace of stooping down to manual labors. While we is living, you might say, like the lad in the Bible, from the crumbs from off Lajoie's table, I runs into Slick Mason, an old buddy, that is now a author, writing book down at Tanforan. I tells him our hard-luck story as a prelim to the main bout of putting on the rush act, when this bozo busts in and asks, "What's the matter with Alaska?"

"Nothing that I know of," I replies. "Won't the Russians take it back?"

"Where you been?" Slick wants to know.

"West of Suez," says I, "where the best you get's the worst."

"Listen here, Deficit," comes back Mason, "ain't you heard about the gold strike up there? That's the place for you lads. Dawson City and some of them other camps is just overrun with cuckoos that is got stoop-shouldered carrying sacks of dust on their backs waiting for a chance to blow it on some sporting event. You could stage a wrestling go between a coupla angleworms and charge twenty fish per for standing room outside the building. Why don't you go?"

"On what?" I asks.

"They is a boat leaving next Thursday," begins Mason, but I laughs bitterly.

"Broke?" says he.

"Flatterer!" I comes back. "If it wasn't for the fact that I'm going to make a touch off of you, me and The Eel would have to go out to the park tonight to steal nuts from the squirrels. What are you good for, Slick? Fifty?"

"A thousand," he answers, and don't crack no smiles.

"All right," says I. "What do we do? Break the horse's legs or just jam a sponge up his nose?"

"You ain't got to do nothing," explains Mason, "except to take this flopper of yours up to Alaska and put him to work at his trade. In the words of others, I'm grubstaking you. How you and The Eel been splitting?"

"Fifty-fifty," I tells him, "mostly cutting zero two ways."

"Here's the proposition," says Slick: "I'll put up the jack to get you and McTague to Alaska, with a few extra pennies for chow and a flop until you get going. You won't have no trouble finding work for your boy. We split three ways on the take-in. How does that music listen to you?"

"All right," I sings back; "but I don't know if The Eel will come in on the chorus. The kid's kinda fed up on travel, but I think I can fix that. I'll just tell him Alaska's across the bay. He don't know whether the Yukon is a mountain or short for ukulele. You coming along?"

"Nope," says Mason. "I'm trusting you to look after my cut. I never heard of you double-crossing no one except the public, and besides I got a coupla friends around the diggings that'll give me a idea about the gates. On the square, Twin, if you play your cards right you oughta come back here in the spring with enough dust to cover Market Street a foot deep from Twin Peaks to the bay."

It listens good enough, but I've got kinda pessimistical about them trips to foreign parts. However, I ain't in no positions to talk back to no meal ticket; and besides Slick ain't the sort to take a chance on nothing that don't pay out three to one at least, so I tells him I'm on.

"Here's fifty," says he, "to keep you alive until Thursday. I'll get the ducats and the outfit. Sure McTague will fall in line?"

"Leave it to me," I comes back; "but ain't they something you is overlooking?"

Before You Knows It He's Grabbed McTague Around the Legs

"What's that?" he asks.

"Well," says I, "it takes two guys to make a wrestling match. Who do you expect the kid to tumble? Some of them parlor bears?"

"What do you want me to do?" yelps Slick. "Grubstake you and frame the goes for you too? You ain't forgotten how to rig set-ups, has you? If you can't line up a coupla bozos that is good for a mess of return matches, just issue a challenge to all comers, two or three in a night, if you has to. What does The Eel weigh?"

"Hundred and sixty when he's eating regular," I tells him.

"A guy that big," says Mason, "oughtn't to be afraid of nobody. You don't have to get out an extra telling everybody he's a professional wrestler. Most of them miners thinks they is curly wolfs at the rough and tumble, especially when they is full of hooch, and McTague won't have no trouble getting all the action he can use."

"Where does a manager come in on this kinda deal?"

"You don't have much to do," explains Slick, "excepting to see that The Eel gets a square break and ain't disturbed none by shots fired at him while he's working. You might have to lick a few guys yourself to keep ——"

"Is that all?" I cuts in sarcastic. "Say, ain't they something I can do for you in Frisco, such as doping nags or running out on the track and falling in front of a horse you don't like?"

Mason grins and tells me he was kidding, and that they aint no dangers in Alaska a-tall, excepting maybe getting your toes bitten off by the frost; but me and frosts has been such good pals for the last year or so that I ain't afraid Jack'll do me no dirt. When I tells McTague the merry news he ain't what you would call wild with delights. The idea of traveling any more affects the kid the same way the notion of climbing a flagpole would appeal to a guy with the blind staggers.

"Where is this dump?" he asks.

"Just up the bay a piece."

"Near Oakland?" he comes back.

"It's nearer Oakland than it is to Frisco," I sidesteps; "but the main idea is that it's nearer three squares and cigarette money than we has been for a long time."

After I shows him twenty of the smackers I pried from Mason, and gets it through The Eel's ivory button that we is to have all our expenses paid and a chance to come back to Frisco with enough gold to make the mint stick out the S. R. O. sign, McTague agrees to play ball. The day before the boat is ready to sail the kid busts in on me with a grouch.

"What's this bunk you been handing me about Alaska?" he yells. "I just met a bird that said the joint was up near the North Pole."

"Who said it wasn't?" I shouts back. "Got a idea where the pole is?"

"It's a hell of a distance, I know that," says McTague.

"I'm wise to what's the matter with you," I shoots at him sarcastic. "You ain't got over that scare Busanzsky the Powerful Pole threw into you at Chi last year."

"Oh!" says The Eel, surprised. "That's where that cuckoo come from, huh?"

"Sure," I answers. "He's a Polander, ain't he? You ain't afraid of 'em, is you?"

"Lead me to 'em!" growls The Eel.

"Consider yourself led," says I.

II

WE AIN'T out on the bouncing mains more than a coupla hours than who should I run into but Slim Brannigan, a box-fight manager I used to have crossed swords with in Chi.

"Hello!" says he. "What are you doing on my boat?"

"Get off of my ocean!" I comes back. "What's a land-locked salmon like you doing so far away from the cannery?"

Slim ain't a bit bashful about telling. Somebody's tipped him, too, to the stacks of gold in the Klondike itching for excitement, and he's brung along one of his glove swingers to do the scratching. Scrap Mahoney's the lad he's got in tow; one of the sweetest light-heavies in the business and a baby that would 'a' been thereabouts or there among the top-snatchers if it ain't for a habit he's got of busting into his training to spar a few rounds with the Haig boys.

"What do you expect to do?" I asks. "Have Scrap pick street fights? You can't stall with that bozo. Even the Eskimokes would give him a tumble."

"What of it?" says Brannigan. "I'm counting on Scrap's rep to bring in the parsley. I see. You gotta idea they ain't no other pugs up in that country, hey?"

"Is they?" I inquires.

"Is they?" he comes back. "Biffers and wrestlers and foot-racers is thicker up around Skagway and Dawson than they is Swedes in Switzerland. Can't you get nobody to read the papers to you?"

"Lay off the stockyard humors," says I. "I been touring the world since I see you last and ain't kept up with the scandals in this neck of the ocean. What was that stuff you pulled about wrestlers?"

The Eel Gets a Toe Hold on the Big Swede and They Ain't No Chance to Break It

Brannigan reels off to me the names of three or four of some of the snappiest catch-cans in the strangling line, which is a great surprise to me, me figuring all the time that Alaska would be a virgin's field for us. Slim reads the wrinkles.

"Don't let that worry you," says he. "Them lads up there is ripe for a row every night. Still handling The Eel?"

When I tells him yes, Brannigan don't see no reasons why me and McTague can't make no clean-up. He's got the info right from the feed box that fifty to one hundred fish per seat is the regular tax for a milly in the gold camps, and besides that you can get a bet on anything from a dog fight to a raindrop race on a window pane.

"Winter will soon be here," says Slim, "and then all the lads from the suburbs will drift into town with nothing but bales of jack and a yen for getting it outta their chests before spring. If that boy of yours is as good as he used to be, and ain't got no more morals than he used to have, they ain't nothing to keep him and you from a grand slam unless some bozo gets hep to the game and trumps in with a forty-four."

"Nix on the frame-ups," I comes back, sore at his aspirations on my character. "Me and The Eel works on the square. Besides, what's the use of being crooked if what you say about the get at the gate is so? I'd just as soon take mine straight."

"Maybe you would," admits Brannigan; "but I wouldn't trust McTague no farther than I could lift this scow with my hands tied behind my back. I'll bet that cuckoo'd forget and trip himself up if he seen he was winning a match."

"You do his grave injustices," says I. "Besides, the boy's been moving around some lately and you know travel is broadening."

"Maybe yes," comes back Slim, giving my duds the tape eye; "but not so fattening, hey?"

Well, we chews the rag a while, me telling about the hard luck we runs into on our world tower. Slim gives me the ear, but don't say nothing excepting once when he cuts in with a mean crack.

"I knows the part of the trip The Eel liked best," says he. "Made him feel like he was working natural, anyways."

I bites.

"Which?" I asks.

"Crossing the equator," comes back Brannigan.

"Lay off my meal ticket," says I. "Where you going, to Dawson or Skagway?"

"Skagway," answers Slim, "or maybe Dyea. I ain't got no desires to chase over that Chilled-Cat Pass, but the real mazum is at Dawson for the mat babies. I ain't trying to shoo you outta the town, but if I was you I'd give Skag the whistle and bust into Dawson before the river lays down cold on you."

Brannigan ain't been to Alaska before, but he's run into lotta birds in Frisco that has; so I figures he knows the lay up there better than a bozo like me that's just come from the topical countries and decides to do like he says. It's K. O. with The Eel, he not knowing it's six hundred miles between the two burgs, with road houses just as thick as blond cotton pickers in Alabama.

The rest of the trip me and McTague pals around with Slim and his boy, killing times with red dog, spit in the ocean, coon can and other brain foods. The Eel and Mahoney don't exactly get kicked in on each other, Scrap not having no exhausted opinion of the mat game and McTague's ideas of the box-fight pastime being as low as he can get 'em, which is about four cards below the deuce spot.

They is a coupla times when it looks like the lads might take a crack at each others, but me and Slim ain't taking no chances of having our trained seals mussed up and we manages to keep 'em apart with diplomacies and by pouring salve on the trouble water.

So we gets to Skag. The town is jammed full of cuckoos waiting to take the boat back to the States. All of 'em look like 'bos that has just been dumped off a freight at the water tank, and they ain't none of 'em with less than a six months' growth of fuzz. I gets to figuring maybe the gold fields has took a flop, which wouldn't surprise me none with the luck we been having.

The four of us drops into a saloon and I starts a conversation with the barkeep. I ask him if things has gone blooey, and when he says what makes me think so I tells him about the bums I see at the dock. He gives me the ha.

"Most of them lads," says he, "has got enough dust around 'em to choke all the cows in Texas. They just been too busy shoveling nuggets to pay any attentions to shaves and shoe shines. See that bird over there?"

He points to a bloke sitting in a corner of the joint that looks like he ain't had nothing to eat since the Sunday before last, and it's a even bet whether his clothes will stick to him until he reaches the door.

"That guy," says the barkeep, "just peddled his claim for four million fish, and besides that he's taking back a coupla million he dug up for himself. Give that a think."

"I will," I promises; "but in the meantimes tell me this: What's the chance of a honest sport promoter to pry some of these money barrens loose from the yellow?"

"What's the line?" he asks.

"Wrestling," I tells him, "and here's my sample," and I presents The Eel. "My friend here's got a box fighter, but he expects to settle down on the beach, so they ain't no rush about getting up no collections for him. Me and McTague, though, is figuring on giving Dawson the pleasures of our companies, and I thought maybe you guys would be kinda neighborly and slip us visiting girls a going-away present."

"How good, if any, is this boy of yours?" comes back the barkeep.

"They ain't nothing he can't throw excepting hisself," I answers; "and if the lads around here will make it interesting enough he might even do that."

"Wouldn't be the first time he'd done it at that," mutters Slim.

But I gives him a meaner look than he's got already, and he and that biffer of his takes the air.

"Congratulations," says the bartender. "You're in luck."

"Meaning what?" I asks.

"Meaning," he comes back, "that they is a wrestler in town right now that's looking for a go. He's made a cleaning in these parts and is getting ready to beat it out. The boat don't sail for three days and he'll welcome a final row like the fat-headed calf went for the profitable son."

"Name, please?" I inquires.

"Rock-Crusher Kennedy," is the answer. "Mean anything to you?"

"That slob!" cuts in McTague. "That cuckoo couldn't get a toe hold on a dead centipede."

"He may be a flop when it comes to centipedes," says the hooch dispensary, "but they ain't nothing two-legged in these parts that's had any more show with him than I got of forgetting you ain't paid for that last bunch of drinks."

"How do we get to him?" I asks.

"You won't have no troubles," comes back the snake handler. "Just drop around this afternoon and you'll find him here with his manager."

Which we done. McTague ain't never hooked up with this bird Kennedy, but he figures the Rock-Crusher will be a cinch, even if he does weigh over two hundred pounds.

"That baby is so muscle-bound," says The Eel, "that he's got to ask strangers to scratch his nose for him. How much money you got?"

I tells him half the amount.

"Bet it," snaps McTague.

"Which way?" I asks.

The Eel's About Ready to Sink His Teeth in That Cuckoo's Good Ear

(Continued on Page 158)

CLAY OF CA'LINA

By Calvin Johnston

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK SPRADLING

A RIMY February sunrise was lighting the industrial city to work; the sporting city was languidly preparing for bed. At the great gaming palace of the Versailles, off upper Fifth Avenue, Clement Palter lingered in his office, an opened letter before him which he dwelt upon with evident satisfaction. Palter, at seventy, was the unbroken patrona of the sporting city, that sphere between the upper and the under worlds which both invade and neither controls. His massive frame was erect, his movements deliberate and vigorous. A pallid, aquiline countenance and silver hair gave him a priestly air, and the unfathomable black eyes glimmered with the wisdom of the ages. The letter from his former protégé and partner, Sterling, read:

Dear Pal: I am giving a letter of introduction to my young friend Brownlow Clay, of North Ca'lina, who has been in Richmond visiting on his way to New York. Now, Clay of Ca'lina is no callow youth; he is clever as well as most likable. But he is a thoroughbred, and he goes to New York to settle the estate of a relative who left him twenty five thousand. It strikes me that provincial sophistication might not see him safely out of that distracting town of yours with so much money in his pocket. It is all his fortune. Keep in touch with him; if he gets sporty, shanghai him back to his Ca'lina. If the Philistines get next to him, smite them, you old prince of Philistines. High play and luck to the Versailles. Love to yourself, in which Mrs. Sterling joins. DAN.

The roll of the roulette ball in the drawing-room of the Versailles had ceased; in the stillness Palter heard the street door close on the last belated patron. A footfall along the corridor, and a sleepy croupier entered with his satchel of currency.

"I'm all in," he sighed. "Steyn made a wicked game of it; twelve hours. Well, he lose seventeen thousand "

Palter, not to be disturbed during such pleasurable musings as the letter inspired, twitched his forefinger at the vault built into the wall.

The croupier set the satchel inside, swung the door, threw the combination.

"Good night, Mr. Palter "

Palter nodded, and was alone The lights were dead, the field of chance deserted. The Versailles had had a good night; but Palter, his mind on the letter, said, "It will be a treat to meet a friend of Danny's and his missus and get the inside on all their doings."

As the sunrise beam struck the window shades he closed his desk, put on his greatcoat, and with walking stick, heavy as a bludgeon, measuring his stride, passed down to the lower hall. Before a Greek marble of Chance, bending over his dice, he paused. The statue had been given him by Sterling, who used to tilt his wineglass to it superstitiously on starting a big game. Palter considered gravely. It was a pleasant reflection that he would hear all about Danny at first hand tonight or tomorrow night, but a still more pleasant one that a man who knew Palter so thoroughly would send an unsophisticated youngster with his legacy in his pocket to the Versailles for safety.

"The stone boy shooting dice might be a bad example to Clay of Ca'lina," he thought, eying the statue. "I'll have Emmanuel blanket him."

The house watchman came up and Palter asked about a sick child. Then he took his car at the door to the home of a quiet, elderly couple with whom he had lodged for twenty years.

For an hour the Versailles, unknown to the industrial city, looked down with its curtained windows on the passing crowds; then a single person appeared on the curb opposite and inspected it perplexedly. He was a tall, upstanding young man whose loose-fitting but well-cut clothes accentuated a leisured grace. The crowd had passed by that time and he had stood for the moment alone, when he became conscious that a light-tapping footfall, approaching hurriedly, had ceased directly behind him.

He turned, to discover a young woman within a few feet of him, gazing at the house across with an interest which surpassed his own.

"If you will pardon me, miss," he said, bowing with bared head, "I will ask you to direct me to Mr. Palter's house. I had a letter of introduction to the gentleman from a friend of mine in Richmond and lost it. But I remember Dan's saying that he lived on this street, near Fifth Avenue "

All this was said as one addresses a neighbor who has not been met in a formal way; and though the woman had drawn back indignantly, a bland sparkling gray eye spellbound her for the moment. But during that moment she did not answer, and a faint flush appeared through the clear tan of the man's cheeks.

"If you have any suspicions, ma'am," he resumed earnestly, "that I am a doubtful character, you need not show me Mr. Palter's house. I know that men of prominence in New York must be careful who is let in on them. Why, ma'am, Mr. Palter, whom Dan Sterling esteems as he does few men in New York, does not even have his name printed in the directory or telephone book! I paid a nigger at the Pompeian Hotel to search them."

The woman, whose face had not yet lost its shade of suspicion, could not help smiling at the cause he assigned for her hesitancy to answer.

"I will trust you, sir," she replied gravely. "Mr. Palter's house is directly across the street; the one with the bronze doors "

Mrs. Sally Steyn, the informant, reflected that there were also a number of bronze doors in the corridors of that house, only stouter ones, and reenforced with steel.

The tall man smiled with his head back; he was plainly gratified by the trust she reposed in him

"As an evidence of good faith," he said simply, "I give you my name—Brownlow Clay, of Marion Courthouse, ma'am, North Ca'lina."

Again Sally Steyn bristled; the man was scraping acquaintance with unsurpassed impudence and cunning. But again his bland gaze dispelled her suspicion. Sally, who trusted no man, believed no man, acknowledged a queer thrill as she nodded with unaccustomed graciousness and passed on.

She thought, "What an extraordinary impression he makes!"

An irritating curiosity compelled her to glance back. As a matter of course, she expected him to be staring after her. Sally's figure was one not matched every moment on the Avenue, or Broadway either.

But Clay of Ca'lina was standing on the curb with a strange rigidity, his hands clasped behind him, and staring raptly at the sky. A shade of depression was in Sally's manner as she turned the corner. She realized that she was now twenty-six and a man had not cared to stare after her.

"I hope he didn't notice my shoes," she said. "He is a greenhorn, but a thoroughbred. A gentleman always notices shoes."

She stamped along, ready to cry. The shame of those shoes, only slightly worn, it is true, was not hers. Indeed, she had much better ones at home, but did not choose that George Steyn should know of them.

Sally was hurrying to an appointment with her husband-that-had-been, and in law still was, though only one year together had been followed by four years of separation. Sally had, since the separation, lived with her mother in an uptown kitchenette apartment and supported the household by working as secretary to a hotel manager. Now she was alone in the world, the old lady having died several weeks before, and Sally was on her way to Steyn as executrix of her last wish.

The ostensible object of the appointment made over the telephone did not preoccupy her, and she recalled that Steyn, however parsimonious in his pleasures, was invariably affected by the sight of a pretty woman in old shoes.

"The city should carry them free in cabs," he had complained. "As long as beauty appears shabbily shod, there can be no virtue among men."

"Much he cares about virtue," sniffed Sally disdainfully, "the old scalawag! And if I had dolled up in my good clothes and shoes, like as not he'd borrow money of me."

"No, Not a Cab; Remember My Stenographer's Salary"

These meditations did not deeply move Sally; and feeling a wrinkle gather between her eyes, she banished them in alarm.

Sally had been plump and hoydenish when Steyn married her, just out of dramatic school and hunting an engagement with no luck at all Now she was slender, with an air of maturity which one meeting her bright, inquisitive black eye would consider rather overdone. Clay, standing on the curb and staring resolutely at the sky, thought he had never seen a prettier girl.

By this time Sally had arrived at the threshold of Steyn's hotel, a modest, exclusive, family cote where a bachelor guest would be safeguarded from the doves and hawks of his more indulgent hours.

"Poor chap," she was muttering, "with his letter of introduction to Palter, the old joss! Clay of Ca'lina's fleece will be nailed to the wall of the Versailles this hour tomorrow."

Having been expected by Steyn, she was shown obsequiously into the reception room, but met her husband with a show of temper

"Can't a woman come in here without having the hall boy make a study of her shoes? Or do you employ him as a property man?" she demanded

Steyn raised his hands deprecatingly; he was distinctly German, after twenty years in New York The expression on his heavy features was animated, his bulging blue eyes rolled and flashed.

One would not expect to find so superb a physique in a man of forty devoted to having a good time. But Steyn kept his body in soldierly training and would never debauch his appetite at the most Jovian festivals.

Seated beside him, Sally told of her mother's passing and her last request. He pressed her hand, kissed it and, rising, paced the room, much perturbed.

"If you had only come yesterday even last evening!" he exclaimed. "Today I am quite ruined. Do not laugh, there is no deception." He plunged into the details of the game at the Versailles. "Only to think," he interrupted himself, "that a cosmopolitan of unutterable sophistication should walk lamblike into such a shambles! I, Von Steyn!"

"Oh, it is Von Steyn now!" repeated Sally, interested.

"Well, that, indeed, is my true name."

"And you are divulging it to your wife! She is complimented. Art for art's sake, whether you are von or not; go on."

"You are bitter," he said, pausing to eye her in surprise. "You have changed. What a delightful forgiving creature you used to be! Still, you are far more beautiful in maturity—remember it has been three years since we met."

"Being delightful and forgiving never got me anything," said Sally.

"No; it would not with me," admitted Steyn judicially; "but now that you can hold your own, there is no reason after all why your mother's last request should be ignored."

"You would argue an angel out of heaven, but not me," answered Sally firmly. "I promised my dear mother I'd come here and repeat her wish that we'd be reconciled. Well, we are reconciled, I guess. But no more married life for me. Anyway, I'm as poor as you."

"The poor little feet! Surely you did not walk!"

Sally laughed ironically.

"Go on with the debacle at Palter's; how much did you lose?"

"Seventeen thousand!"

She repeated this, gazing narrowly; but knowing Steyn too well to be deceived by him was obliged to accept his statement. "Where did you get all that money?"

"First, I repeat that you are more beautiful than ever, and that there is every reason to respect your mother's dying wish. What a dear she was! And I caused her so much worry. I was wrong, but it is too late to make amends, miserable that I am!"

He sighed sincerely

"What was I saying? Oh, that Palter scotched me for seventeen thousand. But let it go. Together we can retrieve our fortune at the expense of some rich acquaintance You will have adopted the code of the world we live in by this time."

"I asked you where you got seventeen thousand"

"A bucket-shop game; my own shop."

"O-ho!" she reflected. "Did you have any partners?"

"One."

"Who was he?"

There was no deceiving Sally, and Steyn knew it.

"Lawrence Downs," he announced, dropping his voice to a whisper.

"Ha-ha-ha!" laughed Sally in the first amusement Steyn had afforded her since a month after their wedding. "Your old sharper crony, race-track bookmaker, Shylock, dope ringster! One of the select circle you introduced me to. If you put one over on Black Larry Downs, George, I can respect you."

Steyn stared at her dubiously a moment, then nodded slowly with an increasing complacency.

"It was all his money; I was running the shop. You see, Sally, I can put it over on the sharpest of them. What a team we would make! And I swear I'm in love with you all over again."

"And would use me as a decoy."

"What's the sense of putting it so coarsely? You don't care for anybody else, or you wouldn't be here. Living is a struggle for you; poverty, and therefore loneliness, will be your lot. Your beauty will fade in a few hard years Escape while there is opportunity—now! Throw in your lot with me and live the old gay life. Believe me" his voice dropped again—"I have a thousand tucked away which will last us a few weeks till we turn up a game. The world is half sucker. How many are even now waiting the plucking at your own place of employment, the Hotel Pompeian?"

"Plenty of 'em," said Sally grimly.

"Then interest one; introduce me. It is up to you. Why, a man you would only get a dinner out of I could sell twenty thousand of a curb stock!"

Sally arose abruptly.

"Nothing doing!"

"Sally!" Steyn laid his hand affectionately on her shoulder

"Oh, I'm not shocked as I ought to be," exclaimed the woman desperately. "Drudgery and disappointment have hardened me. You've almost made a bad woman out of me. But you might have done it and treated me decently at the same time. I don't believe it's in you to do that."

"Yes," he urged earnestly, "you do. I want you back You will come and trust me. In a week you can leave your work. One client is all I ask of you. You will phone me tomorrow, and every day till you come home?"

She walked from the room without replying, and Steyn gazed after her pensively.

"I must keep an eye open; a woman like her is never without an admirer. I believe she has somebody in mind."

Sally, hurrying out with eyes downcast, had somebody in mind.

"If I did make a play for Clay of Ca'lina's money I'd only be bidding for it against Palter," she thought. She knew Dan Sterling of old, having met him as one of Steyn's sporting friends shortly after her marriage. And Sterling, by his letter of introduction, had steered the stranger to New York straight into his old partner's clutch. "It's a certainty Clay has good money, or those big gamblers wouldn't bother with him," she concluded. "And he is stopping at the Pompeian ——"

Sally sighed deeply. The indomitable girl who had put aside hope of a stage career for a business course and a secretary's job had suddenly discovered herself as a hopeless drudge. With her mother gone, she was adrift in a drab and lonely world. She thrilled at the glimpse and promise of her early gayeties.

"I'm still pretty," she mused; "but how long will beauty last at the grind and commonplace? It's hard luck if I can't beat old Palter out of enough greenhorn money to start right again." These were her argumenta, and after a moment's panic she set herself resolutely for the venture

"As for going back to George ——"

She shook her head decidedly, and looked up into the face of a man who had stepped into her path with a "Good morning, Sally!"

"Mr. Downs!" she acknowledged, and shook hands without enthusiasm

Larry Downs, with his squat figure and heavy, swarthy face, she had disliked superlatively among her husband's old associates. He had a way of dropping his eyelids and sidling close and was full of husky confidences on betting money. He was always exquisitely groomed and scented, and the woman, with a little nausea, would have hurried on; but he held her hand a moment restrainingly.

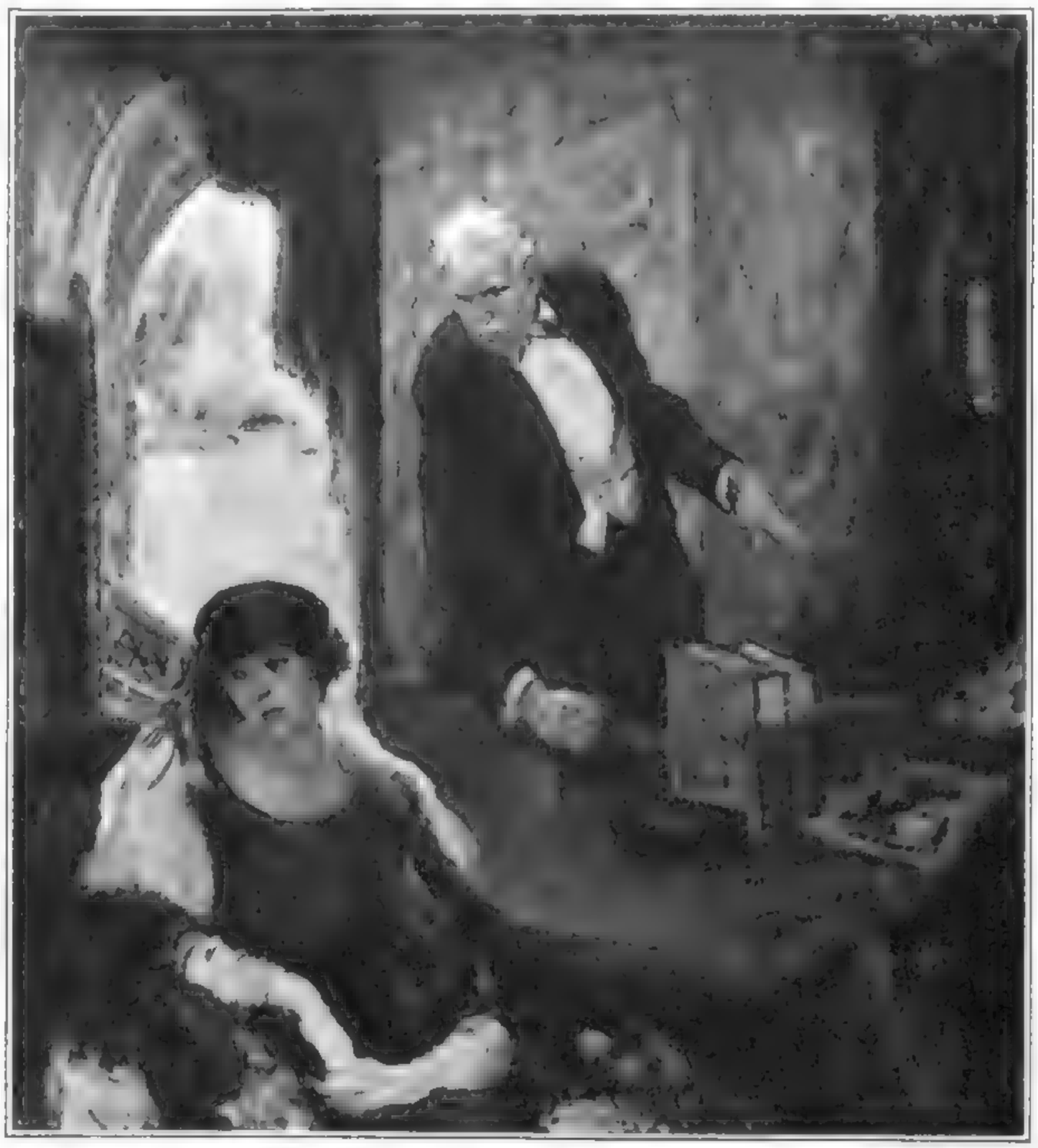
"Been to see George?" he asked. "Is he sick?"

"He didn't say," replied Sally as she released her hand.

"What's the rush? I'm interested in you two. Going back to him? It ain't right for a wife to live away from her husband. He's settled down some, and with you to help me he'd be steady as a truck horse."

"Help you!"

Suddenly it occurred to Sally that this man was the partner whose money Steyn had gambled away. She had no interest in shielding George from the consequences of his peculation, though Downs was certainly not a dangerous man. But she was flushed with her new resolution to declare in the game with Palter for the easy money, and Steyn with his curb stocks was a necessary confederate.



"He Did Not Play to Win. He Played to Forget! Do You Pretend to Ask Me Why?"

"Oh, I understand, Larry," she resumed with something of his own confidential manner. "George told me of your brokerage partnership. He had a prospect on the string last night, and I should guess by his humor rather overplayed the champagne, or Scotch, or whatever it is they drink nowadays."

"Cooking whisky," confided Larry; "he's got to lay off it. Only a clerk on duty at the bucket shop today."

"I'm alone in the world now," said Sally, biting her lips but going through with an explanation of her visit. "Mamma wanted us to be reconciled, so—we made up."

Larry nodded his satisfaction.

"I always said that George is one of the greatest come-on men I ever saw," he observed. "Why, he almost borrowed money of me, time after time! So I start him in that sucker store, keep an eye on him, and we've done well. Nothing crooked, y'understand. I'm not crooked and won't do business with a man who is. There's nothing to that game. Now, Sally"—he touched her arm to emphasize—"you speed up back to him and I promise that between us we'll hold him steady and you won't lack for scenery."

The woman, patches of scarlet in her cheeks, nodded significantly and they parted. Sally, who had taken half a day from her good-humored employer, nevertheless hurried along back to the Pompeian.

"Larry's easy, like all professional sharks," she ruminated. "George will rig him with some tale of loss on the curb ——"

Suddenly she remembered the curiously hushed tone her husband had used in admitting the peculation from his partner.

"Surely he can't be afraid of Larry Downs!" she said, and glanced at the squat, insignificant figure just entering Steyn's hotel. "That piker! Why, even if he learns the truth, what can he do? Curse and threaten, maybe. George can eat him up."

When Sally Steyn tripped into the Pompeian lobby thirty minutes later she saw it transformed from a dull workshop into a castle of light and splendor, with adventure lurking at every turn.

"I'll say it's worth the candle to game for the big stakes, whether you win or lose," she laughed.

Searching for Brownlow Clay, who was nowhere in sight, she ascertained that he was registered and rang his room. There was an undeniable thrill in the soft drawling answer, for Sally was now committed to the career of an adventuress and this was her first victim.

"The girl you asked a house number from this morning speaking," she said in a businesslike tone. "There is something else about that house which I should have told you at the time—a warning—and if you wish will tell you now. I'll wait on the office floor."

"Expect me immediately, ma'am."

Sally seated herself, puzzling at a definite plan of entangling her quarry; but her head swam and she looked up with frightened eyes when the tall young man came and bowed his blond head before her.

"Sit here beside me," she said faintly; and, conscious of a blush which deluged her cheeks and throat, looked dumbly into sparkling gray eyes wide open with admiration.

"Do not hurry yourself, miss," urged Clay. "I can see that the information, or warning, which you so kindly volunteer disturbs you. So we can speak of other things until you are composed. Or if you find your warning too disturbing you must not deliver it at all. I am more than willing to accept your intention to do so and take my chances ——"

"No, you must know. My name is Miss Steyn," said Sally miserably; indeed, she had found it best to pass for an unmarried woman during all her business life. "I am employed at this hotel as secretary to the manager, and what I tell you will—be verified by him."

"As you wish in that particular," nodded Clay.

"Have you presented your letter of introduction yet?"

"Unfortunately Mr. Palter was away from home. I'll present it this evening."

"Plainly, from your remark this morning, you do not suspect who this man Palter is. This is a city of wolves, but Palter is the strongest and most ruthless of them all. The man who gave you the letter is Dan Sterling, a former partner; and the establishment is the Versailles, one of the most famous gambling hells in the world."

"I had understood from Mr. Sterling," said Clay after a moment of grave consideration, "that the old gentleman, Mr. Palter, entertains at chance in a lavish way."

Sally winced with disappointment.

"Oh, you knew it! Then I have wasted my warning."

"Your kindness has not been wasted. And to show you how important your warning would be if I was in fact an unsuspecting stranger in the hands of sharpers, I'll explain that twenty-five thousand dollars is about to be paid to me under a relative's will."

Clay beamed appreciatively. His nose was aquiline, mouth straight and widened on rows of gleaming, even, white teeth. Sally wondered half pityingly if his countenance had ever worn any other expression than simple good nature.

"Twenty-five thousand!" she thought with a shock. "And those two crafty men, Sterling and Palter, have already discounted any natural suspicion which might rise when he found himself entertained in a gambling hell."

She clenched her teeth and determined to beat the gamblers to the game.

"Mr. Clay," she said, rising, "I have done my duty as one honest, well-wishing person to another, though overstepping conventionality a little bit in summoning you from your room to meet me. Now I'll say good morning and go to my work in the manager's office."

"But, Miss Steyn," suggested Clay mildly, "after venturing so far to unmask a pitfall of the city, you are not going to desert me entirely? There must be others even more dangerous which I could easily fall into. Pardon me," he continued as she interrupted, "but having treated me unconventionally, you can't refuse me the privilege of treating you unconventionally in return."

"I quite fail to understand—'unconventionally," returned Sally stiffly.

"I will explain. I mean, of course, gratefully. Now, gratitude ——"

Sally stared, not so sure of this fellow's unsophistication.

"Why, he argues like the old serpent! It's just my luck," she thought dismally, "to pick up a regular fellow for my first victim." Suddenly she met him halfway in his explanation of the duties of gratitude. "All right, Mr. Clay, I brought down your gratitude on myself and will see it through. You may call for me at the office for dinner, six o'clock. There, I'm making concession enough, goodness knows. Don't get theater tickets. After dinner you can take me home."

Again Sally, triumphant in her baiting of this twenty-five-thousand-dollar goldfish, blushed vividly and hurried away, wild with embarrassment.

The man, straightening from his bow, did not look after her but up at the cornice of the column beside him.

"Brownlow Clay, I salute you," he said softly. "The lady of ancient dreams, and money enough to marry on, the same day!"

He had thought of nothing else but the lovely little face, ironic, wise with an irrepressible play of humor about eyes and mouth, since meeting Sally across from Palter's. Now he sauntered about the lobby and out in the frosty sunshine, rapt in the future, a pleasing tumult in his broad chest.

"It Is a Naughty Place, and My Little Cousin Did Wait to Place You Under Escort," He Admitted Significantly

II

ONCE more the sporting city was astir, the Versailles flooded with mellow light. Clement Palter, entering the lower hall, pondered again whether the statue of Chance should be draped from the eyes of Danny's young friend. There was nothing of the pagan in Palter, and he looked derisively at the stone boy, oracle of many players.

"He fronts for good luck," reflected Clement, "but I will show him up to Danny's friend. Good luck cannot beat the law of averages."

So he left the marble dicer undraped and mounted the grand staircase to his office. There he found the croupier who had played Steyn off his feet the night before, and after laying aside stick and greatcoat indulged in a silent game of matching dimes, the only gambling he ever did. When the croupier disappeared with his bank money in answer to a flutelike whistle, Palter entered thirty cents, the amount of his winnings, in a ledger; and dropping a pinch of tobacco into the bowl of a huge meerschaum puffed deliberately.

An ancient negro, whose flutelike whistle had summoned the croupier, glided in. His wool had grown white in the service of Palter, and he stood silently waiting the latter's reverie to end.

"A friend of Danny's, Mr. Clay of Ca'lina, will likely call tonight," said Palter. "Emmanuel, you will show him in."

Old Emmanuel bowed, rubbing his hands. These were joyful tidings.

"It'll be most like announcin' Marse Danny himself," he replied.

About nine o'clock Clay arrived at the Versailles; and, the inner door swinging ajar, he met Emmanuel bowing low before "Mr. Clay, Marse Danny's friend."

"How'd you recognize me, uncle?" queried Clay, smiling with a sense of home-coming at so familiar a figure.

Emmanuel admitted that the Lawd had told him; He always spoke up for Marse Danny Sterling's friends.

But the old darky looked askance at Steyn, who followed on Clay's heels—one of the Versailles' most valued clients, indeed, but not one of its aristocracy. Yet he was on terms of easy acquaintance with Clay, the stranger in town.

Steyn, approaching the statue, saluted in high good humor, exclaiming that he had a presentiment the God of Chance would favor him, while waiting for Clay to rejoin him after visiting Palter. With his fine blue eyes rolling, he tossed coat, hat and stick at Emmanuel, who, though accustomed to the superstitious whims of gamblers, was sadly put out that the ceremony of welcoming the visitor should be interrupted. Clay, however, eyed the statue and its votary with grave amusement.

"I am not a man to delay the natural course of presentiment and will go on in to Mr. Palter," he said. "Later I will get the returns from you, for the supernatural, as an inside informer on sporting events, interests me exceedingly."

"Then my campaign will be instructive, at least, to both of us," replied Steyn, and walked rapidly under the arch into the drawing-room beyond, whence, even at this early hour, rose the mellow hum and staccato of roulette.

While being ushered upstairs by Emmanuel the visitor leisurely admired the splendid mystery of the house; and a few minutes later, smiling at Palter through the fragrant vapor of a famous Mexican cigar, approved the genius of chance in selecting such a high priest. The two were well met, and conversation was prolonged, the Sterlings being the main topic. Palter inquired with particularity into the conduct of his former partner, and was much gratified to learn that he was no longer addicted to a sporting habit. The talk became desultory. Clay, catching a high note of the roulette ball, mentioned the gentleman below with the presentiment, who had saluted the dicer.

"A Mr. von Steyn, whom I met at the hotel," he said.

Palter, alarmed by this reference, drew up his ledger, and opening it pointed out an entry.

"That is what superstition does for a player," he warned. Clay saw that Steyn was credited with seventeen thousand dollars but yesterday. "He is one of the wisest, coolest clients the Versailles ever had," explained Palter earnestly. "But he let the stone boy play him against the law of averages."

The ledger replaced, he surveyed his visitor, who nodded appreciatively. Clay understood that he had been taken

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ENGLISH BUSINESS METHODS

By J. R. Sprague

DECORATION BY GUERNSEY MOORE

EVER since the exciting month of August, 1588, when the Spanish Armada was smashed to pieces by storm, rocks and English men-of-war, England has been the one big department store of the world. Every hundred years or so some ambitious competitor has made strenuous effort to oust the great establishment from its premiership, but each time the effort has failed and the big show has gone on more prosperously than ever. Holland, France and Germany tried it in turn, and came out of the contest poorer than they went in, while England has gone steadily on about her business, holding her old customers and adding new ones.

The American who goes to England to study business methods is inclined to wonder at first how all this has happened, for there is little on the surface to prove that the Englishman is any sort of superbusiness-man. The English do not work so hard as we do. They have a class system which by all rules of the game should stifle individual initiative and tend to make the race go to seed in a few generations. They stick to tradition for tradition's sake, no matter how sharply conditions have changed, and they spend what seems to us a wasteful amount of time and money on obsolete ceremonies. Some of their business practices seem to us little more than childish.

At the present time there is considerable resentful talk in English business circles about the new United States tariff which it is feared will cut off British exports to America, and some English manufacturers are demanding that their government do something about it. Others resort to the negative tactics of advertising their wares to the public on the sole argument that it is the public's duty to buy British-made goods and thus keep British money at home where it belongs; which is quite reminiscent of certain buy-at-home campaigns staged by some of our chambers of commerce in the United States. During the past month I have had occasion to pass each day a certain establishment in London, and always my attention is drawn to a remarkable exhibit in the show window. The place is the general sales office of a British typewriter factory, and the exhibit consists of one of its typewriters in the foreground, backed up by a tremendous sheet of white cardboard on which is lettered this precise legend:

£4,000,000 is Merely the Monthly Interest
We are Paying on Our War Debt to U. S. A.
Are You Going to Buy an American Typewriter?

In America, where we are used to making decisions to conform to the needs of the moment, it is hard to realize how strongly tradition molds the everyday life of the average English business man. A London business counselor told me of a case in point. Recently he was called to the north of England to consult with a hundred-year-old concern which manufactures a very fine line of rugs.

The Shackles of Tradition

THE concern had not, it appeared, been making the progress it felt it should, and wanted him to formulate some plan to increase the sales. After some investigation the business counselor found that the trouble apparently lay with the sales force. The traveling men were all old-timers who had fallen into the very human habit of calling only on regular customers where there was prospect of easy business, and failed altogether to try to create new accounts. The counselor's first advice was that the concern should put out three or four new salesmen who should specialize on new business; but the suggestion was turned down on the plea that it was not the policy of the house to employ anyone who had not grown up with the organization.

Then the counselor thought of another plan. The concern manufactured one particular rug which was exceptionally attractive and could be sold for a very moderate price—something like four pounds. Several hundred of these rugs had been made up and were at the time lying in the concern's warehouse. He got the board of directors together and made this suggestion:

"I'll tell you what to do," he said. "Make up a list of all good dealers in the country whom you would like to get on your books and send each one of them one of those special rugs. Along with the rug send some little booklets describing the way your goods are made, and also write a personal letter to the dealer, stating that he may return the rug at the end of thirty days if he has not sold it. It will cost you very little to try this out, because the rugs are lying in your storehouse, anyhow; and the chances are that you will open up some valuable new accounts, which is, after all, what you are after."

The counselor sat down feeling he had proposed a really constructive and sensible plan. There was a long, cold period of silence around the director's table.

Then the managing director said in a strained voice, "You mean that we should send our merchandise out on approval?"

Sensing that the word "approval" was a term of reproach, the counselor hastened to explain that this sending out of the rugs might be considered as submitting samples through parcel post instead of having salesmen carry them to the trade in their sample trunks, and the dealers would doubtless look at it that way. The managing director passed over this explanation as though he had not heard it.

"Our firm has been in business more than a hundred years," he said severely, "and has never yet shipped out a piece of merchandise that had not been actually ordered by a customer. It is unthinkable that we should depart from so time-honored a custom. Quite unthinkable!"

The business counselor collected his fee of fifteen guineas a day for the time he had spent on the firm's problems and went back to London.

Along the right of way of a main-line railroad leading out of one of the big Midland manufacturing cities one sees at intervals a square wooden post, each post having two certain initials painted on it. I supposed the posts had something to do with the operation of the railroad, and a number of people whom I asked expressed the same opinion, or said they didn't know what the posts were for. After many inquiries I learned their significance.

It seems that a few years ago a manufacturing concern in the Midland city woke up to the value of publicity and decided to advertise. A specialist was called in and proposed a number of advertising plans which he believed would increase the business of the concern; but after several months' consideration each plan was rejected as being too radical and undignified. Then the head of the concern himself thought up the idea of the posts along the railroad track as a clever compromise. The two initials stand for the name of the concern, and the big notion was that if any person knew what the initials stood for he would be properly impressed by the concern's enterprise, and those who did not know what the initials stood for would not be offended by the concern's commercialism. Thus pep and tradition were happily blended.

During the 1922 holiday season a big retail firm in Manchester suddenly blossomed out with half-page advertisements in the London newspapers and in many publications in the larger provincial cities, the occasion being the retirement of one of the partners and the desire to turn a portion of the million-dollar stock into money. Evidently there had been something of a clash between the publicity man and the management, because in every publication about half the space was occupied by a list of the bargains offered, and the other half was taken up by a large-type statement to the effect that in all its ninety years of existence the firm had never been guilty of putting an ad in the papers, and only its necessity for raising cash made it do so at that time.

For the past two and a half years England has been in a serious business slump, and the unemployment is appalling; although less widespread than a year ago, there are still nearly a million people drawing the dole which the government gives to worthy people out of work. The situation is made worse by the fact that the average English worker has little resourcefulness. He knows one job thoroughly, but beyond that his imagination does not go. He does not even know how to get a job in any but the traditional way.

The Wrong Way to Get a Job

AN AMERICAN friend living in London told me that recently on one of the downtown streets he met a young married man whom he knew, and who was evidently very much down on his luck. After some questioning the young man confessed how bad the situation really was. For a number of years he had been employed in a big mail-order house, but had been let out of his job six months previously on account of the business depression. During these six months the young man had used up everything he had ever saved and was about at the end of his rope. It had got to the point where he was not even able to spend bus fares, but was tramping for miles every day in fruitless calls at offices where there might be possibility of employment.

The American took the young man back to his own office and sat him down for a serious session. The first question he asked was as to the method the young man had used in setting his qualifications before prospective employers.

"Why, I go about it in the regular way," the young man replied, evidently surprised at the question. "I go to an office and inquire if there are any vacancies. Then I leave my name and address so they may write me if anything turns up."

"You haven't seen anyone in any of those offices except an office boy or possibly the girl at the telephone desk, I suppose?" queried the American.

"Naturally not," answered the young man. "The regular procedure is to leave one's address with the person in charge of the office so that one may be sent for in case the firm needs extra help."

"You have not talked with any managing director or any executive to let him know what you can do?"

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ZION VALLEY

By Elsie Singmaster

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR D. FULLER

THERE are eight houses and a church in beautiful Zion Valley. The valley is a deep oval through which, from one end to the other, runs a winding stream, fed by copious springs on the hillside, shaded by mammoth sycamores and bordered by forget-me-nots and rich grasses that trail in the brimming water. The great church is an assembling place for a whole township. On pleasant days, set among its girdling trees, it is a spectacle to comfort and sustain the heart; but in times of storm, or as the lowering twilight shrouds it, the steep-pitched roof and high walls give it a forbidding aspect, and it is then a stern fortress, impregnable to all who are unworthy of its shelter.

She Seemed to Grow Paler and Paler Under His Gaze. Was She About to Vanish? "Elizabeth!" He Said, Terrified

The eight houses are built, like the church, of native limestone, and are towered over by enormous limestone barns that are none too large to hold the harvests. The houses are all older than the church, and they have seen generations of men born and die, their lives peaceful or stormy according to their fate.

In the Bruch house, which lay nearest the steeply ascending slope at the northern end of the valley, the family was at breakfast in the large kitchen at six o'clock on an October morning. On one side of the lamplit table was the nominal—though as yet not the actual—head of the wholly masculine household; young David, the only child of his father, who, late in life, had married a widow with one son. Though he was twenty-three years old and a tall youth, David had not yet attained his full development of mind or body. He had a shy face, brown, gentle eyes, and a mouth that quivered at the least emotion. He grieved passionately for his mother, who had been dead for a year; his father he scarcely remembered. He was deeply in love with Elizabeth Heim, who lived at the edge of the woodland above the farm, and he made of his friendship for her father an excuse to see her each Saturday. This evening, having husked corn all day, he would dress and climb the hill, cross a stubble field, then walk on the grass border of a field of winter wheat, then leap a red gate and cross a narrower field of wheat and enter the woodland. He kept his eyes on the red gate all day. It was the entrance to paradise.

Elizabeth was a beautiful girl, two years younger than he. She said little, but she blushed when he appeared, and she always prepared some sort of treat before he left. Her father had intended in his youth to be a minister, but lacked the means to study, and he taught the school in Zion Valley and cultivated a few acres. His house was an old stone posting house, unused for years except as a dwelling. The Heims often built a fire in one of the old fireplaces, and when in the winter evenings they all sat before it David believed that he had attained paradise.

The second member of David's family was Mark Conard, his half brother, who was seven years his senior. He was short and light-haired, and his fair skin burned fiery red in the sun. He had a ready smile, brightened by many gold teeth, and he wore glasses to correct his nearsightedness. This necessity enraged him, as other handicaps enraged him. His own father had been poor and his mother had been able to leave him only a paltry thousand dollars, which he had spent immediately for an automobile. This car, which he had used as agent for an insurance company, was now worn out. He had not succeeded; there was something untrustworthy about his eyes and voice. He had lived immorally; but he meant to reform and abandon his old associates, both male and female, and marry and farm with David, whom he regarded as an easily controlled child. He had selected Elizabeth Heim for his wife, and though he knew that David frequently went to the Heims' he was not disturbed; he would soon put an end to that. No sensible girl would, he was certain, hesitate for an instant between them.

The third member of the household was Primus Uhler, a deaf-mute, who at present did the cooking and housework. He had been rescued from cruel parents by David's father, and he adored David and feared Mark. When Mark was away he expressed his happiness and contentment by a constant grunting, which was his only sound except a high whine when he was frightened or excited. He was a large, bent man, with a thick, shaggy beard and childlike blue eyes. His suits of heavy brown jeans, always too large, made him look like a bear. Strangers feared him, though he was as simple and gentle-hearted as a child. He had local fame as a weather prophet, and when David looked up from his sausage and pancakes and motioned toward the ceiling Primus raised his hand to the level of his ear and moved it warningly to prophesy something worse than a mere rain. He expanded his chest and shook his head to indicate that the air was heavy.

At the opposite side of the table from David, Mark reflected angrily that it was foolish to get up before daylight in October. He had not begun to carry out his good resolutions, and he had remained at the tavern in the village five miles away until midnight. A vague suspicion sharpened the glance he bestowed upon David. This evening he meant to begin his courtship and he didn't want David intruding. He saw David in imagination, breasting the hill on his way to the red gate.

"I was in the upper field yesterday," he said suddenly. "Someone has made a path across the corner and trampled the wheat. Do you suppose it could be Primus?"

David answered lightly, "I don't believe Primus would trample wheat." To himself he said that it was his wheat, not Mark's.

"The two upper fields ought to be thrown together," Mark went on. "The watercourse on the other side of the fence could be turned into the creek. One of these days I'm going to do that, and take down the fence and the red gate."

David answered mentally, "You're going to do nothing of the kind."

He was desperately weary of Mark's company. If he were married, then surely Mark would have sense enough to leave; it was one of a hundred reasons for getting married. He rose and straightened his shoulders—he would ask Elizabeth this evening. The lamplight threw a great shadow of his tall figure upon wall and ceiling.

"We've got a lot of husking to do today." Mark's vague suspicion took shape—the boy's assurance was that of a lover and his indifference to advice insolent. He sat at the table until David had gone and Primus took away the plates; then he walked into the yard. The farm lay on both sides of the broad stream, and David was crossing the footbridge, looking spectral in the gray light of dawn. In another moment the whole world turned pink and the rim of the sun shone red above the eastern hills. Mark saw the light spread down the side of the deep valley, setting the oaks and hickories ablaze, picking out the tip of the Heims' gable, illuminating the red gate and then racing down to the stone house and barn and David's meadows; but the beautiful sight gave him no pleasure. This afternoon, while David was at work, he would go to see Elizabeth. He had had experience in the world; he was a man, and he could make David appear a crude youth. He thought of Elizabeth's blue eyes and rosy cheeks and her fine body, and smiled. An affection for Elizabeth might make David more complaisant toward Elizabeth's husband.

In the middle of the afternoon Mark left his work and went to the house and changed his clothes. Primus stared at him, astonished, and he cursed Primus roundly. He went up the hill, first along the edge of the stubble field, then along the edge of the young wheat. He hoped that he might come upon Elizabeth in the woodland, or that she might be at home alone. He recalled again her fine body and her pretty face with its wide blue eyes. One could easily be faithful to a creature like that! Whistling softly, he thought with pleasure of certain sudden and unexpected conquests in the past; somehow he always pleased women.

At the red gate he paused and looked back. It was four o'clock, and the valley was a bowl lined with jade and floored and rimmed with gold and enamel. The jade was in the sloping fields of winter wheat, the enamel was the crimson and yellow of the surviving woodland, the golden floor was the foliage of the sycamores along the stream and round the church and the houses. There had been no rain for six weeks, and the low rays of the sun turned an otherwise impalpable dust into a golden haze.

But the eye of Mark was fixed upon nearer and warmer beauties. Opening the red gate, he stepped on the little bridge of heavy planks that covered the bed of a watercourse, dry for the greater part of the year, but a torrent in the equinoctial rains or in the heavy storms of summer. It was very warm and he mopped his brow. He could see David's footprints in the dust—it was plain that David did not go through the gate, but leaped it. Mark hated him for his great height.

Beginning again his soft whistle, he went along the border of the third field and stepped into the woodland. When he had won David's sweetheart it would be David who would envy him! Perhaps he would be invited to stay to supper, and David, arriving, would find him there! How amazed and silly the lanky boy would look!

Approaching the side of the old house, he could see Elizabeth on the porch, sewing and rocking slowly to and fro. She wore a short and close-fitting white dress which she had outgrown, but which could not be discarded. Suddenly, as though to rest cramped muscles, she laid down her work and lifted her shoulders, both hands on the back of her waist, thus throwing into relief her fine figure. Stepping softly, Mark smiled, his eyes narrowing.

"Good afternoon," he said, his foot on the lower step.

Elizabeth gave a little cry and gathered her sewing into her arms as a mother might gather her child. She recognized Mark at once. Her instinctive dislike for him was intensified by the rumors of his ill-doing that reached even the hilltop; and she distrusted him in addition for David's sake, though David made no complaint.

"Good afternoon," she said, rising directly. "I'll see if my father is here."

"I didn't come to see your father," explained Mark, advancing to the porch. How pretty she was! And what sort of sewing was this of which she seemed to be ashamed? "I came to see you."

"Oh!" said Elizabeth, flushing more brightly.

"You surely know me!"

"Yes," answered Elizabeth, "I know you. But I'm busy. I have to get supper."

"Isn't it early for supper?"

Elizabeth put her hand out to the door.

"No; I have to bake a cake."

The cake was to be a treat for David, and her glowing cheeks betrayed her.

"Then good-by."

Mark meant to speak lightly, but his tone was sharp.

"Good-by," said Elizabeth.

She stepped inside the door and stood with one hand upon it. Her sewing still had the appearance of a bundled-up child in a white dress gathered to its mother's breast. She fumbled with the latch. Did she mean to lock the door against him? She acted as though he were a tramp! He felt suddenly his smallness of stature, and he hated her for her size and beauty.

Shrugging his shoulders, he stepped off the porch and went through the woodland. His vanity and self-love had suffered cruelly and his plans for the future had been spoiled. He had thought of the household as two against one; it would still probably be two against one, but he would be the one. He had no thought of going away.

At the red gate he paused. The valley was still brilliant in color and filled with a yellow haze. The sky was clear except in the northwest, where ominous clouds were rising, moved rapidly by a sudden wind that sent a great rustling through the woods. But oblivious of the multicolored landscape, Mark saw David in imagination, breasting the hill, and he said to himself that he would give him a jolt. Beside the fence lay a rail, and with this he pried up the little bridge and flung it to one side. Beneath it the stream had hollowed out a pit almost four feet deep that was now entirely dry. To leap down four feet more than you expected would be a surprise. If David protested he could remind him of his announced intention to move the gate and the fence and alter the watercourse. Still smiling, Mark went down the hill to eat at David's table.

Before he reached the house twilight overtook him, and when he entered the kitchen Primus was lighting the lamp. Primus seemed uneasy. He walked again and again to the door and looked out, and expanded his great chest as though breathing were difficult. David was upstairs. His footsteps sent rage through Mark's bitter heart.

David ate his supper slowly, unconscious of all but his own emotions. Now that he had determined to marry, he seemed to see Elizabeth moving about in the house, doing well what Primus did awkwardly. There would be white tablecloths on Sunday, as there had been during his mother's lifetime; and red geraniums in the deep-embrasured windows; and they would live in the sitting room, and not in the kitchen. He would come in from the fields in the morning and afternoon to assure himself that she was here. When he thought of little children in the silent rooms tears came into his eyes.

So preoccupied was he that he did not feel the sultry air or notice the intermittent flashes of pale, unseasonable lightning; and still less was he aware of the scowling face of Mark. Primus, however, who observed and thought, though he could not hear or speak, was aware of all. He wished that he might call David aside and warn him about the scowling eyes; but he had no chance before David took his hat and went out. He was anxious about David for another reason: Would he have time to reach the Heims' before the storm broke? He suspected David's affection for Elizabeth, and he wished that they would marry. It would be like the old, happy days.

Once Primus opened the door and looked out. He could not hear the wind whining like an angry beast, nor could he feel it here on the sheltered side of the house; but he could see that the lightning was brighter, and he could also smell a sulphurous odor. The animals would be uneasy in their stalls, and when he had finished his dishes he would go and keep them company.

When David closed the door and stepped down from the doorstone to the walk he felt no wind; but he could hear the roaring of the upper air. Then suddenly the blast struck him, and he seized his hat and in his excitement laughed at the narrow margin by which he had saved it from vanishing into the noisy darkness. By the time he reached the footbridge the valley had become a maelstrom in which the wind seemed to have the substance of water. A liquid wall could not much more firmly have opposed his progress. But he laughed and hurried the more, his heart throbbing. The air was growing colder. Perhaps the Heims would light the fire, which would burn gloriously, and they would sit before it and listen to the wind. The thunder was now audible; and, like Primus, he smelled the sulphurous odor and remembered a historic storm in his boyhood. He had to stop to get his breath. This fighting the wind when one's heart was leaping so foolishly was hard work

He laughed again and a little hysterically as he approached the red gate. What assurance Mark Conard had to propose to change the fences and watercourses! He wouldn't have the gate touched; he liked to look up at it; he would always like to look up at it; and it should be kept brightly painted. Oh, to have Elizabeth Heim with him, and Mark Conard gone! Mark's father had been a bad man, and Mark was worse, in spite of his good mother and his careful bringing up. He was irremediably wicked There were rumors that made one blush even now, when one had so much else to think about. Then ——

"Whew!" said David suddenly

It was not a wall of wind but a wall of water against which he was forcing his way. Anyone but a lover would have turned back; but David went on. He was determined to ask Elizabeth to marry him, to put his arms round her beautiful body and hold her to him and press his lips to hers. He would be tender and gentle, but he must ease this desperate longing in his heart. In a flash of lightning he saw the red gate before him, laid his hand upon it and leaped over. His body described a beautiful arc through the air, but when he should have landed upon solid boards there was nothing, and he fell all crumpled up into the pit, uttering a sharp cry as he struck the bottom

For a few moments he lay stunned and confused, the rain beating upon him. What had happened? Where was the solidly anchored little bridge? Had he mistaken a portion of the fence for the gate? But the fence was barbed wire, and he had not put his supporting hand on barbed wire! The mystery would have to be explained later; now he must get out

He was incredulous when he found that he could not rise. He felt his body carefully. Something in his right leg seemed loose, but he felt no pain. Pain in a broken limb, he remembered, did not necessarily begin at once. His mother had broken her arm and it was not until after it was set that the pain was bad. But he must drag himself out of this hole.

It was not until he realized that it was impossible to move that he began to shout. He called "Help! Help! Help!" and listened. But he was wasting his breath. He could not send his voice through the wall of water or raise it above the wind and thunder. He must try again to lift himself out.

His efforts were wasted; he could get no hold on the soft clay with his hands, and he could not help himself with his feet. He began to shiver, and when the lightning struck near by he shouted "Heim! Heim!" They would know that he was coming and would go to the door and listen for him. But perhaps they would not expect him in this storm. Primus knew that he was out, and Primus loved him better than any living thing. But Primus would suppose that he had reached the Heims'; he would not think of searching for him until bedtime.

Then suddenly David was steadied and his hysteria quelled. He was not

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In a Flash of Lightning He Saw the Red Gate Before Him

The Producer Goes Exploring to Find the Consumer—By James H. Collins

SUPPOSE you are making cosmetics—who are your best customers, the married or the unmarried women? Or maybe your product is cloaks and suits—why do your slim sizes sell steadily, and not your stout sizes, or the opposite? Maybe you turn out a grocery specialty—why has one of your insignificant little competitors suddenly begun to crowd you off the grocer's shelves?

From time to time during the past twenty years business has had new watchwords that centered its attention on the most important thing to be done at the moment. Now it was "consolidation," then "quantity production"—"efficiency"—"cost analysis." All these are watchwords for movements on the production end, whereby things were to be made better and cheaper.

Suddenly business is waking up to a startling situation—that through these very improvements production has been brought to a point where industry can turn out an article for a dollar, but it often costs another dollar or even two to put it into the consumer's hands. So industry has set out to discover what happens while its products are passing from the factory to the consumer, and also to discover the consumer himself. During the next five or ten years the business man's proper study will be distribution, and his new watchword "better marketing."

Production has been brought to a remarkable degree of exactness. The manufacturer knows his materials accurately, has machinery that is almost too efficient, and is making headway in establishing better human relations with his employes. But marketing is still a cut-and-try process, with little exactitude, because there is little knowledge.

Let Uncle Sam furnish an illustration: His census figures will tell you how many pairs of shoes are made yearly in the United States, what they cost to produce, the cost of raw material, the number of wage and salary earners, what they are paid, how many shoe factories in each state, how many pairs of shoes made in each state. Such statistics are available for farming, mining, lumbering, fisheries—practically every form of production. But ask Uncle Sam how many pairs of shoes Chicago buys yearly, how many retail shoe stores there are in that city, how many jobbers, how many people engaged in selling shoes, how much Chicago paid for its shoes retail—there are no government statistics. The census takes no account of distributive business. Lately, statistical information about a few outstanding lines, like groceries, has been gathered, but by mercantile associations, college investigators, business journals and other private agencies. Uncle Sam can give you a clear statistical picture of production, transportation, banking and other activities up to the point where goods pass into the merchant's hands, and then, apart from foreign trade, the story ends.

Entering the National Field

AND so with the consumer. He would seem to be the biggest, simplest and handiest factor in business. For he is everybody. The economist and reformer talk of the nonproducer, and even the business man applies that epithet to people in his organization who work as hard as anybody. But a nonconsumer? There is no such animal, even as an abstraction. Try to find out something about the consumer, and you will discover that he is almost as little known as the gorilla. Income-tax returns roughly indicate how much money he has to spend, but what he spends it for, why, how, when and where, are largely conjecture.

If you make cosmetics, the unmarried woman is your best customer. Married women will rise with indignant denials that they give less attention to appearance than their sister who has still to catch her man, yet it is the truth, demonstrated by measurement in a survey of the beauty market.

Another survey, in the cloak and suit market, led a big manufacturing concern practically to abandon the perfect thirty-sixes and center on the stylish-stout women who were its principal customers. For it has been conclusively shown that very few garment manufacturers are able to please both groups of women. One would excel in this field and another in that, but it seems to be rare for one manufacturer to make equally good garments for both groups.

A little factory started up in the Middle West, making a food product sold by grocers. At first it did almost a neighborhood business. But its product, though staple, had certain improvements that made it individual. Despite keen competition the business grew until several states were occupied, and then the question arose, "Could we expand to a national business—and if so, how?" A market survey was undertaken. Several hundred questions were drawn up, covering vital facts about that product, and investigators were sent out to get answers from retail grocers, jobbers and housewives. The grocer was asked how many brands he carried, what quantities he ordered, whether he changed brands often and why; while the housewife was asked to tell what brand she used, what had led her to choose that brand, and so on—mostly questions that would seem dry and irrelevant to the layman. Each person's answers were recorded by punching holes in a card, in the way Uncle Sam's census information is tabulated, and these cards, run through a tabulating machine, yielded information from which it was possible to draw conclusions.

A surprising fact brought out was that this particular food staple had hardly any friends. There were a dozen brands sold over the whole country, but no grocer liked one brand more than another.

An everyday household necessity, the stuff had to be sold and used. But if that commodity could have been wiped off the face of the earth nobody in the grocery business would have been sorry.

The little factory has gone into the national field in a way that is giving its big competitors furiously to think. The grocers are stocking up that brand, sticking to it, and even fighting for it, not as a brand but as a much-needed trade reform. Other brands were sold in a way that created a great trade abuse. The manufacturers offered extra discounts on large orders, tempting grocers to buy several months' stock at once. Besides tying up money, the goods often deteriorated or demand switched to some other brand or a rival manufacturer offered still better terms on quantities. The thing had gradually grown to be an injustice over which all but the very largest grocers brooded.

The little factory declared a reform policy. Quantity prices were abolished. The grocer who ordered one case got it at the same price as the fellow who bought fifty. The case price and the retail price were adjusted to give a fair profit. The measure of market success was, not the amount of stuff unloaded on grocers but the freedom and steadiness of movement through thousands of the smaller trade channels. The market survey showed that loyalty was the big thing lacking, and they were easily made loyal to a just trade policy.

Ask the manufacturer what he considers the chief factor in his business, and he will generally say, "Why, my factory!" Or it may be the personnel of his organization, or his sales force, or his product. But the factory is not really his business—very often he would be glad if it burned down tomorrow so he could replace it with a better factory. Neither personnel, the organization nor the sales force is the business, for the individuals who make them die or leave, and are constantly being replaced. The product isn't the business, for it is made only to be got rid of.

The Market Survey

THE market is the business—the people who buy and use the product. And very curiously, with all the study devoted to business methods and conditions, these people, the public, the market, have been most neglected. Through market surveys, manufacturers are beginning to find out how, why, when and where their products are bought, sold and used, and why, how and where they are getting business or losing it.

Lacking the sort of information obtainable through a marketing survey, manufacturers usually think of the market as national, one big consuming public, made up of purchasers who are alike everywhere. But the market isn't like that at all—it is made up of so many different kinds of buyers and users, and so complex that one specialist in these surveys has put it in the form of a question, "How many markets make a market?" He says that the market for shoes, corsets, chewing gum, life insurance or any other commodity or service is a huge composite made up of innumerable component markets. The national market divides into a vast number of regional and local markets, grouped by the size of the community; city, town and country dwellers; calling; sex; age; nationality; size of family; size of income, and many other factors. By making a market survey it is possible to find out just how many markets there are in a market—picking apart the different groups of merchants and purchasers who handle and use the product, finding out which are the best customers, which are being neglected, and so on.

"What is wrong with our advertising?" asked the president of an Eastern manufacturing company. That concern was spending half a million dollars a year advertising its product over the country, but didn't feel that the outlay was bringing satisfactory returns. Imagine the state of mind of the advertising manager responsible for the suspected publicity, while an investigator set out to find what was wrong with his work! In the end, happily, the market sleuth reported nothing wrong with the advertising at all. This concern made a quality product. Its management had a mental picture of ladies in limousines buying it at the smartest shops. The idea that Bertha the Beautiful Factory Girl, whose limousine ran on trolley tracks, was the company's real customer would have been shocking. Yet such was the fact. The product was strongest in cheap shops, and the company was weak in the smart shops of the mental market picture, not because anything was wrong with its advertising or its product but

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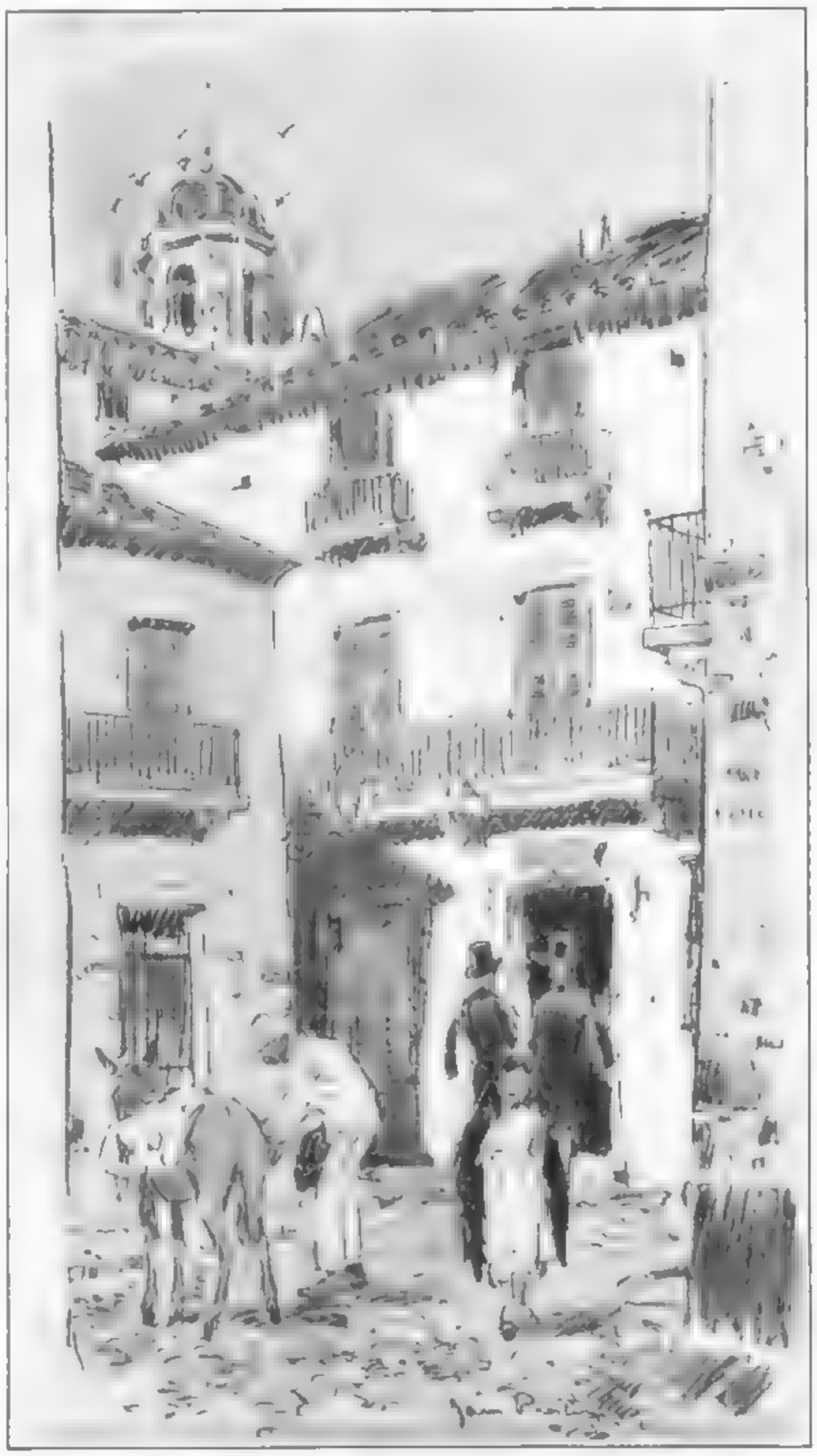
Many an Article Made, as its Producer Fancies, for the Carriage Trade is Really Being Bought by the Baby-Carriage Trade

MY DIPLOMATIC EDUCATION

A NEUTRAL EMBASSY

By Norval Richardson



WHEN anyone asks what we had to do in the diplomatic service at the outbreak of the Great War, I always recall one of those first days of August when I went to the embassy rather early in the morning, found the doors wide open and the corridor so filled with people that I had literally to struggle and push a way to my room. Francesco was the only one on hand, and was making a gallant effort, by means of eloquent and explosive gestures, to answer the questions hurled at him.

He almost fell into my arms when he saw me and exclaimed, "Signore, what is the matter? I understand nothing they ask! Has l'America declared the war?"

When I finally reached my room—it was as crowded as the corridor; in fact every part of the Chancery was jammed, even the ambassador's room—I found a very old lady stretched out on the sofa in a dead faint. A younger woman was kneeling beside her, holding a bottle of salts to her nose and weeping during this effort, while several other ladies stood about fanning her and themselves. It was all somewhat bewildering; especially as everyone was talking in high, excited voices, demanding of one another all sorts of information on all sorts of subjects; and Francesco's excitement had reached such a pitch that the only information to be got out of him was that they had begun to invade the Chancery at seven o'clock and had been arriving ever since.

By the time I reached the sofa the old lady had recovered sufficiently to open her eyes and stare accusingly at me.

"I want to go home! I must go home!" she exclaimed, rather firmly for one in her apparently weakened condition. "How am I to get there?"

The Rabbit's Warning

I TRIED to reassure her: "But—that is very easy, madam."

"No, no! They tell me the whole of Europe is at war, and no ships are ever going to sail again for America! I knew I had no business coming over here! It was all your fault!" Here she raised a weakly threatening finger towards her daughter. "You made me do it! It was those travel books put the notion in your head. We were getting on so well on the farm; it was so nice and quiet-like and peaceful there. Then she got to studying about this country over here. Just a month ago today we bought the tickets, and yesterday we landed at Naples. Now they tell us all Europe went to war while we were on the ocean, and they say there aren't any boats going back home! They won't even give us money on our—what do you call 'em?—travelers' checks." A sob choked her. "I knew I hadn't ought to come! I knew it all the time! The day we drove to the depot a rabbit ran across the road. I knew something awful was going to happen!"

My attention was called from this stricken compatriot to a group of four men who had pushed their way up to the sofa and were thrusting cards at me. I stared at the cards blankly. One stated that the bearer was president of the chamber of commerce in a small Western town; another was a professor of English in a New England college; the two others appeared to be even more important in the communities from which they hailed.

"Do you belong to this embassy?" one of them asked severely, as if the admission of such a fact would be sufficient to put me under arrest at once. However, I mustered up courage enough to tell him I was the second secretary.

"Where is the ambassador?"

"We expect him at any moment. He left Paris two days ago."

"What did he go away for? It's every ambassador's business to be on hand when the whole world goes crazy."

"If he had had an idea it was going crazy, I'm sure he would have been here."

"Well, what's an ambassador for, if he doesn't know a war's coming before it does? He must be a pretty poor excuse for an ambassador. What's his name? I'm going to write my congressman about him as soon as I get home—if I ever do."

Here the president of the chamber of commerce interrupted.

"You don't seem to understand that we are here with our families, touring Europe. At least that's what we intended to do. Our tickets are bought and paid for. We even have hotel coupons, and now they tell us nothing we have is worth anything. The hotels say they don't know how long they can keep us. The banks won't pay us anything. The trains have stopped running. We can't go anywhere and we don't know how long we can stay here. Now, what I want to know is, what are you going to do for us? What arrangements have you made to take care of us? What is the United States going to do to get us home? We are all Americans and we demand assistance. Speak up! What are you going to do?"

I held up my hands futilely. Everyone seemed to be yelling at the same time. I felt like Rienzi on the steps of the Capitol.

"What are you here for if you don't know how to help us? What good is an embassy, anyhow, if it doesn't help Americans in time of trouble?"

To add to the turmoil, Francesco made his way to me and whispered he had closed the outer doors and that no more could get in for the present. Something inspired me to send him back at once to reopen the doors. The increasing murmur of complaints was enough to show that it was the one time that the diplomatic service was going to be assaulted from all sides; it was also a great chance to make its reputation for usefulness. At any rate, closed doors would have brought on a revolution.

Finally I pushed into the reception room, climbed up on the table and tried to make a short address. It was meant to be calming; but it appeared to fall very short of that effect. I was never sure of what I said, exactly, except that our Government had been informed by cable each day of the difficulties facing American tourists in Italy and that we were hoping for instructions at any moment. This was followed by a roar of questions. One man, somewhat calmer than the others, attempted to help me:

"He says they have cabled to Washington. Of course, something will be done for us. They'll send ships over here to take us home; they'll send the whole Navy if necessary."

Penniless Tourists

"IT WILL take two weeks for ships to reach here. By that time we'll all be killed," wailed a lady in panama hat and flowing veil. "Haven't you heard what the Germans are doing in Belgium? They are killing everybody they find in their way. Suppose they take a notion to come down into Italy!"

"But Italy has not gone into the war."

"She will, though! She'll have to! We're all going to be slaughtered! And our Government is doing nothing for us! I'd go home in a sailboat if I could find one."

Which was exactly what the fainting lady on the sofa did the following week; at least, it must have been on the order of a sailboat, as she found out before she left that it would take four weeks from Naples to Colon. She sent me a steamer letter saying she was glad enough to get on anything that would take her back to the right side of the world; she had always felt in her bones that there was something scary about foreigners, especially their talking a language no one understood. Everything she had ever read about them was immoral; she might have known they would start a war or something awful the minute she set foot in their country.

One is bound to admit that the situation in Rome those first days was disconcerting. To find oneself in a foreign country, not speaking a word of the language, everything disorganized and, worse than anything else, with checks that could not be cashed, was enough to create alarm. What Americans dreaded most, especially the men, was being without money. As one man expressed it:

"This is the first time in my life that I have not been able to pay my way. I've always had money in my pockets and all I had to do was to put my hands in them and draw out what I needed. Now I can't do that." He made an expressive demonstration by ramming his hands in his trousers pockets and pulling them out empty. "You see? It's just like that! And I've got my wife and three children here with me."

It seems ridiculous, now, that everyone should have taken the Sarajevo assassination so casually—at least for a whole month afterwards. Embassy life had dragged along quietly through the first weeks of July, with informal dinners being given now and then by a chargé d'affaires or a secretary, as every ambassador was spending a vacation in his own country or at one of the summer resorts of Italy. Of course we discussed the difficulties that might arise between Austria and Serbia, the result of centuries of ill feeling; and there were enough political discussions printed in the papers to keep the question before everyone; but so far as a world conflagration was considered, even experienced diplomats scouted the idea; it was not to be thought of; the world was too allied through commerce for such a thing to happen; financiers would see to some sort of solution before actual war occurred.

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GERTIE PUTS IT OVER

By Walter De Leon

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN LA GATTA

"A REAL opportunist," said old Billy Renton, easing his pudgy self into a comfortable chair and helping himself to one of my cigars -"a real opportunist has the bulge on most of us, because he never wastes any time telling yesterday good-by. He's too busy reading the cards he's been dealt, doping possibilities." Renton pointed to the magazine article I'd been reading. "Inject a little fighting ability into one of them birds and you get a Lloyd George, there or a Gertie Williams."

"Who is Gertie Williams?" I asked. After playing piano in vaudeville and musical-comedy orchestra for twenty-odd years, Billy's yarns of the inside stuff of the profession -the between-show life and psychology of performers are anything but the usual Sunday-supplement press-agent bunk.

"Frazier and Williams the team name is, featured all over the big-time circuits; and a very funny dancing-and-talking act it is too. It's a throwback to the days before variety become vaudeville and refined; the days before fancy wardrobe trunks was invented and only magic acts carried their own scenery, when every act was a suitcase act and nobody carted around the country any excess baggage except a wife and a couple of kids, maybe.

"Frazier and Williams not only don't need any Urban setting; they're better off without it, as Gertie discovered after she'd spent all her savings for a new-art stage set and a near-nude set of personal scenery designed by a Ziegfeld costumer in a highly imaginative moment. It was then, reading her cards, inspired and assisted by a baby, that Gertie made circumstances go to work for her to win one of the few battles ever lost by the booking office."

"A baby—beat the booking office? I'd like to hear about it."

"You're going to," said Billy, sliding down into his chair.

The thing that kept Gertie Williams from becoming one of our best little department-store salesladies was a restless urge to try anything once if it looked better than what she was doing. Wrapping up parcels behind the ribbon counter, Gertie thought she'd like to try matching colors and snipping off lengths in the little machine bolted to the edge of the counter. It was while doing that same thing that Gertie achieved her eighteenth birthday and the figure that attracted the eye of the manager of the ladies' and misses' ready-to-wear department. Gertie was sure she'd like to try wearing some of the nobby outfits she saw her customers sporting, if only during store hours, as a model.

By the time the store staged the annual fashion show, Gertie had worn golf knickers, shopping suits, afternoon frocks and nightgowns aplenty, but never had she bared her shoulders to the public in an evening gown. The first time she appeared in an imported French model, a well if not favorably known stage director saw those shoulders and the compelling lure of the topography immediately surrounding and adjacent thereto.

Gertie didn't think so much of his supper invitation, but she did think she'd like looking at the faces of an audience instead of the backs of their heads as viewed from the top gallery—especially if she was to get paid what the director promised.

Not tall enough for a show girl, yet too sizable and too unskilled a dancer for a pony, Gertie was a medium chorus girl in everything but appearance. Under her thick wavy brown hair, her long dark eyes, level brows, straight nose and ample, clean-lipped mouth, all took the emphasis of make-up as the final ingredient of pure beauty.

"Aw, Quit Kidding!" Said Gertie, Leaning Against the Wall for Support

Working behind the principals, realizing the asset which the stares focused on her at every performance were, Gertie thought she'd like to try a speaking part. She didn't tumble to the fact that it was the tang of the tenement on her tongue that made the stage director pass her by when choosing girls to play bits.

But Johnny Frazier, playing a small comedy part and understudying the comedian, recognized her as a natural sister of his own East Side childhood. Young Frazier also noticed that Gertie was particular morally. She'd take anything the Johns sent her, but when the gift-sending goofs showed up at the stage door for thanks and other hoped-for emoluments, always Gertie had a mythical date and an exit cue for them. Furthermore, as the season wore on, kidding around the stage, Johnny got glimpses of a shrewd, thrifty, watch-your-step Gertie who was even more desirable to him than the gorgeous, glittering Gertie the front-row Johns baited their traps for.

"Listen, Gert!" he said the week before the show closed. "What are you doing this summer?"

"The President and his wife want me to spend the summer on the Mayflower with them," Gertie replied; "but I think I'll turn 'em down to understudy the cashier of a restaurant around the corner from where I live."

"Louis Kramm, the booking agent, told me he could get me an opening in vaudeville if I got me a partner," Johnny said.

"You've got her," Gertie replied. "When do we start rehearsing?"

Trying out on the small time, the act made good. Frazier was a corking eccentric dancer, strong on the leg-mania stuff. Gertie's appearance and her calm air of superiority, combined with the very good imitation of the society talk and gesture she'd absorbed around the department store, made a great contrast to Johnny's broad comedy methods. Playing for laughing purposes only, the act prospered.

Their first batch of big-time contracts signed and returned to the office, one night Johnny asked Gertie to marry him as they strolled home after having a sandwich and cup of coffee in a [illegible] joint

"[illegible] never be anybody for me but you, Gert," Johnny said. "I'll be as right with you as any man could possibly be."

Gertie looked at him from the corner of her eye.

"What would your mother say?" she asked. "You're her sole support, ain't you?"

Johnny looked puzzled.

"You mean you'd want me to cut down on the weekly money order to her?"

"Holy gee, is that what you think of me?" Gertie asked indignantly. "You poor prune, don't you understand I don't want to start nothing between you and your nice old mother?"

"Oh, she already likes you fine," Johnny returned. "She told me so."

"That was before you thought of marrying me," Gertie returned, busy with other thoughts. "It'd cut down expenses, wouldn't it, Johnny? – marrying, I mean. On hotel bills and sleepers alone we could save pretty near what you send your mother every week."

"Sure; and all the savings would go into one pocket."

"A joint bank account, eh, kid?"

"Sure."

"Sure," echoed Gertie pensively. "When?"

"The sooner the better, honey. Next week?"

Gertie merely nodded, giving neither assent nor refusal. Johnny waited for her answer. Their lagging steps came to a stop on a corner bright under the white arc of a street lamp.

"Well, honey?"

The light in Gertie's eyes, the tremulous smile, and the timid yet trusting way she held both her hands out toward Johnny rather than her words were her answer.

"Well, I'll try anything once, Johnny. Next week it is."

"Gee, I – I'm happy!" Johnny whispered. "But listen! You—you haven't said you—you liked me, yet, honey."

"Like you!" Gertie eyed him in amazement. "I tell a guy I'm going to marry him and he asks me do I like him! Listen, old son!" She slipped her arm through his and started across the street. "What do you suppose I turned down all them Johns for if it wasn't because I hoped to have the chance of marrying you some day?"

Though they kept working fairly steadily and lived frugally, Gertie was far from satisfied with the progress of their savings account.

"Two hundred and a quarter sounds like good money," she told Louis Kramm, the agent, at the close of the season; "but by the time office takes out its 5 per cent, and you get your 10, and the railroads get theirs, and the baggage-transfer men theirs, and dancing slippers and silk stockings are made expensive so they'll wear out quick, and the laundries use acids on the rest of the clothes we wear in the act, and photos cost nearly as much to reproduce as new ones, there ain't only about half that amount left for I and Johnny to give to the hotels and cafés. And we got to make enough in thirty-five weeks to keep us fifty-two. When I say thirty-five weeks I'm giving you the compliment of not mentioning the three days you let us lay off two weeks ago."

"You get more than thirty-five next season," Louis salved her.

"Do we get more money too?"

"I see what I can do," Louis promised.

But when their new contracts reached them the figure remained at two-twenty-five.

"Come on, Johnny," Gertie said. "Let's go down to the office and tell Louis what we think of him."

"What good'll that do?" asked Johnny. "I don't see as we can kick. We started in at a yard and a half. Before the season was over we were getting two. Then at the beginning of last season they boosted it to two and a quarter ——"

"It'd 'a' been two and a half if we hadn't got married."

"Are you sore at that?"

"Certainly not. It was just our tough luck the office found we were married before they set the price on the act. And why did they raise us at all?"

"Because we made good."

"Forget it! We stopped shows for them, that's what we did. We held down spots they're paying acts twice as much to hold on most of their bills. They gave us that generous twenty-five-dollar raise to head off the hundred-dollar raise they were afraid we knew we were worth. Well, they're going to give it to us this season or show me why not."

Louis Kramm shook his head sorrowfully when Gertie threw the contracts unsigned on his desk.

"You're foolish," he warned them. "On my knees I begged more money for you. Two and a quarter is better than the nothing you'll get if you ain't reasonable."

"We're worth more money," Gertie repeated. "The only question is which is the best way to get it—a new act or a new agent."

"That's a fine crack, after all I've done for you," Louis answered.

"What have you done except collect commissions from an act anybody could book?" retorted Gertie. "Could you get us more for a new act?"

"If anybody could I could," Louis answered. "But why spend all that money and trouble when this act is going so good? Managers are beginning to ask for you. Maybe in a new act they wouldn't like you so good. Of course, it's always easier to get more money on a new act than an old one."

"We'll give you a chance to see how easy it is in another couple of months," Gertie cut in. "We'll play this time you've booked. But don't sign us up for any more at two and a quarter. Managers'll have to ask for us a lot louder than that before we'll hear them."

As soon as they were out in the hall Gertie turned excitedly to Johnny.

"Listen, kid; we'll win yet. The trouble with us is we've got no flash to the act to make it look like money. We'll fix that. We'll get one of these here fancy drop curtains, painted in soft colors, some cute setting like a summer cottage in a garden or something. We'll get Freddy White to write us some new material. Then I'll get some flash costumes, plan to make three or four changes during the act, and ——"

"Hey, soft pedal, soft pedal!" Johnny cut in. "What's the idea? To shoot the entire bank roll—on a chance? For what?"

"Suppose we do spend eight or nine hundred on an act."

"That's all we've got."

"Suppose it is. The least the office would raise us would be a hundred a week."

"Well?"

"Well, in eight or nine weeks the act pays for itself, and after that the extra hundred is velvet."

"Suppose the act's a flop."

"How can it be? If the new material dies on us what's to keep us from lifting enough sure-fire material from the act we're doing now to put the new one across?"

The way she said it made it sound lucky to Johnny. They began checking out their savings. Two hundred extra followed the first eight hundred—two hundred saved as they worked—but looking at the decorative drop curtain, its charmingly painted summer cottage, with practical doors and windows set in back of a rustic seat near an old-fashioned well, admiring Gertie as she paraded some really beautiful gowns before him, Johnny figured the money a good investment.

Just before leaving for the three break-in weeks Louis arranged for them in and around Philadelphia, Johnny said, "Be getting us a New York showing right away, Louis. Three weeks is all we'll need to get the new act going good."

"All right, Johnny. Then, if it's as good as you think it's going to be, I'll ask the office four hundred for it—and take three, huh?"

"I'll tell you more about that after we get the act on," replied Gertie.

"Three hundred, even," Johnny said as they hopped a car for the station. "Three hundred—that would be regular money, I'll tell the world."

The grin was still on his face when he and Gertie went in to check their baggage.

"Three trunks and two crates." Johnny indicated them.

"Six hundred and four pounds excess," replied the agent, holding his hand out for the ten-dollar bill in Johnny's hand.

"Five pieces?" the transfer man in Camden asked. "That'll be five dollars, please."

Hanging up his drop and setting his rustic seat and well, Johnny could see six or eight dollars in every theater going to the stage hands for their extra trouble with his trick scenery.

"Listen, mister!" he heard Gertie say to the stage manager. "I'll need a maid to help me make some quick costume changes. Have you got a regular house maid or a little girl usher I could use?"

"We've got a fine maid here."

"How much does she charge?"

"The regular charge, Miss Williams; ten dollars a week."

"Well," replied Gertie slowly, "send her to my room right away and tell her to begin earning some of it by massaging my costumes with an electric iron, will you, please?"

Johnny quickly calculated the tips to baggage handlers and baggage-car crews to rush his bulky crates along on the same train that carried Gertie and himself. To that he added increased laundry and pressing bills and the touching-up jobs scenic artists would have to do to keep his scenery looking fresh and clean.

"Holy smoke!" he mumbled to himself. "A fifty-dollar raise would actually cost me money!"

The curtain on their act hadn't been up five minutes before Johnny saw the act wouldn't do as it was being played. The audience didn't like it—not any three hundred dollars' worth.

Reaching the dressing room after the act, he found Gertie already there, crying heartbrokenly.

"Cheer up, sweetheart." Johnny tried to make his tone optimistic. "We'll pull an act out of this junk yet. The scenery looked beautiful and you were a dream in every gown. That's one of the things I've got to figure on. They're looking at you so hard they forget to listen to my comedy."

Gertie's sobs continued unchecked.

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Louis Kramm Shook His Head Sorrowfully When Gertie Threw the Contracts Unsigned on His Desk

The Land of the Little People

By WILL IRWIN

I DO not know by what cement to bind together the memories of those astonishing ten days between Durango and Taos, except by the Little People themselves. What with the varied but always haunting scenery in that quarter of Colorado and New Mexico, the glimpses of dead civilizations seeming as ancient and mysterious as those of Egypt and Mesopotamia, and the contact with two or three bits of living civilizations bearing no more apparent relation to modern American life than that of Southern Spain, the impressions are too varied for any other general theme. But quite by accident and impulse—for the six passengers in our big touring car were making this a genuine vacation and planning no tomorrows—we picked up the Little People at the very dawn of their remote, unrecorded culture; saw their civilization flower; saw it set into ritualistic forms as isolated civilizations will; saw it move from its ancestral haunts, grow a little decadent; saw it submerged; saw finally its descendants, an island in a world of steel and gasoline, still maintaining strange ceremonials, forms and customs that first sprang up on these western approaches of our Rockies long before Christ preached in Galilee.

Ernest Blumenschein, the Painter, at Right, 40 Years of Age, the Ty Cobb of Taos. Above—Balcony House in Mesa Verde National Park—the Land of the Cliff Dwellers

Whence they came, the Little People, anthropology cannot as yet say with certainty. The human species is not indigenous to this continent; it must have crossed, science believes, from Asia, at some period when the Aleutian Islands furnished a firmer passage than at present. More and more the anthropologists regard the American Indian as a blood brother to the Asiatic. From the Pacific side of our continent these nomadic invaders spread to the Atlantic; but when the white man came with the blight of rum and gunpowder it was mostly by the old home on the Pacific that they were working toward higher civilization. Those Indians whom the Cavaliers and Pilgrims met and overcame were only the outer barbarian fringe as though a conqueror with superior arms had landed in Europe in 200 B.C. and met the half-savage Celts before he proceeded on to the developed civilizations of Rome and Greece.

Settlers of the Mesa Verde

ONE small tribe of these immigrants from Asia had within it astonishingly fertile seeds of progress. As compared with the nomadic Indians of the plains, they were little people—the average adult male seems to have stood less than five feet five inches tall. In a time when war was the law of life they must have inclined to pacifism. Early in their wanderings they found that broken, inaccessible country of great cañons and gigantic cliffs which centered in what we now call the Mesa Verde of Colorado. In the caves of this region they began for safety's sake to make their abode. There they either invented basket weaving or learned it from some adjacent tribe. It was the first of their arts. While still they rated as primitive savages they were weaving and decorating baskets so close and firm that some of them would hold liquids. For the greater part these baskets were intended for grain storage—the Little People had already a crude agriculture. In caves notched out by Nature among the high cliffs they hid, against the emergencies of famine years, their surplus corn. Then they began to build rude granaries—rings of flat rocks set up on end and wattled over with twigs. And in the end they seem to have lived, of winters, in the caves beside these storehouses.

We do not know when this civilization flowered. It was probably at some time after our Christian Era began; we can scarcely speak more exactly. But suddenly it did flower; just as in Greece a half-barbaric people emerged in less than a century into a culture from whose thoughts and works we still draw beauty and inspiration. The Little People, apparently with no other first impulse than their own genius, began to build—beautifully, symmetrically, substantially, in stone and mortar.

The curious plateau known as the Mesa Verde lies in what is now the southwestern corner of Colorado, guarded on all sides by league on league of high mountains, precipitous cañons and weary deserts. Even in this age of steam and gasoline, it is one of the least accessible beauty spots on our continent. The plateau springs 1500 feet from the valleys at its base. Through it have cleft the Mancos River and its tributaries, making eleven cañons that spread like the fingers of a hand. If you know the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, and if you will think of little Grand Cañons but less obvious in their coloring, you can visualize these clefts of the Mesa Verde.

Beginnings

THEIR walls, on first sight, seem to drop sheer—some of them as much as 600 feet. Look again and you can see that these clefts are not really blank. They are striated, involuted, porous. Here and there they break into shelves, where cling bushes and dwarf trees; and more commonly into caves, whose floors follow horizontally the course of some stratum, whose roofs arch sometimes as perfectly as though carved out by human builders with tools of precision. So curiously broken are the faces of these cliffs that an expert mountaineer with a steady head can still climb down to many of the caves. And it was in these caves, where a single determined man could stand off an invading army, that the Little People built their habitations, worked out a culture astonishingly high, considering their isolation.

For the civilization of any civilizable people is mostly borrowed. A few things they invent themselves; the rest they imitate from the surrounding peoples with whom they make contacts either by war or commerce. In places on the great Eurasian continent copper and tin occur close together. At some remote time a savage built a hot fire above such a formation. In its ashes he found a substance hard yet malleable, capable of taking a more exquisite edge than his polished tools. Some analyst of primitive times deduced that this compound originated in the smelting of the two different ores. He found those ores, brought them together. In his little isolated tribe the age of bronze commenced. War came; enemies captured tribesmen wielding weapons of bronze, tortured the secret out of them. By this process the use of bronze spread over Europe and Asia. From that to the iron age was a lesser step.

On the great Asiatic plateaus flourished a horned beast, smaller and less formidable than the bison and very good to eat—the little primitive ox. Some cave man captured a young bull calf of this species, kept it for a pet; as it grew up he mounted on its back and taught it to obey commands. The rest of the tribe went hysterical with laughter at this comic stunt; then, sobering down, saw its practical uses and began to tame oxen, to ride and drive them. So also dealt the savage of Western Europe with the native scrubby pony, ancestor of our horses. Tribes which did not dwell in an ox country or a horse country learned by invasion the uses of beasts of burden, drove away some of the flocks. The custom spread over the Eurasian continent. Man had discovered the first source of power without himself. To make transportation

easier, some barbarian put rollers under a heavy load. Another made these rollers permanent and we had the great discovery of the wheel.

But on the American continent man found a poorer environment for the dawn work of culture. Tin scarcely occurred at all and virtually never in close combination with copper. In Mexico, indeed, some other alloy of copper had been found; but the Aztecs, when the Spaniards came, were only entering the age of bronze. Virtually the sole free metals were copper and gold. In their unalloyed state these are unsuitable for weapons and tools. Not until his migrations reached the Andes did primitive man find in the llama a wild animal suitable for a beast of burden. The buffalo of our plains has unfortunately a sloping back, rendering him impossible as a steed. Five or ten thousand miles of weary foot travel by land and the definite break of the Aleutian Islands separated our Indians from the horse people and the metal people.

The Five-Story Pueblo, Taos

Artists and Architects by Nature

MOST isolated of all were these dwellers of the Mancos cliffs. Like the Swiss, they had chosen isolation in preference to war. Their solitude was the germ of their civilization, and yet its final barrier. It permitted them peaceably to pass on their inventions from father to son; it prevented the interchange of ideas from the world outside. Whereupon the time came when it ossified into set, consecrated forms, and grew no more.

Before that happened they had reached a culture probably superior—save in the items of bronze and beasts of burden—to that of our ancestors, the Celts and Teutons, when Julius Cæsar found and conquered them. Their building was marvelous. They worked with big flat stone slabs shaped somewhat like the bricks of the antique Romans, and straw-bound mortar. No modern stonemason can square a block much more exactly or run a wall much more square and true than did these savages; and no architect has a better sense of fair proportion. They were learning how to lay foundations; they were on the verge of grasping the principle of the arch. Without the potter's wheel, they molded by eye glazed pottery of beautiful proportions. From rude indented decorations made with the thumb nail, they worked on to colored designs whose sense of beauty is the despair of artists.

Like most Indians, they were more interested in design than in portrayal. Nature interested them only as she furnished patterns, like the skin of a diamond-backed rattlesnake, or the forked run of a lightning flash. Using the yucca fiber as a thread, they wove as well as did the early Egyptians.

Sun Worshipers

THEY decorated their ceremonial robes with interwoven dyed threads or with bluebird feathers. From a crude Nature worship they seem to have proceeded to an elaborate and complex religion whereof the sun was the great god. Almost certainly this was the parent faith to strange rites still practiced by the Indians of our Southwest.

Certain scratchings on the stones of their later dwellings, and some faded wall paintings, indicate that they were taking first steps in the art of writing—from the pictograph to the ideograph and finally to the alphabet. It needed, probably, only some contact of this able people with more advanced civilizations to give them the hint. But that, apparently, they never had. To the south flourished the higher culture of the Mayas, the Aztecs and the Peruvians. But anthropologists can find no sign that the Little People ever borrowed from the south. What they learned they worked out for themselves.

All this while they lived like the eagles

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A Close-Up of Some of the 200 Rooms Which, in the Picture Below, are Grouped in the Mouth of the Rock

What the Wetherill Boys Saw From Across the Cañon. Cliff Palace Looks Like a Collection of Miniature Mud Huts

TRIUMPH

By MAY EDGINTON

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

IX

AS SILVER drove in that easy-springed, easy-rolling car through the streets he recovered somewhat from his desperate defeat at the hands of the girl he wanted so crazily that the moon and stars out of heaven itself paled beside her. He had been surprised very bitterly; he had never seriously believed in her dreams and protestations. He knew that she believed in them, but he did not. He had thought that other dreams could be superimposed easily; that a new and softer creed would evolve automatically at his bidding from the ruin which ruin would be accomplished also at his bidding—of the old one. He could not have visioned such a wild impossibility as that she should, as she phrased it, stand incorrupt. He had taken all her sweet talk—so he had thought it—for the talk of a woman who had yet to learn real temptation and bird-in-the-hand opportunity. When, for the first time, she should get all that she wanted—not just all a man wished to give on his own account, but all that she wanted on hers—offered up to her, then she would step down.

But she stood incorrupt. Only, Silver did not quite believe it. As he drove on, reconstructing the battle in the car, he began to assure himself that she had been shaken. She would lie down that night, thinking; she would rise up in the morning, thinking; she would go to her dull work, thinking; come home in the evening—his gifts would await her. His gifts only, now! Perhaps King Garnet's credit at the best florists in town would be found to have dwindled. Silver's flowers, Silver's thoughtful ardors would surround her. She had surely been shaken. Soon she would be beaten. She was just a little more inaccessible than other women; and so, more darling.

"You are the Song Bird, Hey?" "I Sing," Said Anna, Her Voice Trembling Because of the Beating of Her Heart

Silver passed on, exalting his heart again, to his next battle ground. This would be a bloody one. There would be no mercy. Only blow upon blow on an enemy whose most potent weapon had now been struck from his hand. The enemy's own weapon had been sharpened and was turned against him. His very own!

Silver had his lawyers primed; he had next morning's papers primed. But no trickle of the news had got through to Garnet. Silver desired that sweet mission for himself.

Garnet might easily have been out. He usually was out. But this evening, by a pure accident, he was in. He had been playing squash rackets all the afternoon, had dined and seen the only worthwhile contest in a boxing show at the Albert Hall and come home. He was talking with his mother in the golden drawing-room when Silver arrived.

Silver had some small colloquy with the gifted butler, who doubted him.

"Can I see Mr. Garnet?"

"At this time of night, sir?"

The caller obviously was not one of King Garnet's friends. The butler, who had a royal gift for faces, could not recall him.

"It is on important business."

"Have you a card, sir?"

Silver had never had cards, save his business ones. Those he was not carrying.

"No. The business, however, is really important. What is Mr. Garnet doing?"

"He is with Mrs. Garnet, sir."

"My business is with her, too; so take me to them both," said Silver. But that he would not achieve this object without explanation was plain; so reluctantly he added the item which now seemed so far beneath his new raw dignity, "I am Mr. Garnet's manager, and my name is Silver."

The butler let him into the hall and suggested a wait in the library; but somehow Silver got over this idea, and the Garnets being alone he was allowed into the great gold room, where mother and son sat together.

Silver's breath caught, not at admiration of the really wonderful room but at the inner knowledge that it was his. But he exercised sullen control over his breathing powers and they obeyed him again. He came forward steadily through the long high room, which was narrow in proportion to its length and height, and so looked rather like a soft, shining, glowing corridor, with long mirrors and brocade panels streaking the walls sparsely on either side of him, and a wicked profusion of flowers everywhere. The couches and chairs were low and soft, lavishly pillowed. A grand piano far away made a dead break of ebony against the delicacies of color; and two spoiled little Pomeranian dogs yapped at the entering stranger. Silver could have butchered both tiny brutes with savage joy. They, too, would come under the heel of his revenge.

Mrs. Garnet, limp and lazy in her gold-tissue frock, lay back in a chair close beside the fire. King Garnet, just as limp and lazy, lounged near her. The smoke of their cigarettes was on the air. They had been talking when the door opened to admit Silver, but they stopped and looked towards him.

The butler said, "Mr. Silver, madam, on important business." He said it apologetically, excusing himself for Silver's unsuitable presence, and the door closed.

King Garnet got up. He advanced, a hand outstretched; but he could not help his eyes uncertainly stretching wide at the sight of his manager in conventional dinner clothes, patent boots, perfect linen—at least, nothing was perfect, of course, by the standard of one of the best tailored young men in town; but still ——

That look, enduring only for a moment as it did, was seen and registered against him.

"Why, Silver!" said King Garnet. "This is a—a—great surprise!" He shook hands, but Silver's slow hand was cold in his.

"Will you sit down?" said Garnet, indicating a chair than which no feather bed could have been downier.

"Nothing wrong, I hope," added Mrs. Garnet, nodding. And then, after the nod, she thought better of it and extended two thin fingers. But these fingers Silver did not appear to see.

"There's nothing wrong from my point of view, Mrs. Garnet," he responded with a watchful smile.

King Garnet looked at Silver, narrowing his eyes a little. The disappearance of the familiar "sir" and "madam" boded something to him. He felt instinctively that this was more than the throwing over of superfluous social respects and differences.

Silver had changed in some radical fashion and now flaunted himself to some inexplicable end. And he recalled that Silver's manner of yesterday had been the same as his manner of tonight.

"It's very late to trouble my mother," he said somewhat abruptly. "Come along into the library and we'll have a whisky and soda there and you can say whatever you have come to say."

Silver's watchful smile continued, heightened; mirth came into it.

Mrs. Garnet had pulled herself upright and sat looking up at the two men. In a flurry she said, "It's not too late for me. I'm so—interested in the business, Mr. Silver. Let us all talk here, King. Mr. Silver will sit down?"

She suddenly apprehended—but in a dim way—that all her reluctant suspicions were to be dragged protestingly into the light of day; but she was unprepared for more. She smiled winningly.

Silver relished her smile exceedingly. He laid his hand on the back of an easy-chair, watched with incredulity by King Garnet. But King's incredulity had still more than a tinge of amusement in it.

"Thanks," said Silver. He sat between them. King Garnet offered cigarettes. Silver took one meditatively and lighted it. His gaze wandered triumphantly round the room, his great gold room.

"Well, Silver?" said Garnet in a voice of bored but good-humored impatience.

Silver looked coldly over Mrs. Garnet from top to toe, and his look gave her an inward shiver that she could recall for many a day after. Then he turned towards Garnet.

"Well, Garnet," he replied, and paused on the words to let them sink in, not oblivious of Mrs. Garnet's start of surprise, though he was half turned from her. "Well, Garnet, I have come here to tell you something that I believe is news to you, though whether it will be quite as new to this lady I cannot say." Mrs. Garnet sat forward, trembling, and opened her mouth to speak, but did not speak. "Have you any idea of our relationship?"

"Relationship?" Garnet echoed, at ease in the depths of his own chair.

Silver sprawled, a smile on his face. His very attitude was an insult—though to do him justice it was instinctive rather than considered—to a lady of mature years and

almost a stranger, in her own drawing-room; and quite suddenly young Garnet's blood, never exactly cool, rose in temperature some few degrees.

"Relationship," Silver nodded, confirmatory "I go straight to my point. Why not? There has been much time wasted already as far as I'm concerned. In that waste of time I'm the sufferer. I'm nearly thirty now. So I come right to the point and ask you, do you know what we are?"

King Garnet rose and stood on his hearth, with some instinct, as unforced as the instincts that were now governing Silver, of protecting that hearth from he knew not what. He heard his mother give a little protesting moan, and turned towards her. But she had schooled her face. She was wearing her cold society face now, a mask desperately satirical.

From her he looked to Silver again. The meeting of their eyes was the clashing of two swords, and each knew that the combat was mortal. But only one of them knew that the issues were decided.

"Look here!" said Garnet. "What's all this? There's been something in the wind for days now. I've felt it ——"

"If you said for months and years you'd be nearer the mark, Garnet."

"I've only noticed ——"

"I know all you've noticed. But now I have come here to ask you a question, Garnet. I've asked it, and ask again. Do you know our relationship to each other?"

"Thank God we have none!" replied Garnet contemptuously.

"We have."

"What is it?"

"We are brothers."

There was no sound in the stillness, during which Silver, from his sprawling attitude, looked up intently at his adversary, till Garnet said, "You are a liar!"

Silver leaped up.

"Come into the library," said Garnet, stepping before his mother; but she reached out and caught his hand.

"Kindly speak here, Mr. Silver."

"It is where I am going to speak, Mrs. Garnet."

"What the hell do you mean, Silver, by replying to my mother like that?"

"I reply as I wish in my own house, Garnet."

"Oh!" breathed Mrs. Garnet And both heard her whisper to herself, "Oh! Oh! Oh!"

"Mother ——" said King.

"Let me speak, Garnet," said Silver. "I am the man here with something to say, and now I'm going to tell you. I'm going to tell you that your father was married to my mother years before he met yours."

"You damned hound, you mean to insinuate "

Still Silver smiled out of a triumphant face, gray with emotions.

"I insinuate nothing. My mother died before yours married your father—married our father, I should say, Brother King. But I was alive—product of a hopeless mésalliance, perhaps, yes—but there I was. And there'd been a will made in my favor. My mother's price for keeping silence about her marriage with our father was that he should make a will ——" Silver paused. "He hadn't wanted to marry her," he said in a dryer voice. "But when I was coming she made him. Marriage, no scandal. No marriage, hell of a scandal. And he loved her; tremendous passion he had for her in a way—his putrid way. Passion—I wonder if you ever inspired such?" he added, turning and looking down on Mrs. Garnet.

Once more he examined her, as it were, from top to toe.

There was no sound in the room till Silver took up his tale again.

"Fate was against you, Brother King. Our father meant to make a second will, there's no doubt of that. But my mother was dead; no one seemed to know anything. I knew nothing—a poor, raw lump of a boy, I knew nothing. I thanked him for my place. Aha, thanked him!"

Mrs. Garnet was saying half to herself, "I always felt I knew -a woman does—but he was a difficult man—one couldn't question him."

Silver looked down upon her. "No; one didn't question him, Mrs. Garnet. Aha! I comprehend that. One kept him in a good temper—reward of pearls. One questioned him on what one suspected; saw justice done—no pearls. I apprehend you, lady. En-tirely."

"Quit that!" said Garnet, his breath coming fast.

"You stand on my hearth," said Silver; "you take what I say. You're guests. You can leave any time. My car is at your service." He paused and saw them literally swallow this, digest it, begin faintly to understand him. "However," he went on, "about a second will. One was made, signed, they say, and incredibly lost. Fate was against you, Brother King, because wills don't get lost. Perhaps it was never made. Do you know?" He looked down once more on Mrs. Garnet.

She shook her head. The mask had gone and her face was defenseless. It registered every blow, like putty. She looked old.

"Anyway," said Silver, "when a draft was made out—either the first draft of a second will or a copy of that which may have been lost or destroyed—and he was on his way to sign it at his lawyers' he was killed in a motor accident. Yes, fate's against you, brother."

By a terrible effort King Garnet was holding himself in.

"Now, having told your cock-and-bull story ——"

"The story is in the hands of Moss & Parkinson," said Silver; "proved by them up to the hilt. They wrote today to your lawyers. We have every tittle of proof that any law court could possibly need. There is no doubt." He paused to see if they had any doubts; but he knew in his soul that they had none. Fight they might, but —— "I think Moss & Parkinson's reputation stands as high as any firm's. I wished to go to the right solicitors—the very best."

"Now, having told your cock-and-bull story," King Garnet repeated, "get out!"

"This is where I smile," said Silver.

"Oh, you smile here, do you?" said Garnet in a blur of rage.

"King!" his mother whispered.

"Get out!" said Garnet.

"I need not get out," said Silver. "This house is mine; furniture is mine; the cars are mine. Every damn stick in the place is mine! You haven't a penny. Look at it fair and square! Not a penny has either of you got"—he paused again—"unless I give it to you. Well—well ——"

Silver struggled with his voice.

"I had a mother. She went poor compared with all this. You have a mother. She has gone rich compared with my mother. The wheel goes round. Some people in my place might say, 'Take your turns.' But I—I may make a lady an allowance ——"

"You insult me!" cried Mrs. Garnet, and then she stopped. . . . One must have money. One must! If all this were entirely true she must have provision.

"As for you, brother," Silver said in a reflective voice, deadly in its calculated suavity, "I may be able to offer you something—not that you're any good at anything—but something which would give you a chance to work up to the exalted position I have till now held by your kind favors." *(Continued on Page 144)*

There Was No Sound in the Stillness, During Which Silver, From His Sprawling Attitude, Looked Up Intently at His Adversary, Till Garnet Said, "You are a Liar!"

ROMEO JUNIOR

He Tried Some More Verse: "It Matters Not How Strait the Gate, . . . I am the Master of My Fate." That Was Final. His Head Was Bloody But Unbowed

"I will!" a young lad shouted;
"I'll save the flag or die!"
He leaped into the thickest of the fray.
—HEROIC SONG.

By Hugh Wiley

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

GOO-BY, Cap-tun Jim! Goo-by, Mr. Robbins! Goo-by, Danny! Dog-gone Adam's apples! Dern this dern voice-changing business. Goo-by, goo-by!"

Before the mail tug rounded the bend a plume of steam flashed from the whistle against her stack, and the boy knew that Captain Jim had signaled a farewell.

Marooned. Abandoned and beached, derelict in Hillburg, Illinois. Drizzling November rain on the levee of a Mississippi River town south of St. Louis. Nothing on the levee except a prospecting pig and a wet newspaper and the boy who had waved good-by to happiness.

Elmer Holt, six feet high when he thought of it, almost sixteen years old, turned his back on the gray river and faced the home trail up the hill toward his father's rented house. The summer survey of the river was finished and his long, happy days of work and rough play were done. Everything was done. Now fell the winter of his discontent.

Up the levee. Up the hill toward the clutch of civilization and ordered living, advice, three meals—only—a day, a moral and upright life and the menace of Saturday baths in a cedar tub with slivers like a porcupine.

He leaned down and picked up a canvas telescope whose straps had been replaced with a few hitches of quarter-inch manila rope. The telescope sagged like a hopeless horse being transferred over the side of an army transport. In one end of it was a small collection of rocks that would come in handy for studying geology. In the other, under six books and a pink shirt, was a present for his mother. The present was a pasteboard box of Bartlett pears. In the eight days which had elapsed since the pears had been purchased in St. Louis they had turned fairly soft. Two of them had oozed through the broken side of the pasteboard box far enough to mingle intimately with a one-pound reserve plug of chewing tobacco, Poe's Raven and the Gospel according to Saint Matthew.

River Street was lined with saloons, and the saloons smelled sour. Piles of empty beer kegs leaned against them, helping the smell. In the rain the street was deserted. Three blocks of it and the boy reached the foot of the long hill that led to the two top-side sections of the three-phase town. Anybody lived in Hillburg Under the Hill. Various sorts and conditions of people lived on the first lifts of the ridge running up from the river. The heart of town pulsed on the crest. Reaching nearly to the edge of the farming country, where lightning-rod contracts could still be signed, lay the soul and brains of the city, according to a good many people who lived in that part.

Plodding up the hill Elmer began to quote some helpful verse: "Master of human destinies am I! Fame, love an' fortune on my footsteps wait." The rest of that one was lost in a three-match effort at lighting a soggy cheroot. Resuming his march, the boy realized that his feet hurt in spite of his large-sized patent-leather shoes. By the time he was halfway up the two-mile hill his fedora hat was shapeless with rain, the creases had faded from the peg-top pants and the military effect of the short coat was A. W. O. L. He tried some more verse: "It matters not how strait the gate, . . . I am the master of my fate." That was final. His head was bloody but unbowed, and whatever was, was right. By the time he had reached his father's house he was well into the inferno of self-pity. "The rest is silence."

The house where he had lived for six months before the river season had opened looked smaller than when he left it. At the door he seemed to himself to be so much of a stranger that he hesitated whether to knock or to enter in the manner of an elder son. The problem was solved by his father, who had heard his boy's footsteps on the porch. The man didn't say much. The son said less. The mother looked at him and held him away from her and folded him close. He broke away, a little embarrassed, and began to untie the knots that clustered along the manila rope that bound the sagging telescope.

"I brought a present for you, mamma."

"Save any money, son?" Elmer's father was interested in principle, rather than money, but the boy didn't know that.

"Well—well, I brought home twenty dollars. Here's them pears. They seem soft."

"I got a nair gun." Welcoming the change of subject, Elmer looked at his young brother's air gun. "She shoots BB shot. Maybe we could go rabbit hunting some day."

"You don't know what hunting is. On the river we had enough hunting to last forever."

The hunter was interrupted by a threat. "The water is ready for you to take a bath, Elmer."

The water was ready for Elmer's bath. Presently he was half submerged. The bath did him good. He needed a bath, but it seemed that the shell of self-confidence which had secreted through the working season dissolved with the bath and left him as helpless and exposed as a turtle stripped of its armor. Now, probably, having rendered him defenseless, they would begin talking about school—even Sunday school. He realized that his soul needed considerable saving and that he had backslid a good deal during the river season, but he still had a soul and it could be saved at some future date after the pleasant part of life had been lived.

He devoted five minutes to sneaking up on the craters of six itching chigger bites with advancing zones of scratching. He was interrupted by a summons to supper.

Supper was a mile long. It tasted good, all right, but before he had devoured the third segment of fried chicken his enjoyment of the repast had faded in the realization that after supper there would be no Cap'n Jim, no Danny, no Mr. Robbins, no nobody to deal the cards with and bet 'em close to his stummick. No forenoon lunch, no afternoon lunch, no midnight coffee, no penny ante, no trick at the wheel in easy water, no listening to heroic tales, no skirmishing on the edge of adventure. Life as dull as an aunt making custard pie.

After supper, using a trip to the woodshed after fuel for the ruby-eyed parlor stove, he managed to sneak a few deep drags out of a pipe that had seen months of service. Thus reënforced, he felt able to play a few hands of cribbage with his father. In the abstraction of counting two sevens and two eights with a six turned up he reached for the pipe and had it halfway out of his pocket before reason returned. Then it was that the shackles of environment bit deep and tasted blood.

II

ON SUNDAY morning, while Elmer was being herded to church, he realized that life in the bosom of a Christian family, including free board for the winter, was something of a mixed blessing. At the church he settled well down on his spine in an effort to conceal as much of himself as possible. His brown suit was short in the sleeves, so he held the hymn book close to his ribs, and perhaps this posture reacted on his lungs and vocal organs. At any rate, the first thing he knew he was bellowing along on the bass to beat the band. He wanted to know, in sonorous tones, whether or not he should gather at the river, the beauteefull, the beauteefull river. He looked around, perspiring freely after the question had been sung, and discovered that half of the congregation was looking at him.

The chill of Elmer's burthen of sin began to melt shortly after the preaching began. Reveren' Snead was noted locally for his preaching. He was a powerful exhorter who had been known to drag darkened and backslid souls from points as far south as the Eagle Bar, which was on River Street, at least a mile from the mourners' bench, as the old crow staggers.

Along about fifthly—say thirty minutes after the Reveren' Snead began to explain just why the Particle Son had worked at it so hard—Elmer realized that here was a

case almost identical with his own. Ten minutes later he had firmly resolved to lead a better life. He clinched the resolve with a solemn and silent oath, covering all details of the menu of sin except tobacco. He felt free and better instantly, as an expressman might feel after setting down a three-hundred-pound trunk.

Reveren' Snead clattered into the crescendo finale and his vocal organs rested while the choir soothed the congregation through the formality of clinking the weekly offering into velvet-lined corn poppers.

Elmer looked intently at the choir. One girl, enjoying her own alto, looked straight into his eyes, and that look launched the arrow of romance straight at Elmer's heart.

Here was a sanctified love, pure as the sunrise, born from the murky depths of a river man's past. Love at first sight.

Love was that way sometimes—when it was real and middling holy.

Love hit Elmer like a hod of bricks dropped on a plug hat from the top of the Woolworth Building. While his soul still writhed in this new and exquisite agony, Reveren' Snead announced another song.

Elmer sang this time wildly and without restraint, and his voice soared half an inch above the bass notes along the tenor lanes, hitting on six and banging each note square in the eye.

Triumph, until the word "forevermore" bulged out of the text under a high C. There was a croak and a sound of brake bands slipping, and then a grunting like a pig kicked in the bacon.

Having done his bit, Elmer sat down. For long moments thereafter he would have traded his harp claim for a good keyhole saw or a trapdoor, or even a cell in some obscure jail. Sitting down had made it worse. All the rest of the people had remained standing until the song was done. He thought wildly of announcing a sudden attack of heart trouble or epilepsy or something that gets a man mighty sudden and serious and over which he has no control.

The apex of his pyramid of remorse was the alto girl in the choir. A life, a family, perhaps, had been blasted with that one note. He had planned to win the girl's love, to wed her and to settle down and raise a family consisting of six boys and a girl.

Now these hopes were blasted.

They stayed blasted until the congregation, dismissed, began to filter out of the doorway. While some of the flock still milled midway of the church, Elmer, at his father's side, felt a firm grasp on his arm. He turned to face Reveren' Snead, voicing an invitation to attend services regularly, including the Wednesday night prayer meeting.

Elmer's father answered for him with an informal introduction to the pastor. The welcome was repeated, and augmented with an invitation to sing in the choir.

Over the preacher's shoulder Elmer saw the face of the alto girl. Her complexion wasn't so perfect at close range, but what is a complexion between sweethearts?

"I will be glad to sing in the choir, Reveren' Snead. Any time you say. I ain't much of a singer, and the words are new to me. You see I've been out on the Mississippi River all the ——"

"Bless you, brother! Wednesday night. Early; at six. The choir reviews the musical program before the meeting. This is Miss Myra Hall, Elmer. Myra, this is Elmer Holt, Mr. and Missus Holt's elder son, who is to become a member of our choir."

Here Romeo shook hands for some time with the alto girl, resolving wildly to give up tobacco and everything so he could be pure enough to raise a family of six boys and a girl with her.

The tobacco resolution lasted until fifteen minutes after the finish of a midday dinner three sizes larger than Elmer's stomach. Gorged, and with his toe hold slipping on the tree of virtue, this young brand, so lately snatched from the burning of pipe tobacco, backslid as far as the woodshed where he smirched his whitened soul with four deep drags from the faithful pipe. Thus fortified he returned, briskly, to the parlor of the house and sat down. His young brother invited him to play a game with a moral pack of cards. It was a game of modified authors in which characters appropriate to the Sabbath Day replaced the quotations and lithographed faces of the pre-Victorian scribes.

Presently, not disdaining ownership of a few high-grade agate marbles in spite of his fifteen, going-on-sixteen years, Elmer suggested that a taw or two be staked. The betting proceeded with shiny eyes. Drawing three Old Testament authors to a pair of saints, Elmer filled against a straight of five verses from Isaiah held by his younger brother.

"I tell you that ain't a flush. Verses is straights. Miracles is flushes! Gwan, han' me that agate before I ——"

"Don't tell me nothing. Every time I go to win you change it. I want my ay-gut. Mah-mah! Elmer cheated me out of a ay-gut!"

"What is it, darling?" The mother lifted her eyes from the Sunday supplement where a cash girl practically bankrupted a crowned head in the European capitals.

"Me an' Elmer was playing an' he all the time changes the rules so as to ——"

"I ain't either. We wasn't either. We was playing Lives of the Saints, an' just because he don't know Matthew, Mark, Luke an' John like I do from reading my Bible so much he loses all the time and blames it on me. Take your ol' taw. All it is anyway is stratified silica full of moons I'm going to read my geology book now, so please don't bother me. I never saw such a baby. Gwan!"

The geology idea was a mistake, for it suggested the subject of school to Elmer's father, and forthwith the senior male exercised his constitutional right.

"Tomorrow get yourself an outfit of books, Elmer, and begin wherever Professor Miller tells you. I guess you can enter high school in some studies. You ought to be pretty good in mathematics."

The stark reality of school was softened by the presence of the alto girl. Between Myra Hall and a daily gallop through geometry, school wasn't so bad. Geometry was yesterday stuff for Elmer, thanks to a high-pressure practical course under the tuition of the chief of the river survey party, and Myra Hall supplied most of the deeper elements of happiness. On his second Sunday at church Elmer's argosy of love grazed the rocks of ridicule, but some fast work pried her off

The gift of a woolly black suit from Elmer's father had been augmented generously by the gift of a pair of historic suspenders. They were not common suspenders. A two-inch web brightened under an intricate embroidered pattern, in silk, of some winding and flowering vine, unknown to the botany books, and this web terminated in fawn-colored leather prongs. Elmer's father had purchased the suspenders for his honeymoon, and they had been moth-balled in a trunk through the years of reality. The leather had darkened and was as hard as dried rawhide, and the rubber in the embroidered web had as much elasticity as good pie crust.

The bright silk colors had faded, but still they beat anything for looks that could be purchased in Hillburg, and so the hard leather prongs were buttoned to the girth of the new and woolly black pants. On Sunday Elmer wore the suit to church, cinched to within an inch of his life, because the pants had been made good and long against the day when their owner might get his growth.

In good voice, on the bass shift, by reason of a slight cold, which had been distributed by an infected student in the warm classroom at school, Elmer bull-frogged his way through. He pulled for the shore, sailor, in a manner which compelled attention, yea, even unto attention from the Reveren' Snead. Following the manner in which Elmer threw out the life line, vocally, the pastor nominated him to officiate with the starboard corn popper when the weekly offering was solicited, saying in a loud voice "Elmer Holt,"

(Continued on Page 66)

Elmer's Eyes Were Suddenly Blind to the Lights and Beauty and His Ears Were Deaf to the Voice and Music

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PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 7, 1923

The Children Must Wait

THOUGH an era of unexampled municipal extravagance is near its peak the daily press of the country still bristles with complaints of the inadequacy of public-school housing and equipment. Inquiries embracing first-class cities over a considerable portion of the United States point to a nation-wide shortage of schoolhouses and to the existence of conditions that make it impossible for teachers to do justice either to themselves or to the pupils committed to their charge.

These are the outstanding facts about our national public-school system at the present time: In the larger cities it appears to be the rule rather than the exception to find large numbers of children on part time. These short-time pupils, of which there are a few hundred or a few thousand in the smaller cities, have numbered 40,000 in Philadelphia, which has under construction a municipal art museum to cost upwards of eight million dollars; and 155,000 in New York, which is cheerfully spending large sums on all sorts of civic improvements.

In many localities a large proportion of the schools are on a two-shift basis that works great inconvenience to teachers, pupils and parents. In some of the Eastern States many of the schoolhouses are so old as to be obsolete and entirely unsuitable for the purposes to which they are put. In many instances classes that should have a maximum of forty pupils contain fifty, fifty-five or even more. As a result teachers find it difficult to maintain discipline and impossible to teach as effectively as they could under proper conditions. In some cities there are complaints of scarcity of books; and in others the cry is that teachers are overworked or underpaid or both.

Considering the wealth and resources of the country, the educational standards set for it by earlier generations and the tremendous tasks that lie ahead of it, the picture of existing conditions is neither agreeable nor flattering.

Many factors have combined to bring about this state of affairs and to render a chronic condition sufficiently acute to arrest general attention. Cessation of public building during the war years, the inability of school districts to borrow money within the interest limit imposed by statute or ordinance, the high cost of labor and materials, and the exigencies of local politics are some of the contributing causes of the schoolhouse shortage. In a few instances municipal parsimony, shortsighted economy and the reluctance of taxpayers to shoulder the expense of giving their children a square deal may be to blame; but in most cases other explanations must be sought.

Conditions in New York City, with its 936,000 public-school children, 155,000 of whom have been on short time, to say nothing of the 100,000 and more who have been on a two-session basis, have lately been analyzed by Mr. William L. Ettinger, Superintendent of Schools. This authority attributes the educational shortcomings of the metropolis to political considerations, divided responsibility and red tape.

In greater or less proportion New Orleans, Washington, Baltimore and other representative cities exhibit conditions not dissimilar from those that prevail in New York. All the cities named, and many others not mentioned, are committed to elaborate school-building programs involving the early expenditure of scores of millions. Within a year or two teaching facilities, from coast to coast, will be materially improved and extended. In the meantime the claims of the children, which from the first should have been treated as preferred claims upon municipal expenditure, must wait. It is safe to say that there are very few cities in the country in which schoolhouse shortage exists that are not engaged in some costly municipal undertaking that could have been wisely and properly deferred until its children had been suitably provided for.

It is a curious but oft-observed fact that public bodies which point to their economies with the most pride are those which have a singular faculty for economizing at wrong times and in wrong directions. Whatever may be the needs of a municipality, it is neither good business nor good Americanism to satisfy them at the expense of the children.

The Debunkumization of Russia

ON THE first of January, 1923, a new legal code entered into effect in Russia. For over a year various declarations of rights have been issued, designed to elucidate the new economic policy. The N. E. P. is the great hedge in which the hedging is supposed to be concealed by the use of capital letters. The New Economic Policy is apparently the return from communism to capitalism. The great discovery embodied in the various declarations of rights and legal codes is that the new road into the land of great adventure leads to the desert.

There have been four stages in the regeneration of individualism. In the first stage the activities of the individual were illicit and under the ban of police. In the second stage the activities were still illicit, but the police were passive. In the third stage the activities were not illicit, though still legally proscribed. In the last stage the activities are again recognized as legal. It is stated that the new economic policy is merely temporary, a strategic retreat, to serve for a short time until Russians have been made ready for the definitive transformation of society to communism.

Agriculture is now a private enterprise in Russia. Individuals own the land and the coöperatives are capitalistic, just as ours are. Succession in the land is again recognized. In principle, the state owns the land; in legal effect, the state agrees not to contest the private ownership. The peasant has free trade for his produce once the taxes are paid in kind. And his trade is in money, not in barter.

The state owes no one an occupation any more. There is also no obligation to labor; the state rule that bread must be earned with what the state called labor has been abandoned. The price of labor in Russia today, outside of governmental service, is the object of agreement or contract. In other words, labor is again becoming competitive.

Industry and trade are more individualistic and competitive. Individuals are permitted to form companies, corporations and trusts. State forests and mines are being leased out to private enterprise. Importing and exporting are reserved to the state, but trading concerns are permitted to import and export. The state now pays wages and salaries and makes no pretense to maintain employes. Trusts are being formed that have about the same relation to the government as had the cartels in Germany before the war. Traders require license, but the issue of licenses is made more and more easy. This has led the coöperatives to demand freedom from state surveillance.

Railways remain in a very bad state. The present policy is to curtail service until the schedules are within the capacity of the equipment. Railways remain under state management; private capital would not undertake railway management under present conditions, even if the roads were offered to it.

The crops of 1922 were a little larger than in 1921, an expression of better yield as the result of a good season rather than as the result of larger acreage. Russia will have little grain, hemp, flax, cotton or sugar to export. She will have none to export if the needs of the population of all parts of the country are fully covered. It is the present policy of the government to take a local exportable surplus and send it out in order to secure imports of sorely desired goods, even at the risk of famine in areas afflicted with low crops. Small exports of grain have in fact occurred. And yet, according to Nansen, famine threatens wide areas of Eastern and Southern Russia. Agriculture will recover slowly owing to scarcity of work animals, deterioration of machinery, depreciation of currency and disorganization of markets. But it will come back much more rapidly under private ownership of land than under nationalized agriculture. Urban industries as a class declined further during 1922. Many industries turned out more finished goods than during the previous year. But this was largely at the cost of stocks, and the factories now face a shortage in raw materials. Such increases in outturn as were observed were inconsequential, and largely in consumers' goods. The badly needed increased output of fuel and metals was not attained.

The imports of 1922 were larger than in 1921, the increase being about one-quarter. The exports were also larger, though the increase is not measurable as stated. Compared with 1913, in 1913 prices, the imports of the past year were about 24 per cent, the exports less than 5 per cent. These data are drawn from Russian sources. In detail they may well be incorrect, since the Russians do not themselves know what is going on in their country. But in substance the statement of conditions may be accepted as fairly correct.

The bamboozling of a hundred and fifty million Russians by a million communists was accomplished with startling swiftness. The process of debamboozling will of necessity be slow and painful. It is well that the world should be fully apprised of the transition going on in Russia. This may save some other people from passing through the same misfortunes.

Trade Based on Politics

THE history of tariff legislation is filled with records of chicaneries whereby countries are induced to accept goods not really wanted in order to secure a market for surplus goods. The postwar trade manipulations offer additional illustrations. Some time ago Norway and Portugal had a trade difference due to the prohibition laws of Norway. These kept out Portuguese wines, and the southern country retaliated by exclusion of Norwegian dried cod, which constituted a serious injury to Norway. The same effect of prohibition laws is being witnessed in Finland. Spain declines to accept timber products from Finland as long as Spanish wines are excluded. Under this pressure Finland has recently modified her laws so as to permit restricted entry of wine. In order to provide a market for frozen beef Argentina has recently made an agreement with France whereby in return for the acceptance of a certain amount of this meat Argentina must accept in exchange certain products of chemicals and metals. The French meat consumption is low and the imports are designed for the working classes. Naturally the French peasant will object, but he will be told that the imported meat is a low-grade product that does not compete with his high-grade carcasses. At the same time Argentine exporters have an arrangement with German merchants whereby Germany secures grain and meat for chemicals and metals. It is interesting for a time, but eventually the wires will get crossed.

The Bogy of the Red Army

By SIR BASIL THOMSON

Former Assistant Commissioner of Metropolitan Police, London

Two Pictures in Contrast: Below—The Well-Equipped, Sturdy Communist Soldiers That Guarded Propaganda Trains From Attacks by Russian Peasants. Above—The Poorly Clad, Ill-Fed Communist Soldiers as Prisoners of the Poles Outside Warsaw

ACCORDING to newspaper correspondents now in Russia the Communist Soviet Government is firmer in the saddle than it has ever been, because the people feel that there is no alternative. The peasants are neutral, and the social-revolutionaries support the Communists because for the moment there is nobody else to support.

We have heard this kind of thing so often that most people have begun to believe it, and those who disapprove of the Communist methods comfort themselves with the assurance that there is a real change of heart among the Communist leaders towards the rights of private property. The Communists have now been in power for six years. They have stifled all opposition by the primitive but quite effective method of killing off every leader as soon as he reared his head. In fact, they are the only modern government that knows its own mind and has no scruples in dealing with its opponents.

Now the Communists are past masters in the game of propaganda and of bluff. The majority of them spring from a race whose writers persuaded the world that a country little larger than the District of Columbia, with a population smaller than that of a second-rate American city, caused the rulers of Egypt and Babylon many sleepless nights. They play alternately upon the strings of terrorism and cajolery: On terrorism through that ancient fallacy of Western Europe, under which the hordes of Russia were to be a steam roller to flatten out the West, and on cajolery through the cupidity of Western financiers to whom the limitless stores of Russian raw material were to be thrown open on conditions It must be admitted that they have played to some purpose. If they understand anything it is the art of handling newspaper men and visitors from labor organizations in the West. Have we not read recently how the foreign correspondents were treated to a review of the Red Army; how hundreds of thousands of perfectly equipped troops marched past Trotzky—himself formerly a newspaper man in a humble way—and testified to the might of a military power that could sweep over Europe and leave it bare if its rulers were tempted too far? Have we not heard of the compact with Mustapha Kemal by which the Turks were fortified when they went into the conference at Lausanne?

Lenine's Bluff

FOR three years the Red Army has been held *in terrorem* over Europe, suspended like the sword of Damocles by a hair. The hair never broke, so we do not know whether or not the blade was made of silvered pasteboard. The Red Army is a powerful weapon as long as it is not called upon to do any cutting. Only once did the oligarchy in Moscow make the blunder of putting it to the test, and they are not very likely to repeat the mistake. They embarked on a drive upon Warsaw. In 1920 it was of the greatest importance to the prestige of the soviet leaders to frighten Europe into granting them diplomatic recognition. If this could be achieved they believed that they could obtain foreign loans, while their diplomatic agents in every capital were secretly flirting with the local Communists in fomenting revolution in every Western country. Lenine had always foreseen ultimate failure if the Communist state were realized in Russia alone; its only chance was to join hands with Communist states in other parts of the world until all slipped into the morass together. Then out of the ruins of modern civilization would be built the New World. That there would be bloodshed and famine on a gigantic scale was admitted, but Communists regard this stage with philosophy because they mean to take care that it is not their blood that will be spilt nor their stomachs that will go empty. They had seen to it in Russia, and they would see to it in other countries. And so they set out to frighten Europe into recognizing them by invading Poland, and if the Red Army had been worth anything they might have succeeded.

For a week or two all went well. They mobilized quite a number of battalions, commanded by old Czarist officers who were presumed to know their business, and they took the precaution of sending with each battalion one or two Communist commissaries to report if there was any attempt on the part of the officers to dilute the spirit of pure Communism in the regiment with what we call common sense. The Polish cities in which the local Communists had been carefully prepared surrendered one by one. European statesmen began to take alarm; they foresaw the possibility of having to call out armies to withstand the Russian hordes when their people were sick of war and might overturn their governments for not having provided against the new danger. Mr. Lloyd George, with his inflamed Celtic imagination, visualized the Red hordes pouring through Germany and sweeping all the artifices of the Treaty of Versailles before them. And then where would he have been in England and in history? The English Labor Party, never distinguished for its political instinct in international affairs, was pressing him to agree with the enemy quickly, and the fright he got on that occasion probably had much to do with his persistence in urging the recognition of the Bolsheviks in the double fiasco of the conferences at Genoa and at The Hague.

Mock Battle

AND then the Red Army arrived at the very gates of Warsaw and there was fought the great three days' "battle" for the possession of the capital. It happened that we had an observer on the spot, a British officer of experience in the Great War. He was invited to go out to the Polish defenses on the third day of the battle. What he saw was quite new to his experience: The Polish batteries were posted in the open, a quarter of a mile in advance of the trenches; the battery fire of the Red Army was intermittent and from 70 to 80 per cent of the shells failed to explode; whenever the heads of Russians appeared on the sky line the Polish batteries fired on them. During the course of the day two Polish soldiers were killed in this part of the line.

All through the day Bolshevik regiments were marching in to surrender; some of them had taken the precaution of shooting their commissaries before starting; some brought their commissaries with them. These commissaries were distinguished from the regimental officers by a red pompon sewed to their caps, and they struck the British observer as being upstanding and intelligent young men who were worthy of better employment. But the Polish officers had a short way with them; they were not accorded the treatment of prisoners of war as laid down by The Hague Convention. A file of soldiers and a wall constituted

Continued on Page 208

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Statesmanship

THE statesman sits in his swivel chair,
His brow is furrowed with lines of care.
It's easy to see that his brain's distraught
With thoughts demanding serious thought.

What is the problem that fills his eyes
Full of that look of perplexed surmise?
To save his party from adverse Fate?
A delicate foreign affair of state?

Is he planning a tariff on Iceland flax?
Or a way of reducing the income tax?
Or increasing the Army by two per cent?
Or a total naval disarmament?

Perhaps it's the budget whose problems vex
Or the recent landslide in Middlesex—
But soft! The wrinkles forsake his brow—
He speaks; we'll know what he's thinking now:

"H'm, fifty thousand sounds rather nice,
But that Versailles gossip's worth twice the price.
So they want my memoirs for fifty? Well,
They've got to pay sixty or I won't sell!"

—Baron Ireland.

DRAWN BY ROBERT L. DICKEY

HEARD AT THE WHITE HOUSE GATE

Chorus—"Ever Since That Bird Made the White House Every Airedale in the Country Wants to Trail a U. S. Senator at Least"

A Columnist's Child's Daybook

TODAY has been a very hard day. Papa and mamma took me to a party at the house of a lady who writes poetry. I would not have minded her writing it, but she read it aloud to us so only my feet could go to sleep. It was too bad. After the lady got tired, which was a very long time after I did, one of the gentlemen read what he said was some poetry called The Waist Band, or something like that. It was pretty funny, especially the part about a Mrs. Porter and her daughter who had some soda water, and I laughed right out, but papa said "Sh!" and kicked me, under the table. I was sorry, because there was little enough at the party a little boy could enjoy. I was glad, though, when it was time to say good night, and all the ladies and gentlemen said I was a good boy and a great help to my papa and they didn't see how in the world he could ever get out his column without me. I said to papa and mamma I was glad to be going home, and they said I had lovely thoughts, and papa said he would put it in the paper next Sunday. He said he bet H. 3d never said anything sweeter than that. It was too hard to make them understand, so I didn't try.

To a big theater last night with mamma and papa. A very big lady in a white sheet came out on a stage and jumped around, and fell down, and rolled over and played dead dog.

"Why does she do that?" I asked papa.

"Sh!" he whispered. "That is a dora duncan."

"But why is a dora duncan?" I whispered back as loud as I could.

"Sh!" he said again.

So I did. It wasn't much of an evening for a little boy. I wouldn't care if I never saw anybody else duncan as long as I lived.

Papa invited a lot of novelists to our house yesterday. He told me the other day that there were two kinds of novelists—older novelists and younger novelists. The way to tell them apart is that the younger novelists are very nicely dressed and have three names, while the older novelists mostly have two names and a middle initial, and are sort of crumby. The younger ones talk more too.

"I want you to meet them, my boy," papa said to me, "because you will get a new insight into literature just listening to them talk."

So I was at the party, but they did not seem to talk much about literature. One said, "Old Mugga paid me a thousand for that thing I did last month," and another said, "I can tell you a good place to dump your old stuff," and another said, "Twenty cents a word is not enough for a man with my pulling power, and I told him so," and another said, "You'll get twice as much, old chap, if you stick on an extra twenty-five thousand words and sell the serial rights." All of a sudden I felt sort of sick the way I do when I ride backwards on the train.

"Papa," I said, "if they're not going to talk about literature can I go upstairs?"

"Sh!" he said.

So I went. It really wasn't a very interesting place for a little boy.

Papa called me to him this morning, and scolded me. "You little dumb-bell," he said, "all the other columnists' children are saying bright things, and you haven't pulled anything in a week—and I have to get my stuff in for the Sunday by four o'clock!"

I was pretty tired, as papa and mamma had taken me to an exhibition of woodcuts and block prints, and a symposium of poets the night before, and I began to cry.

"Oh, papa," I said, "why do the little squirrels in Central Park like nuts when I can't bear them!"

"Well, that's not too good, but it's better than nothing," grunted papa, and began to write.

So I went upstairs and played with my toys, and that night I prayed God to send me a baby brother to take my place in papa's column.

This has been a wonderful day. This morning a man from the Gerry Society came to see papa and told him there was a new amendment to the child-labor law that columnists' children, who have always been overworked, could not be used by their parents before they are sixteen. All the columnists are pretty scared about it, and while I am sorry for papa I can't help being happy, because by the time I am sixteen I can run away. *—Katharine Dayton.*

George Washington

A Historical Drama

AUTHOR'S NOTE: Clemence Dane has been criticized for taking liberties in her play, Will Shakspere, with the known facts of Shakspere's life. This she attempts to justify by calling her plan an invention. It seems to us to be a good idea. If the discerning reader discovers any historical inaccuracies in this play he need not bother to write us about them. We don't care anyway.

SCENE

General Washington's tent at Valley Forge. THE GENERAL *is seated at a table studying a military map. He is deeply engrossed when* ULYSSES S. GRANT, *a young lieutenant, enters and stands at attention.*

WASHINGTON *(looking up):* Is the guard posted?

GRANT: It is, sir.

WASHINGTON: Then bring me that female spy that was captured last night, and leave us alone. I want to talk to her.

GRANT: Very well, sir. *(Does an about face and exits.)*

WASHINGTON *(pensively):* Twenty years! Ah, Mary, you little thought when you spurned me twenty years ago that the day would come when you would be in my power. Ah me! life plays strange pranks.

[GRANT *returns with a woman wearing a long cloak. Her face is heavily veiled. As* GRANT *leaves she removes her veil, revealing the well-known features of* MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS. *She draws herself up proudly and faces* THE GENERAL.

MARY: You sent for me and I am here.

WASHINGTON *(sternly):* You were captured last night swimming across the Delaware River. You were wearing the uniform of a British admiral, and when searched you were found to have plans of our fortifications and a detailed description of our artillery on your person. What have you to say?

MARY *(bitterly):* Well, why prolong this farce? I am guilty. Take me out and shoot me.

WASHINGTON *(proudly):* The Continental Army *(reverently removes his hat)* does not shoot women.

MARY: Then why am I here?

WASHINGTON *(rising):* Mary, look at me. Don't you know me?

[*She stares at him intently. Suddenly recognition dawns.*

MARY: It's Oliver Cromwell!

WASHINGTON: Aye, Oliver Cromwell; your childhood sweetheart.

MARY: But here? Washington? I don't understand.

WASHINGTON: Twenty years ago, when you spurned me and broke my heart, I fled from England to seek solace in this new world. The Melting Pot, as I always call it.

MARY: Yes, Oliver, go on.

WASHINGTON: Here I found the peace and refuge that I sought. I changed my name to George Washington and settled down as a gentleman farmer along the banks of the Potomac. Look, Mary. *(He draws a locket from his heart.)* I have always worn this next to my heart.

MARY: My picture!

WASHINGTON: Now you know why I can't have you punished as a spy.

[*The telephone on the table rings.* WASHINGTON *picks up the receiver.*

WASHINGTON: Yes? . . . Tell General Putnam I'll be over at once.

[*Pushes a button on the table, and* GRANT *appears in the doorway.*

WASHINGTON: Lieutenant Grant, keep your eye on this prisoner until I return. I'll be back in five minutes. [*Exit* WASHINGTON.

GRANT *(rushing towards* MARY): Mother!

MARY *(clasping him in her arms):* My son! My son!

GRANT: Mother, I must get you out of here at once, before the General returns.

MARY: No, let's sit down and think this thing out. Washington thinks I am a British spy. He must continue to think so. The important thing is that America must be free! The revolution must be saved!

GRANT *(solemnly):* America must be free!

MARY: It was all the work of that accursed Corsican, your father. For years that man has been hounding me

GRANT: Quick! Here comes the General.

[*They spring from their seats as* WASHINGTON *enters with* NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

WASHINGTON: You say, General Lafayette, that if I give you ten thousand men you can surround the British camp?

NAPOLEON *(with a French accent):* It is easy, General Washington.

MARY *(stepping forward):* Don't trust that man! He's a spy!

NAPOLEON: Mon Dieu! My wife.

WASHINGTON: What's this? What does it mean.

MARY: It means that he is not Lafayette, but an impostor; a traitorous Corsican spy in the pay of George the Third. His real name is Napoleon Bonaparte, and, God help me, he is my husband!

(Continued on Page 141)

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THE SPOUTER

By CAPTAIN DINGLE

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

North Through Tropic Seas, Into the Spring Again, the Gayhead Blustered Her Way

NEAR to midnight the old Gayhead plunged stoutly along over a long-rolling sea that was beginning to break. There was enough weight in the breeze to strip the kites from most modern sailing ships; but the ancient whaler, buoyant as a cork, with her holds full of empty casks, carried her topgallant sails saucily, flinging the sprays from her bluff bows, rolling a bow wave to leeward that thundered sonorously. But she was lively. Oh, yes, she was lively.

"Jed, thar ain't been no sleepin' this watch, account o' them two seasick hawgs!" a heavy-eyed whaleman complained to the mate.

The watch had been called, due to relieve the deck at eight bells, but few of the men had needed to be called. Few had slept.

Cap'n Jethro came from the shelter of a weather cloth to windward.

"Hevn't you put them in watches, Jed?"

"Sure. Latta's in Eph's watch, comin' on deck now. I didn't bother the youngster, bein' as it's his fust v'yage, fust watch, an' he ain't what you might call well."

"He's in your watch?"

"Sure. I split 'em. Ain't thet right?"

"It'll do. But thet thar squirt of a stepson o' mine is goin' to git his start in life proper, Jed. See he's mustered wi' the rest at eight bells. He'll stand his watch, and ——"

"How'll we split 'em then?"

"Let him stand two watches. That'll bring it round right," snapped Jethro.

The midnight change of watches was a noisy affair. It violated every usage of the sea, which demands the minimum of noise at night. Most of the noise came from Steve Latta; some from Percival. But Steve was the noisier. He made his way aft in a series of little rushes, grabbing for a rope or a man when the unstable deck tripped his unsteady feet. He confronted old Eph, who stood at the head of the windward ladder leading to the poop.

"What's th' big idea?" he yelled. "Where's Scraggs? I'll talk to him! I'll ——"

"Yew git t' hell an' gone for'ard out o' here, and yew speak respeckful when yew name Cap'n Scraggs!" Eph said. "Who be yew, anyway? Whar d'yew come frum?"

"I'll tell yuh where I come from!" yelled Steve.

He made the ascent of the ladder with a blind rush, cursing. Old Eph moved aside a step or two, thrust out his foot, and tripped him. Steve flopped to the deck on his stomach, with the soggy sound of a falling water bag. When he painfully stumbled to his feet he was crying.

"Wait till daylight!" he whined, doubled up with pain. "I don't let ——"

"Yew git for'ard an' git to work," Eph broke in. "Hey, Seth, put this greenhorn tew scrubbin' Slippy's galley, an' yew see as he does it. For'ard yew go, me lad!"

The second mate took Steve by an ear and ran him down the ladder. And from the other side of the poop Percival confronted Eph as he returned.

"Say, you old mossback," chattered Percival, shivering with the chill of night and from his physical discomfort, "you don't get over me like Steve let you! Where's dad? I'll tell him something."

"Eph," the skipper's voice said out of the darkness of the companionway, "who's thet a-talkin' so loud and free, aft here?"

"Dunno, rightly, cap'n," grinned Eph, "but sounds mighty like Master Percival's voice."

"Don't Master Percival him, Mr. Brower." Cap'n Jethro's tone was gentle and mild. "If it's young Furney put him to work. He came aboard to make a start in life."

"I won't stay in your stinking old blubber scow!" screamed Percival desperately. "You put me ashore, dad, or I'll get you in Dutch with — "

"Eph," remarked Cap'n Jethro wearily, "I promised I'd never lay hands on thet thar snipe. You're officer o' the watch, ain't you? I'm surprised any officer o' mine allows sech goin's on!"

"Yew come along o' me, my lad!" snapped Eph, and led Percival by an ear into the mysterious shadows of the foredeck.

They passed the galley. It was full of whimpering and the swish of a broom. Other less pleasant sounds were there, too; but some allowance could be made for that. Steve was still a bit under the weather.

At the fore fife rail Eph hauled his captive to a stand and selected a thin limber end of rope from among the buntlines. Without saying a word he whirled the rope about his head and brought it down with a whack across Percival's shoulders.

(Continued on Page 38)

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Division of General Motors Corporation

(Continued from Page 36)

"You old monkey!" yelled Percival, and fought to get free.

With Eph's horny grip on his ear it was not easy. Eph began on a thorough and unhurried flogging, saying never a word until the frantic youngster began to whimper. The ship's motion was free and startlingly quick; sea legs were needed to keep a balance. It was only this fact that permitted the ancient mariners to put either of their unwilling shipmates to work so easily. When Percival's whimpering turned to weeping Eph dropped the rope end and led him on to the forecastle head, standing him at the lee cathead and bidding him keep awake and look out for lights.

"An' yew watch him," Eph told the regular lookout. "Ef yew see him shet his eyes a minute yew heave a bucket o' water over him. An' don't let him sass yew, neither. He's nawthin' but th' deck boy."

VII

IN A WEEK the Gayhead was running down possible sperm grounds, and her work had settled down smoothly. Steve's gorgeous attire had lost its pristine splendor; his scowling face bore marks of hard usage. His eyes glittered like an animal's at times, but that was when he was alone or when nobody watched him. Outwardly he had grown submissive under treatment. He had tried, on the second day out of port, to overawe the ship's company into taking him back. When he discovered that somebody had already relieved him of his gun he lost a surprising amount of his courage. Besides, he found out that a good many of those old whalemen had amazingly hard fists and astonishingly stout hearts. Slippy the cook, particularly, had a way with him. Steve resented Slippy's remarks about his work in the galley that first night. He tried to knock Slippy through the coal-locker top. Slippy copied Steve's methods, and went him one better. He walloped the tough over the head with a billet of hardwood, dragged him out on deck, and booted the ferocity out of him.

"Starn All! Back Off!" Bellowed Eph. The Sea Was Thrashed Into Turmoil by the Rolling Flurry of the Stricken Leviathan

Percival watched that affray. It seemed to give him furiously to think. The next time he had occasion to speak to the second mate he addressed him as Mr. Brower.

"'Tarnal fire!" chuckled Eph, removing his sizzling old pipe and blowing a great gout of smoke over his shoulder.

He watched the youngster go forward; then his two teeth clicked together sharply and his face grew grim. Steve had called Master Percival, and the precious pair were soon deep in some secret which brought a crooked grin to Steve's beaten face and an audible chirp of mirth from Percival.

And at the end of a week the situation was this: To the officers Steve and Percival were obedient and respectful; to the men they were civil and submissive. Far too much so. It was noticeable. More noticeable was the surprising interest they took in the ship's sails and gear, in the methods of whaling, in the entire scheme of the Gayhead's progress.

"Hob's boots, Eph!" exclaimed Jethro one evening after the first feathery vapor of a sperm whale's spout had been seen far off that day; "ef 'twarn't Steve Latta I'd begin to believe we wuz goin' to make a couple o' good sailormen."

"Yew ain't that crazy, I know," grunted Eph shortly.

In the forecastle Steve and Percival lay in their bunks in the dogwatches listening with all ears to the old whalemen. A bright new tin kerosene lamp burned on a glowing pink stanchion. Cap'n Jethro had not forbidden personal luxuries, though forced to practice economy in the ship's equipment. Seth had donated the lamp; Noel had bought a drum of kerosene. It was a tremendous advance over the stinking fat and wick of old days. But then, it only matched the clean shell pink of the new paintwork, which was a far more tremendous advance over the smoke-grimed, rust-streaked beams and bulkheads of those same old days. The ancient mariners had not yet grown accustomed to that pink paint. Steve and Percival saw nothing strange in paint of any tint. Steve thought a nice green stenciled dado might have improved the bareness of the pink, but he didn't say so. He put the absence down to the ignorance of those amazingly hard-bitted old fossils so strangely returned to the sea.

They talked whale now. Previously the talk had settled around ships, winds and marvelous passages. Unbelievable catches and marvelously short trips with full holds held them now.

"Betcha stick o' bacca we cut in tomorrer!" shouted Seth above the argument.

A grizzled old shellback doubted that a spout had been seen that day.

"We ain't down fur enough," he grumbled.

"We been sailin' like a packet ship!" Seth roared. "Take th' calkin' outa yer hawse pipes an' sniff, y' old grampus! You kin smell whale!"

"Sure, I kin feel it," rejoined another ancient, busy oiling the lock of a bomb gun. "Ain't no call to smell, Seth. Whale is in th' air."

Steve and Percival lay silent while the chatter waxed high. It sounded like a fight a-brewing. But nothing ever came of loud talk in the Gayhead's forecastle, and when the wheel was relieved and the lookouts set at the change of the dogwatches, and most of the men were finishing their pipes and yarns on deck, the two outcasts of the crew crept out and sat beside the old man with the gun.

"Hey, old-timer," said Steve ingratiatingly, "tell us something about this game, will ya? We ain't wise, see? We ain't bad fellers, old boy, if we get a chance. Put us wise."

Steve glanced around furtively. There was nobody in the forecastle that had frightened him. He leaned closer to the old seaman and said: "I'm Steve Latta; you know Steve Latta, sure. I'm nobody here, maybe, but you betcha I'm somebody back home. You put me wise to things, so's me and my friend here don't git all balled up and bring them old bulls of mates down on us, and maybe when we git home I'll do something for you, see?"

"What-all kin yew do, mister?" grinned the ancient. "Seems to me yew ain't so much."

"I can git money, feller!" stated Steve aggressively.

"Yew got enough to buy yew a share in thisyer v'yage?"

"Not here, but ——"

"D'jever hear th' yarn about th' Dutchman's anchor, mister?"

"What about an anchor?" grunted Steve impatiently. "What's it got to do wit' me?"

"Th' Dutchman left it tew home," grinned the whaleman, squinting down the bore of his bomb gun, which shone like silver. "He left his anchor tew home, mister, an' 'twarn't no more use tew him than yewr money is tew you. Naow let me put yew wise to the fust thing: Aboard thisyer fine ship yew're jist a or'nary greenhorn, same es th' boy there, and es such yew don't count much. Ef yew keep civil, do es yew're told, and don't blat about yewr money es yew ain't got, mebbe me an' the gang'll tell yew things. Naow what d'yew want t' know partickler?"

"All about whalin', and sailin'," retorted Steve. "How do y' catch whales? Do you all go? Who takes care of the ship? I want to know enough so's them old stiffs o' mates don't hammer me! If I had my gun — "

"Yew ain't. Ef yew had yew'd ha' been dropped over th' side long afore this. Yew keep yewr eyes skinned and watch us. Yew'll find out all about whalin' ef yew want to. What d'yew seek to know partickler, Perc'val?"

"I'd like to know enough to get even with that old dog that married my mother!" cried Percival angrily.

He had expected to see Steve rise to heights and improve their mutual lot. Steve seemed to have failed. The old whaleman's eyes glittered at Percival's outburst. Gently he pushed the wide muzzle of his gun against the youth's nose and thrust upwards painfully.

"Fust thing as yew hev to larn," he said, "is tew speak respeckful of yewr skipper. Naow come for another lesson tomorrer, lad."

Percival shot a look of invitation at Steve, snarled out an obscene oath, and plunged headlong at the old whaleman with fists whirling. The old man thrust hard and straight with his gun barrel, and prodded Percival violently in the stomach. Percival sat down with a spasmodic grunt, and glared up in goggle-eyed speechlessness. The old man presented his gun at Steve.

"Wal?" he queried.

"I ain't a hog!" growled Steve.

He crawled into his bunk, leaving Percival to groan alone.

VIII

THE day following proved the truth of Seth's whale sense. The harpoons and lances were fleshed. Though the takes were only half a dozen blackfish, they started the game, and the boats that had been out in chase came back full of leg-slapping old men high in spirit; puffing, sore backed, leg weary, but heated like victors.

"Enough to start th' try works an' give us lamp ile, Eph," nodded Cap'n Jethro.

"Yew goin' tew use them two skulkers in th' boats?" asked Eph anxiously. He wanted neither of them in his boat.

"Sure. Steve'll go in Jed's boat, an' pull wi' the rest. Why should he dodge hard labor? An' you take Perc'val 'long o' you, Eph. I ain't easy about him yet. If he showed a bit o' pluck an' spirit I'd put him on reg'lar shares. You try him out good."

"Huh!" grunted Eph, and set his old pipe to glowing furiously.

Towards evening the last of the blubber was thrown up from the reeking blubber room for the try pots. Down there, under the square of the hatch, Steve and Percival

(Continued on Page 40)

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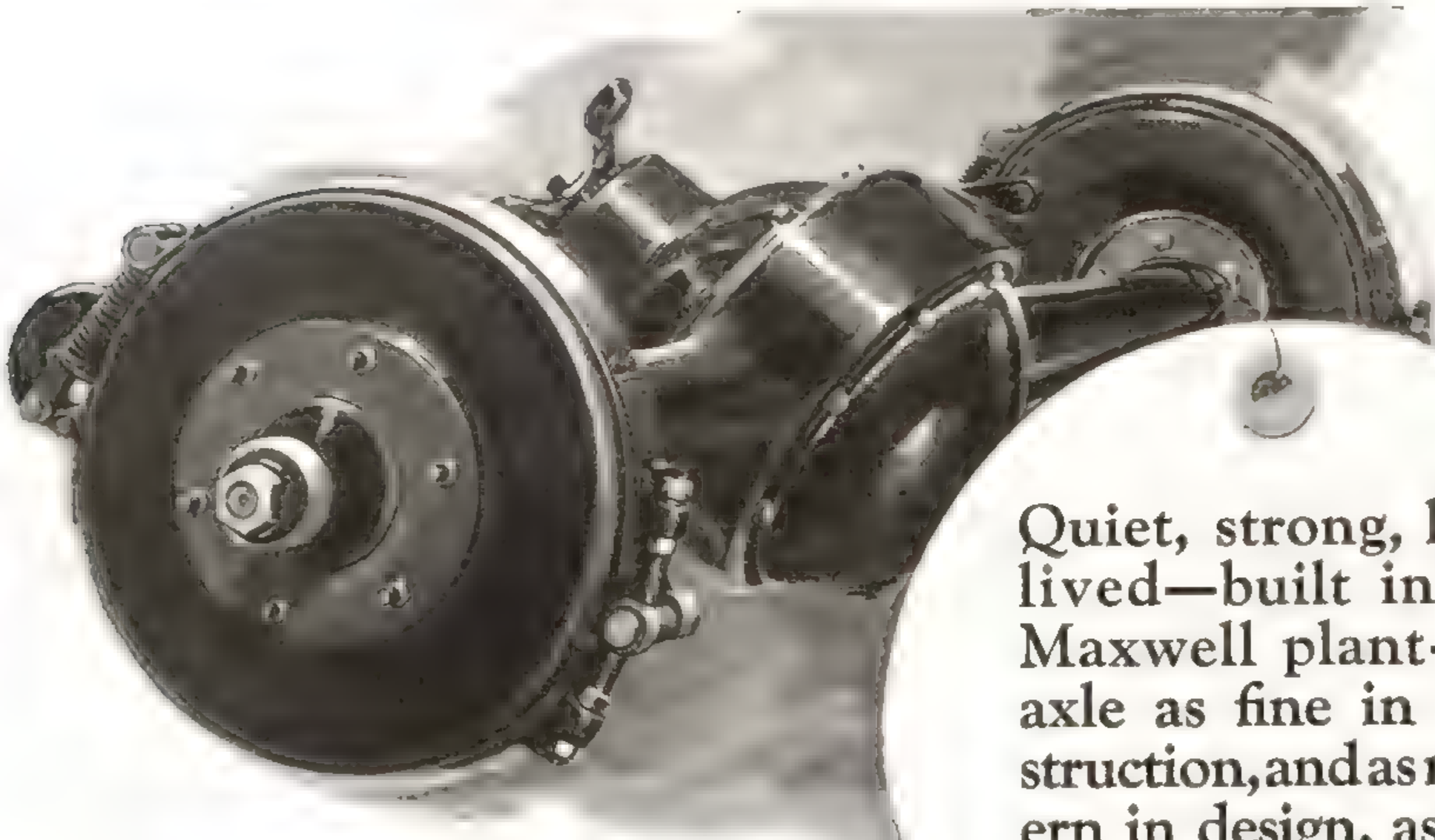

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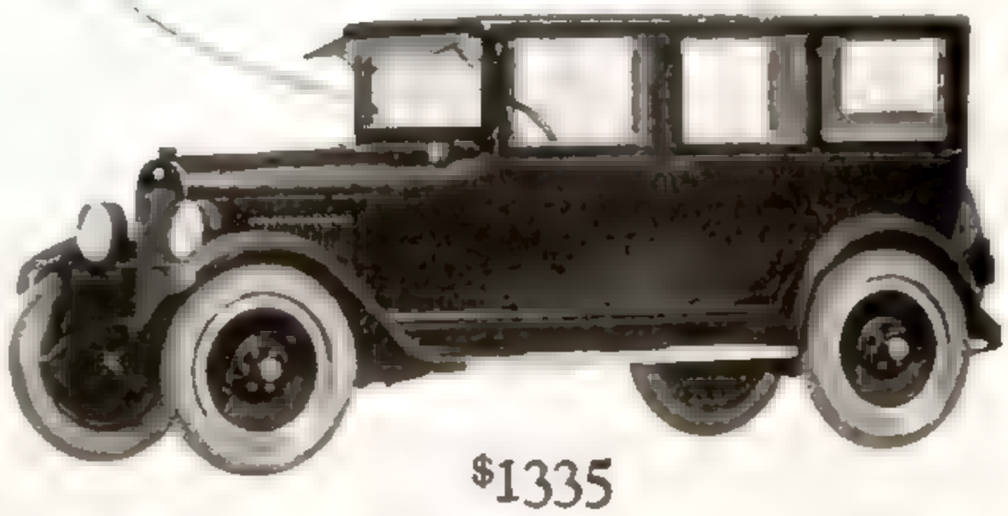

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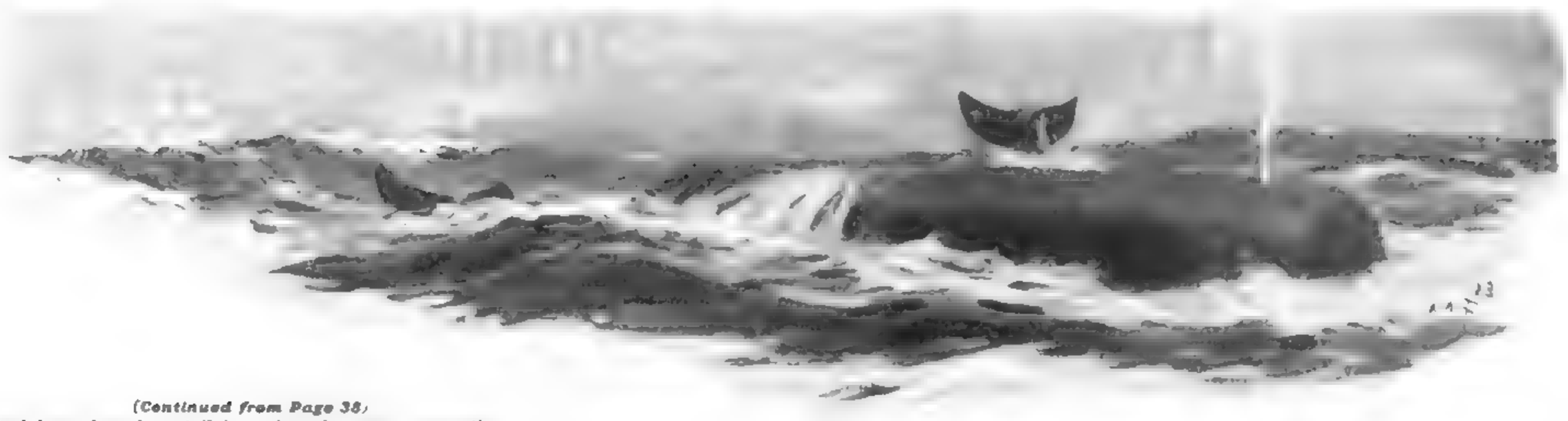

"Ah-h, Blo-o-ow!"

(Continued from Page 38)

had been forced to toil knee-deep in warm nauseating blubber all day long. They were shown how to cut up the blanket pieces into handy lumps, crisscrossing them with sharp knives in order that the oil might be the more easily rendered. And at first the warmth had been welcome. The wind was cold on deck. When the pieces began to come down they were able to keep the floor clear. When three fish were cutting in together the dripping lumps of reeking fat tumbled down upon them so rapidly that they were soon saturated from hair to toes, and the stifling mass was clinging to their legs. Percival yelled abuse at the grinning whalemen who supplied them too fast. The lumps came down to them twice as rapidly, with less care as to direction. Steve Latta bellowed threats as to what he would do when he got them back home. He was buried under an avalanche of greasy nastiness.

They had carried on to the bitter end, almost weeping in their rage. Now they heard the welcome sound: "Come up, yew!"

They crept out of the noisome hold into the fresh cold air. But now the old ship had a new flavor all her own. Her decks were slippery with oil; the cook fed the pieces of frizzled fat that had given up all their free oil to the fire, and the big copper seethed and bubbled, filling the atmosphere with a sickening stench that was attar to the whalemen.

"Here, yew two!" Eph shouted as they stood shivering in the sudden chill. "Git them squeegees and scrape this ile to'ards the try works. Lively now, afore it gits out th' scuppers."

The precious pair fell to work, slipping and sliding on the unsteady deck among rivulets of oil that ran like water. The sun was well down in the west, there was a fine sparkling crest to the seas that promised continued wind; the steel blue sky foretold a cool clear night. Far up aloft at the main topgallant masthead a sharp-eyed lookout hung over the rim of the barrel lashed there for a crow's nest. On the forecastle the men taking in the chains that had held the blackfish kept keen vigil around the sea line. On the poop Cap'n Jethro swept the ocean through binoculars. No man aboard the Gayhead had to be told to keep lookout, unless it was Steve Latta or Percival Furney. They felt they had earned a rest. Tired old whalemen only forgot their weariness and prayed for whale. A whisper of "Blo-o-ow, ah, blo-o-ow!" from aloft or on deck would start tackles rattling and oars cracking again.

"I'm going to duck below and hide," muttered Percival.

He watched old Eph narrowly. Once before he had dropped his squeegee and moved towards the forecastle. He had been dragged back by the slack of his trousers, slithering along the slippery deck like a clown. Now old Eph stood staring out to sea. He wouldn't catch him now. Percival thrust his squeegee among the ropes of the main rigging and stepped out.

"Ah-h, blo-o-ow!"

Like a magnified whisper the sound came down from aloft. In two seconds the old whaler was alive with motion again. Cap'n Jethro stood gazing towards the lookout, waiting for his direction.

"Lower away! Shake a leg lively!"

Jed and Eph each took his boat. Whatever the report was from the lookout those two boats would be needed. Eph caught sight of Percival stealing away again. He leaped from the davits, collared the skulker, and hurled him in among the crew of the boat, who took up the job of finding work for Percival gleefully. Percival found to his surprise that a mere shove or a pull could be made to hurt most damnably. And men were laughing! In that hurly-burly of swinging boats and snaking ropes men laughed.

"Two small pod—dead to loo'ard! Three big bulls an' two!" hailed the lookout at last. "Travelin' 'bout east b' south."

"Git in!" roared Eph, lifting Percival forward. "Make yewrself useful, an' darn small, ef yew don't want t' be fed to Jonah's chariot!"

The boat hit water, the tackles were unhooked.

"Shove off! Git yewr sprits'l up!" Eph ordered, and away the boat sped, racing alongside the mate's boat until the lookout on the ship shouted further directions, when they separated, each after his own quarry.

In the bows Seth Noakes crouched, peering under his hand, his free hand laid lightly on the haft of his first iron propped out over the crotch in the stem. On the thwarts the crew sat motionless, ready at a word to take in sails and mast, ship oars, and do Eph's bidding like a machine.

In the west the great yellow sun almost lipped the horizon. Dwindling into toylike proportions astern, the Gayhead sailed leisurely after the boats, a third whaleboat ready at the cranes if it should be wanted. The ocean was bare and empty, except for the boats and the bark. Eph glanced at Percival. Sprays flew like shot from the speeding craft's bows, drenching all hands. The lad crouched lower, shivering, his face white with fear. A hoary old whaleman near to him said something encouraging, grinning slyly.

"Shut up!" snarled Percival, his teeth showing. "You darned old rats have your fun now. I'll see you all dance to another tune ——"

A cunning touch of Eph's tiller hand flirted the boat's bows against a short steep sea, and Percival's promise was drowned in the making, ending in a gasp and a chattering shudder.

"See anythin', Seth?" Eph called out innocently.

"Stiddy as yew go, a bit," Seth replied.

The boat gathered speed as the breeze freshened. The whalemen wore oilskin jackets; they buttoned them up now. Every eye was scanning the sea ahead. Suddenly Seth grunted and relaxed his tense posture.

"They sounded, Eph!" he said.

The quarry had gone deep. The boat was hove into the wind, her sails flapping. No use to move until the whales appeared again.

"Git yewr sail in an' stand by yewr oars," Eph ordered. The rattling canvas was smothered and stowed, and the oars rested on the gunwales ready for action. "Ketch holt o' thet oar nighest yew, Per-c'val."

"I'll see you all in hell first!" chattered Percival.

No part of the business of whaling could stir his blood. He sat and shivered, growing colder, nursing his grouch.

Eph chuckled. It was no time to correct the youngster. But things might happen before the boat reached the bark again. Things had been known to happen, when out whaling. The sun was half down; the mate's boat had vanished from sight. From the low elevation of the boat's thwarts the Gayhead herself was scarcely visible when a sea intervened. When thrown up in greatest visibility her hull was out of sight; only her tall masts from lower yards up were to be seen. There was something appallingly vacant about the sea, yet it seemed not to bother the ancient sea dogs resting on their oars. Percival stared fixedly into the bottom of the boat. He could not look again at that disappearing ship; he dared not even think of the vanishing sun. If anybody had spoken to him then he must have cried.

"Blo-o-ow!" whispered Seth suddenly. His right arm, flung to the starboard hand, directed Eph in steering.

"Give way, lively!" he whispered, and the oars flashed almost noiselessly.

The old whalemen had seen the feathery jet of vapor as soon as Seth; they needed no orders. The boat sped over the darkening seas, and Eph stood up, every muscle tensed.

Presently he swung the boat's head aside and sent the order forward: "Stand up, Seth!"

Seth was already on his feet, braced against the timbers, harpoon lifted.

"Stiddy all!"

The oars ceased their swing. Then, just as a vast something loomed up out of the dusk, "Sock it into him, Seth!" roared Eph, and the vast something awoke to seventy tons of startled cachalot under the sting of the harpoon.

He started off downward so swiftly that Seth could scarcely surge the line out fast enough. The boat's bows crashed into the seas under the terrific pull.

"Got to give him t'other line," grunted Seth.

A whaleman behind him bent on a fresh tub of line, and the whale still sank, going forward at the same time. The boat began to rush along with a bow wave high on both sides, gleaming white against the dark of oncoming night. The stern rose as the bows were dragged down, and still the cachalot went deeper. Seth reached for the ax.

Then the stern fell back with a smash of crushed seas, and the line was slack.

"Haul! Oh, haul in!" roared Seth, and the whalemen seized the wet line, bending their backs to it, bringing in the three hundred fathoms of dripping rope as if their lives depended on getting it on board.

"Fake 'er down big!" Eph shouted. "Here yew! Ketch holt an' do somethin'!" he roared at Percival, and thrust the line into the unwilling hands.

Elbows thumped Percival, knees gouged him, coils of snaky rope tried to hurl him overboard; he dropped the rope and whimpered. Nobody noticed him. Men trod on him as they trod on bits of loose boat gear. And the rope came in fast.

"Haul, oh, haul!" panted Seth.

Then a sound like seas breaking about a rocky shore came near by, and Eph danced madly.

"Haul up! Git yewr lance, Seth! Haul, consarn yew!"

Hand over hand the boat crept up. It bumped gently against that vast something, and Seth thrust home his long lance with a grunt, deep into the whale's vitals.

"Starn all! Back off!" bellowed Eph.

The boat backed and lay still; while in the darkness the sea was thrashed into turmoil by the rolling flurry of the stricken leviathan.

Soon the chaotic seas reached the boat, and it was tossed like a cork in a cataract. The fight could still thrill the oldest whaleman. It only drove Percival into a smaller corner, crying in sheer terror.

The turmoil ceased for an instant, and only the rolling of the cresting seas was heard. Then the flurry began again, in such ferocity that men gripped holds and held on in suspense. In a moment more the flurry was over. The whale lay still for good.

Eph stood on a thwart and scanned the sea. He knew the skipper would hoist a light. It was not yet to be seen. Somewhere out yonder, too, the mate's boat fared, well or ill.

"H'ist th' ridin' light and make fast, lads," he said. "How many bar'ls d'yew reckon she is, Seth?"

"Dunno, Eph, but ef this is a little 'un I never see a big un," was Seth's sage rejoinder. "Might hev luck an' carry a full ship home in six months, hey?"

"Thet ain't been done often, Seth," said Eph, busy making fast to the catch.

Hours passed, the boat rode to the floating whale as if to a sea anchor, but the ship remained beyond the horizon. The night grew chill, the sprays flew, old whalemen snugged down in the bottom of the boat smoking, yarning, dozing, making little of the hardship of such a night after their years of inaction. Eph took pity on the sniveling Percival, offering him a slicker jacket. The youngster repelled him with a whimpering curse.

"Then freeze, dum yew!" snapped Eph, and used the jacket himself.

Towards morning a seaman aroused Eph.

"Eph, thar's whale close by!" he whispered.

Almost in the same instant another wakeful ear caught the soft sigh of a breathing whale.

"Blo-o-ow!" the whisper came. "Clus aboard t' port!"

"Tie thet lantern tew th' dead whale," ordered Eph excitedly. "Git ready, Seth! Out oars!"

The boat backed away and waited. Seth felt for his second harpoon. Before his astonished eyes, right at hand, he sensed the bulk of a whale, and he acted on impulse. Never uttering a sound, instead of hurling a harpoon, so close was the whale he seized the lance and thrust

(Continued on Page 188)

One good cook sends us an exceptionally fine recipe for cream sauce

Melt 2 teaspoons butter, add 2 tablespoons flour, ¼ cup Libby's Milk and ¾ cup water, cook until thickened. Season with salt and white pepper. Serve on fresh peas, asparagus or other vegetables, or on meats

Why they call it—"*The milk that good cooks use*"

"HOW can I make these things I cook richer, more tasty, and yet keep down the cost?"

Because, like other home cooks, you have asked yourself that question time after time, we know you'll be interested in the milk that thousands of women have singled out as the very best for cooking use—the kind that in many localities is generally spoken of among housewives and grocers as "The milk that good cooks use."

7½ teaspoons of butter fat in every can

It's a canned milk, yes. But it's Libby's—and there are 7½ teaspoons of pure butter fat in every 16 oz. can of it!

Butter fat, as you know, is what makes cream and butter such great enrichers.

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"That *would* make things richer and finer-flavored," you say. "But how can a milk be so rich in butter fat?"

LET us send you free—several folders containing a number of the best recipes sent us by good cooks all over the country who are co-operating with our Domestic Science Department in its efforts to give you practical recipes that show the economy of using this richer, finer milk in your daily cooking. Just ask us to send them today. Libby, McNeill & Libby, 504 Welfare Bldg., Chicago.

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Certain sections of this country, as you know, are famous for their dairy products.

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The cows, of course, are given the best of feed, in summer and winter, are milked in model barns—and only those are kept that give large quantities of rich and wholesome milk.

It is in the heart of these fine dairy sections that Libby's condenseries are placed.

Receiving this milk daily, we test it ourselves and then evaporate it, removing more than half the moisture, to make it *doubly* rich. Nothing is added to it; none of its food values taken away. It is sealed and sterilized in air-tight cans—for only thus can it be brought safely to you who live, perhaps, many hundreds of miles away.

Try it tonight and see what a difference it makes

Get a can of this milk today. Try it in place of ordinary milk in some favorite recipe tonight—in a soup or sauce or dessert.

See what wholly new richness it gives, and what fine flavor. You will know at once why Libby's is called "The milk that good cooks use."

Libby, McNeill & Libby
504 Welfare Bldg., Chicago

Libby's MILK
"The milk that good cooks use"

The pattern on the floor is No. 810—it is made only in the 2-yard width.

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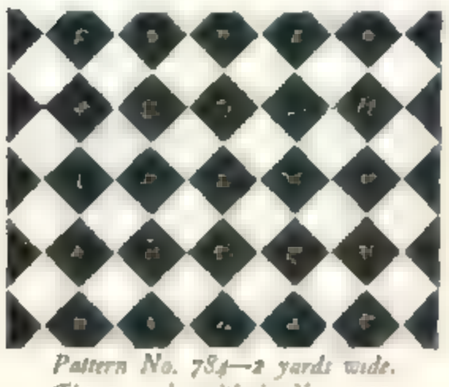

Pattern No. 784—2 yards wide. The 3-yard width is No. 4000.

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On all Gold Seal Congoleum Floor-Covering—pasted every few yards on the face of the pattern—is the famous Gold-Seal money-back guarantee shown at the left. Always look for this pledge of satisfaction when you buy. It identifies genuine Congoleum and protects you against inferior printed floor-coverings.

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All the popular features of *Gold-Seal* Art-Rugs are found also in Gold Seal Congoleum Floor-Covering—delightful colors, artistic patterns, remarkable durability, easy-to-clean surface. Just a few whisks of a damp mop and the beautiful colors of the smooth, waterproof surface are again bright and spotless as new.

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Two-Yard Width —**80c** per square yard
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Owing to freight rates, prices in the South and west of the Mississippi are higher than those quoted. Canadian prices are also higher.

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CONGOLEUM
FLOOR-COVERING

MANISTY'S EYES

By Marguerite Curtis

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM KEMP STARRETT

I SUPPOSE if it really came to a show-down I'm about the only person, next to Dorothy, who knows all about Manisty's eyes. And the queer thing is, that day when she got off Number Five, and Hopkinson Martin followed close behind, I got a sort of feeling—a something I couldn't possibly explain—that made everything stand out, for no particular reason I could see just then.

Hopkinson came to Manisty about once a summer. Had a big car to fetch him and whirl him away to the great house his father had built up on the hill; and that would be the last we'd see of him, likely, though bits of news would filter back, of course, from the help. He was a dour sort of old man, I'd always heard; but that day he just waited on the platform, watching Dorothy in the nicest sort of way, his keen eyes crinkled up and smiling at the corners. I pretended not to notice, but I could see him through the back of my head, all the same, same's I see lots of things folks don't guess at.

Dorothy gave one look around and come over to me with her little feet just dancing. Seems like she couldn't walk, not then, not that first day back after being away a year; and she called out to me in the sweetest voice any girl ever had, "Oh, Hoddy, I surprised everybody, didn't I?"

She'd kissed me from a bit of a tot, but I kind of held my breath to see if she'd do it now, being a young lady, and after a year in Europe: and when she did, a rose-leaf cheek against my old grizzled one, I can't express how I felt because she'd come back to us the same. You can't never tell what Europe and money and being taught the high politeness will do to a girl, and she sure looked like a little princess to me.

Guess she looked pretty good to Hopkinson Martin too. He just stood there, waiting, and taking in her pretty feet in the pretty shoes, and the little hat stuck at just the right angle on her golden head, and the suit with the simple style that made her look so kinda distinguished—and he didn't make a move towards his limousine. I couldn't help wondering if he'd noticed her eyes, those clear eyes that always sparkled with joy, by far the most beautiful thing about her, to me, and that reminded me of something; so that, looking up and out to the end of the village to the drug-store windows, I said the stupidest thing for a greeting, not a bit what I had in my heart to say.

"D'ye remember, Dorrie, when you used to call the colored bowls in your dad's store Manisty's eyes?"

She dimpled at me in the old way, and looked up the street. We could see the colored globes from where we stood, shining and real pretty in the sun. The lake was blue that day, but her eyes were deeper azure, and she gave a funny chuckle and nodded her head.

"You dear, to remember!" she said. "Oh, Hoddy, Manisty is the most beautiful place in all the world!"

There were tears in her eyes.

That was something, wasn't it, after London and Paris and Madrid? I patted her on the back; fact is, I was sort of showing off before Hopkinson.

"'Tain't bad," I said, "though this ain't a real sample. If you'd 'a' come in on the mail train 'most everybody in Manisty 'ud have been here to meet you, I guess. Your father has gone to New York City; he thought he'd meet up with you at the boat; and Tommy Welles is tying roses all over his car, and ——"

The only thing she seemed to notice was that about her dad.

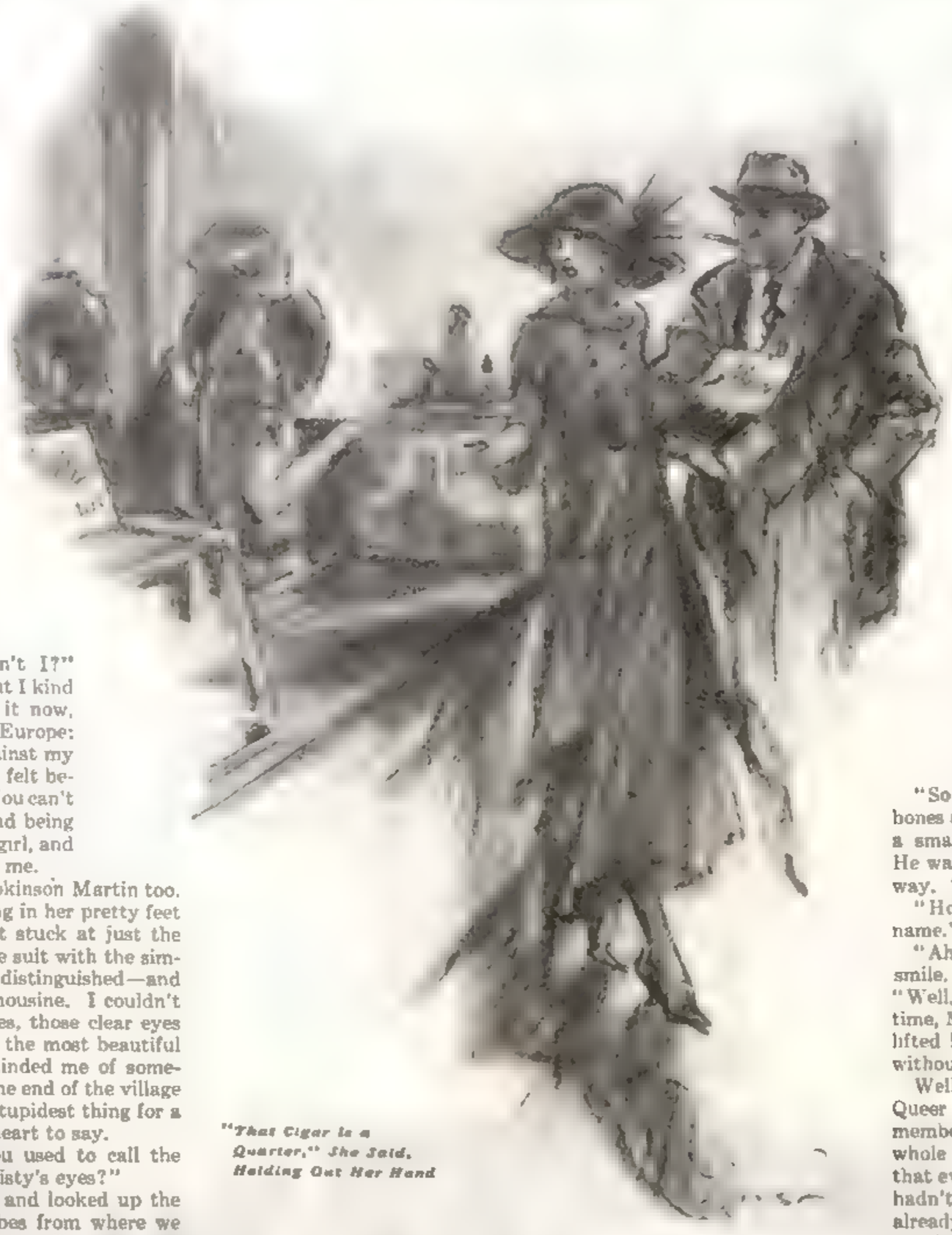
"Oh," she said, "if I'd only let him know! It never occurred to me that he could leave the store, and when we docked earlier than we expected I simply climbed into the first train for home. You see, Hoddy, I've been dreaming of Manisty for a week."

Her eyes roved over the village as if she could never see enough of it. Then she began to laugh, catching sight of Yoka Larssen's hotel, all fresh painted bright blue and orange.

"Why didn't somebody stop him?" she said, struggling to get back to a sober mood again. "Why on earth did you all let him make the whole village look crazy?"

I got what she was driving at.

"Well," I said, "I'd like to see anyone want to stop Yoka Larssen if he's set on a thing. He's a sort of low-down power here, worse luck, Dorrie; he owns that place now, since you been away. If he took a notion to paint it bright red no one wouldn't throw a fit about it, I guess. Got to be thankful it ain't no worse," says I.



"That Cigar Is a Quarter," She Said, Holding Out Her Hand

She certainly was surprised.

"That dirty old Swede!" she cried. "Things have changed in Manisty, after all, then."

"Some!" I agreed.

I saw a queer sardonic gleam in the eyes of Hopkinson Martin. I remembered then that he'd owned the Larssen place before Yoka bought it. He passed on to his automobile, and the last I saw of him then he was sitting in it like an image. I took Dorrie by the arm, out through the station, and opened the door of my flivver. It was dusty and didn't look right for a lady; but it was the best I got, and she couldn't walk up street in the burning sun.

"Hop in," I says, "and I'll take you up home; I got time before Number Seventeen comes down from the north."

I thought pretty serious running back to the depot, too. Changes—say, that wasn't the word! And Dorothy, being away in Europe, wouldn't know a word of it all. Prohibition was a word, not a reality, to her, and that one little thing had changed the lives in Manisty more than—well, I couldn't think of an example right off. I got troubled, somehow, wondering how Dorrie'd feel about it all.

When I got to the office that crusty old image was sitting right where I left him. I refer to Hopkinson Martin. He motioned with his hand and I went to the door of his car. He looked at me like I wasn't a human being, and I sort of got the idea that he was a bad egg when he might just as well have been a good one. I've often noticed that about folks. Some of 'em choose to act dev'lish out of cussedness; they ain't just been born that way.

"Mister Station Master," says he, "who is that young lady?" And his voice was haughty and imperious, and I'd a mind not to answer for a minute. Then I told him.

"She's the daughter of our druggist," I says; "Michael Frances. Her father sent her away to school, and now she's been to Europe and got polished off; but I don't find her a mite changed from when she was a little girl. We love her," I told him, "and we watches out for our own in Manisty." I give it to him straight, man to man.

"We do," he said; "you are right. I was born here, you know," and he'd 'a' smiled if he'd knowed how. "Charming girl," he said; "wonderful personality for a youngster. I was just wondering ——" And he stopped short.

I looked at him. I seen his eyes go to the houses over by the lake where the summer people live. I knew what he was thinking, or thought I did. And as if I was just going on talking like a real country hick, I give him the news he wanted.

"Your grandson, Tommy Welles," I said, "has got the same tastes as you have, Mr. Martin. He and Dorothy's always together when she's home; no love-making as I ever heard on, but they just run together natural. He's a nice young chap."

"So I've heard," says he, not making no bones about not knowing him nor nothing, as a smaller-calibered man would have done. He was a bad one, but he was honest in his way. "Thank you for telling me, Mr. ——"

"Hoddins," says I; "Henry Hoddins is my name."

"Ah, yes," he said, and now he really did smile. "Hoddy—I see!" He 'most laughed. "Well, if I can be of any service to you any time, Mr. Hoddins, command me." And he lifted his hand to his hat brim and drove off without another word.

Well, things went on rapid after that. Queer enough, but looking back I can remember, as everyone who took part in the whole thing was there on Manisty platform that evening when the mail train came in. I hadn't said a word about her having come already, but Dorothy'd got herself trigged out in a little yellow dress, and she come flying down to the depot in the blue-and-silver roadster her father had bought for a surprise for her. Tricky little car, if I do say so, and she looked good enough to eat as she stepped out of it, laughing with Tommy Welles, and just dancing back and forth between one and another.

"Hello, Dorothy!" I heard a gushing sort of voice say, and I looked out of my window to see Freda Fulmer. She wasn't no older than Dorothy, but she looked like a woman of the world beside her. Handsome, you know, and dressed fit to kill. Diamonds on her hands and long earrings in her ears, and clothes that rustled with silk and jingled with beads every place. "Hello, Dorothy," she gushed again, and I heard her laugh. "I don't believe you knew me, did you?"

"Why, no, Freda; not for a minute," Dorothy said, and though her voice was quite friendly, you couldn't have called it warm exactly. I saw a glint in Freda's eyes, but I didn't think nothing of that. Fact is, Freda wasn't in Manisty much except in the evenings, as a rule. She worked down in New York, secretary to someone in the downtown district. Oh, she was a clever girl, all right, but full-blown summer beside Dorothy's breath of spring. As for the jewelry, they'd told some stories about her doing bootlegging on the side. I'd never paid much attention: Freda was always all right to me.

Then, just as the train ran in I saw Doctor Amos drive up in his old green flivver, and I waved my hand at him as I hurried off with the mail bag.

"Dorothy's back, Doc!" I cried.

He didn't wait to hear any more, but took in the extra crowd and the excited air of everyone and made off again

like a streak. I hoped Dorrie hadn't seen him, to wonder about it—and she hadn't, it turned out.

She was on the bottom step of the train, her arms round her father's neck the minute before it stopped. He lifted her with his big hands and set her down gently on the platform, and then he held her off and looked at her; and somehow I fancied that he had had the same sort of fear I had—that she'd have grown into too much of a young lady. But that first sight of her, and the touch of her arms about his neck, killed all that. He puffed out his chest, and I envied him.

"Michael," I said in my heart, "what you ever done to deserve to have a girl like that love you so and call you father?"

Well, maybe the fates was watching even then.

I'd go up to the drug store in the evenings now and again and see if I couldn't get a sight of Dorothy. When Michael brought his bride to the village he'd built a big house for himself, ground floor for store and office and the floors above for his home, with a big balcony jutting out over the street. Now and again I'd get a look at Dorothy up there, or hear her laugh. And once she came through the store with Tommy Welles and a crowd of young things from the lake. She didn't see me, though Tommy did, and I thought the glint in his young eyes that saw so much was like the expression in the eyes of his grandfather, Hopkinson Martin. He hadn't any illusions about why so many of the men from the lake colony came to be hanging about that country drug store; I could see that. He didn't share Dorothy's amazement that her father was making so much money now. He knew how it all came about.

But he came through the store and spoke to Michael in a friendly, respectful way, and the girls trailed after Dorothy up the stairs to the balcony; and presently their laughter and the sound of the phonograph came down to us as we sat out on the street to get the breeze. Later on Tommy and a friend of his came down carrying trays, and gave an order to the clerk at the soda fountain. Michael, in his handsome, lazy way, lounged up to the young fellows and said something in a joking way about men wanting something stronger than that flubdoodle sweet stuff; but Tommy shook his head quickly.

"No, sir, thank you; I don't take anything."

Michael laughed and went back to his crowd. He had only meant to be pleasant to Dorothy's friends, I knew that; but Tommy Welles had put on a stern manner that was funny in such a youngster, I thought. I sort of resented it for Dorothy's sake, though she wouldn't know anything of the cause, of course.

Well, they went on back. I saw some of our own girls come to the side door and go upstairs, and I thought to myself that I should see, pretty quick now, the first crowd of these girls come back down the stairs. Because it is a queer thing—our folks don't mix. Seems like there is a sort of feud between the summer colony and the folks born in the village. Of course, the people out at the lake, with their big houses and servants and motor cars, have too many interests to bother much about the social doings in the village. But that's no reason, I can see, for snubbing our girls. Folks is folks, when all's said and done, though it don't seem to go that way. Still, Dorothy was an exception. She'd been born in the village, gone to school with the other kids; but she was just as much at home in the lake colony as in Manisty. Maybe it was because she never thought about the difference; perhaps it would have been that way with the others if they'd been able to act the same. When they were with Dorothy, in her house, they could, it seems. No one made a move to leave. I could hear 'em up above, from where I sat, and one pert little bit of a thing called Jennie began to giggle as she leaned over the railing.

"There's Freda Fulmer!" she said.

Someone said "Sh-h-h!" and Freda and a man passed, a stranger, he was. She wore a white satin dress and a big diamond pin; she had diamonds in her ears tonight, and they flashed in the light. If she'd been going to a ball she'd have looked all right, for she was handsome as they make 'em; one of the big, bold kind of women, though, that look sophisticated from the time they first wear their hair up.

"He Watched You as If He Could Eat You, Just About"

I Guess It Didn't Take Dee Long to Get His Tongue Loose Then

She passed into the store behind me, and I heard the young things up above giggle.

"See her diamonds?" Jennie asked Tommy Welles.

Tommy, in an aloof voice, admitted it. It was plain he didn't like the talk just then. Jennie made eyes at him to show she wasn't going to be stopped.

"She got them bootlegging," she said.

There was a burst of laughter.

I heard Dorothy's voice saying, "Jennie, you ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

"Well, she did," Jennie went on in an aggrieved tone. "It was while you were away, Dorrie. She was indicted in some bootlegging scandal in New York, but got off on a technical charge. My cousin Bert's assistant district attorney, and he told me it was a sure thing. Gee, she's been making money hand over fist! I call it disgusting."

"But girls don't do things like that!" Dorothy's voice came again. "Yoka Larssen, yes"—there was disgust in her tone—"but a girl, or decent people ——"

"Wake up, precious!" said Jennie in that unsquashable sort of manner that the youngsters use now. "Where you been, asleep? Nice people don't do that? Well, why not, I should like to know? Don't you read the papers? Don't you know they are making raids all the time in New York, and arresting people—and selling the liquor they seize on the side as like as not? My cousin Bert says ——"

"It's all true, Dorrie," someone interrupted her. "You don't know because you've been in Europe. Uncle Ben says it's a shame; he says it is going to be stopped; he says the real people of the country won't stand for it long. It's the toughs, top and bottom layers, he says. He ——"

"Your Uncle Ben's a minister, Christine." Jennie gave a shrill little laugh.

"Well, when it's the law of the country, why not keep it?" I heard Dorothy's voice again. I thought there was something wistful in the tone. It cut my heart, knowing what I knew.

Someone laughed, a perfect babel of voices succeeded her. I couldn't distinguish much except one phrase: "Well, at that, I don't think it's so awful; I guess most of us would if we had a chance. Just see the money you can make! Why, Dorothy, your new car ——"

Tommy Welles jumped in on the words. Dorothy had no chance to catch their import. His voice was so sarcastic that it seemed to carry a kind of deadly emphasis, so like his grandfather's it made me jump.

"Jennie, no more! Let's dance!"

He'd started the phonograph going again; I could hear their young feet. Yet somehow I started back for my lodgings with an ache at my heart. Tommy was afraid for Dorothy! I knew all about it; I was afraid for her too.

It is surprising what you can see from the office of a depot. I'd been at the station now for thirty-five

(Continued on Page 56)

Peerless

For years, motor car owners have tolerated, as a necessary evil, the frequent removal of carbon from the cylinders.

Now, the New Peerless demonstrates that it is possible to build an engine which so reduces carbon accumulation that its removal becomes a yearly incident instead of an attention required every month or two.

It is of far more than passing interest that the Peerless owner drives his car for thousands of miles without giving carbon a thought.

For it denotes an engineering and manufacturing advancement that takes on the character of unprecedented achievement.

It implies a degree of efficiency in eight-cylinder engines that probably represents the very peak of present-day development.

It is not amiss that such progress should be recorded in the Peerless plant.

For many years, this plant has been dedicated to the production of high-grade eight-cylinder motor cars. All of its engineering and manufacturing thought has been concentrated on the work of bringing the eight-cylinder engine closer and closer to perfection.

The two notable results in the New Peerless are an amazing ability in power both for speed and hill-work —an outstanding superiority of performance among fine cars; and the elimination of carbon as a detriment to that performance and as a recurrent annoyance.

Peerless Body Styles—*Four Passenger Touring Phaeton, $2990; Seven Passenger Touring Phaeton, $2990; Two Passenger Roadster Coupe, $3400; Four Passenger Town Coupe, $3600; Four Passenger Suburban Coupe, $3550; Five Passenger Town Sedan, $3900; Seven Passenger Suburban Sedan, $4000; Five Passenger Berline Limousine, $4390; Four Passenger Opera Brougham, $4900*

Grover Cleveland's First Administration as President — By George F. Parker

Grover Cleveland as President, 1885-1889

WHEN Grover Cleveland left the governorship, on January 6, 1885, he went into a furnished house at 48 Willett Street, Albany. He took with him his sister, Mrs. Hoyt, and William Sinclair, his steward. The new house was comfortable, commodious, easily accessible from the hotels and stations, and well adapted for the work in hand, that of organizing the Government so far as this could be done at a distance of nearly four hundred miles from the national capital. Here he took up his task seriously. Naturally he had now so to enlarge his interest as to extend the acquaintance he had formed during the preceding years in a state until it should comprehend a nation.

Naturally the first question that he had to think of was the formation of his cabinet. In order to do this he kept in close touch with Mr. Manning and his associates in and out of town. He put himself into communication through friends with Mr. Tilden, and in a general way extended his knowledge so rapidly that he soon began to comprehend the whole country and the duties incumbent upon him.

Few historical episodes in our later life are more worthy of study and understanding than this cabinet-making process of a strange new President-elect. Little attention has been given to it either in his biographies or in studies of the times. It was the most difficult act of his career, upon which depended his ability to go on and to command success in his attempt so to organize the Government that it would carry on with success in the face of changes decreed and inevitable.

Preparation for a Great Task

WITHOUT experience in Federal politics, without acquaintance with or even accurate knowledge of the men fitted to assist him, in the hands of scheming politicians of every rank who were more desirous of taking what he had than of giving a service in return, and subject to relentless criticism, perhaps no other man has been called upon to pass through an ordeal so severe. Filled as his hands were with the duties of the day, pulled and hauled on the one hand by a hungry crowd of self-seekers, under suspicion even of those who although they had supported him really understood nothing of his methods and little of the ideas that impelled him, without instructed personal friends to advise, he had been thrown into serious responsibilities and subjected to much pressure, all coming with little of real understanding. All predecessors who had been pushed suddenly into power by political revolutions had as nearly as is possible in such cases a fairly thorough acquaintance with the leaders in both nation and state, and the problems that were behind them. Here was a man thrown into the water without having had a chance even to learn how to swim, much less to have any experience in the art of swimming. It made much less difference about policies or offices than it did for him to assure the country that he knew or could learn how to carry on the great business intrusted to him. The building up of confidence was his first duty, and he had little time to do it.

Nothing in our history has better demonstrated the wisdom of the founders in providing that a reasonable time should elapse between the election and the inauguration than the examples afforded by Abraham Lincoln and Grover Cleveland. In this way a new President gets time to look about him, to cast his eye over the nation, to learn what leaders are available for his use, and the country adjusts itself to changing conditions. It cannot be forgotten that a new President appeals to only half the population and that his choice of counselors is thus limited. Everybody outside his party is cut off even from giving advice. It is no cause for wonder, then, that men like Jefferson, Jackson, Lincoln and Cleveland should have been faced by serious problems. Each of them came into office discredited to a certain extent, some of them favored by only a minority of the population.

We know from Mr. Cleveland's nature, his course, and from what he said to his friends then and even after, that the gravity of the task that lay before him when he left the governor's house and made his way into Willett Street caused him a series of anxious moments that demanded all his courage and intelligence as well as what vision he could muster.

To the end of his life Mr. Cleveland insisted that the Presidency was something that to him was as far beyond anything within practical limits as the common achievement of a child crying for the moon. He never tired repeating this conclusion, so that what I now record was not the result of one or two conversations but of perhaps half a dozen, with additions in which he recalled the feelings and experiences of that epoch in his life. Notes and memory unite in recalling the following:

"Even after I had been elected and had served for more than a year as governor I never expected the nomination for President. This was due to the fact that I could not see, by any possibility, how it could come, even if I should want it. It appeared to me inevitable that President Arthur would be renominated by the Republicans. I did not profess to know much about practical politics, but looking at them from the point of view of expediency and the natural desire of a party to continue in power, there seemed in wisdom to be no other course. By what seemed an accident of the time, his coming into office had so changed the conditions as to give that party something like a renewal of opportunity, if not of confidence. Looking back it seems to me that his accession, with the comparative saneness of view that he was able to enforce, gave even the country a new start. All at once, somehow, old and dead issues seemed to be lopped off. There was a chance to drop the sectional question, which had so long divided the country, and, indeed, so far as the personality and the aims of the President were concerned, they were disappearing and a new vision was seemingly in sight. It is true that there were the usual factions, something that seems to be inseparable from free government; or, for that matter, from any other. Looked at from the purely opposition-party view, the throwing away of all these chances by the nomination of another candidate than Arthur seemed impossible. When it came it seemed that the triumph of reaction was a most fortunate thing for the Democrats.

"I was never in my own mind or in any sense a candidate for the nomination. My whole life before and since and the attitude I assumed have, I think, shown that. It seemed incredible that I should even be considered as a possibility. I never, therefore, had to play a part, though I could not in decency be continually rushing before the public with denials; so there was nothing to do but wait, go on with the task before me, keep my eyes open and see what came. I knew absolutely nothing about the game of intrigue which seemed to be expected in a candidate, and would have cut a sorry figure if, at my time of life and with its lack of experience, I had tried to play it; but upon one thing I had firmly resolved, which was that, if Arthur was nominated, nothing could induce me to take a nomination.

"It was not that I disdained such a high honor, but I had seen how futile it was to be misled by false lights and thus go to preordained defeat. I cared nothing for merely hollow honors, and as a place in public life at all held out no lures for me, I had resolved that I would not permit my friends to make the effort that I knew would be necessary and they stood ready for."

Daniel Manning, Secretary of the Treasury

The Voice of the Independents

"I CAN only repeat to you again that I could never see how my nomination was possible. Even when the convention met in Chicago I had to bear in mind that I had not seen a half dozen of its delegates from states outside my own, and that even in New York I did not know half of them by sight. It seemed to me, therefore, to be beyond probability or belief that I should be seriously thought of when the crisis should actually come in the convention.

"But, however, when all these improbabilities became real I never doubted for a moment the result of the election. It was not any confidence in fate, or even in party strength, or in sentimental popular demand for my election. It was, as nearly as I can describe it, instinctive that the conditions being what they were, the antipathies inside the majority party being taken into account, with the almost anarchic political tendencies, the country would not return to the dead reactionary issues which the defeat of Arthur had revived. In that I realized how deep-seated was the demand among the independents of the country for an entire change of party authority if not of policy. I, therefore, went through the campaign, bitter and unrelenting as it was, with a degree of personal composure far greater than any I had ever

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Mrs. Cleveland at the Time of Her Marriage

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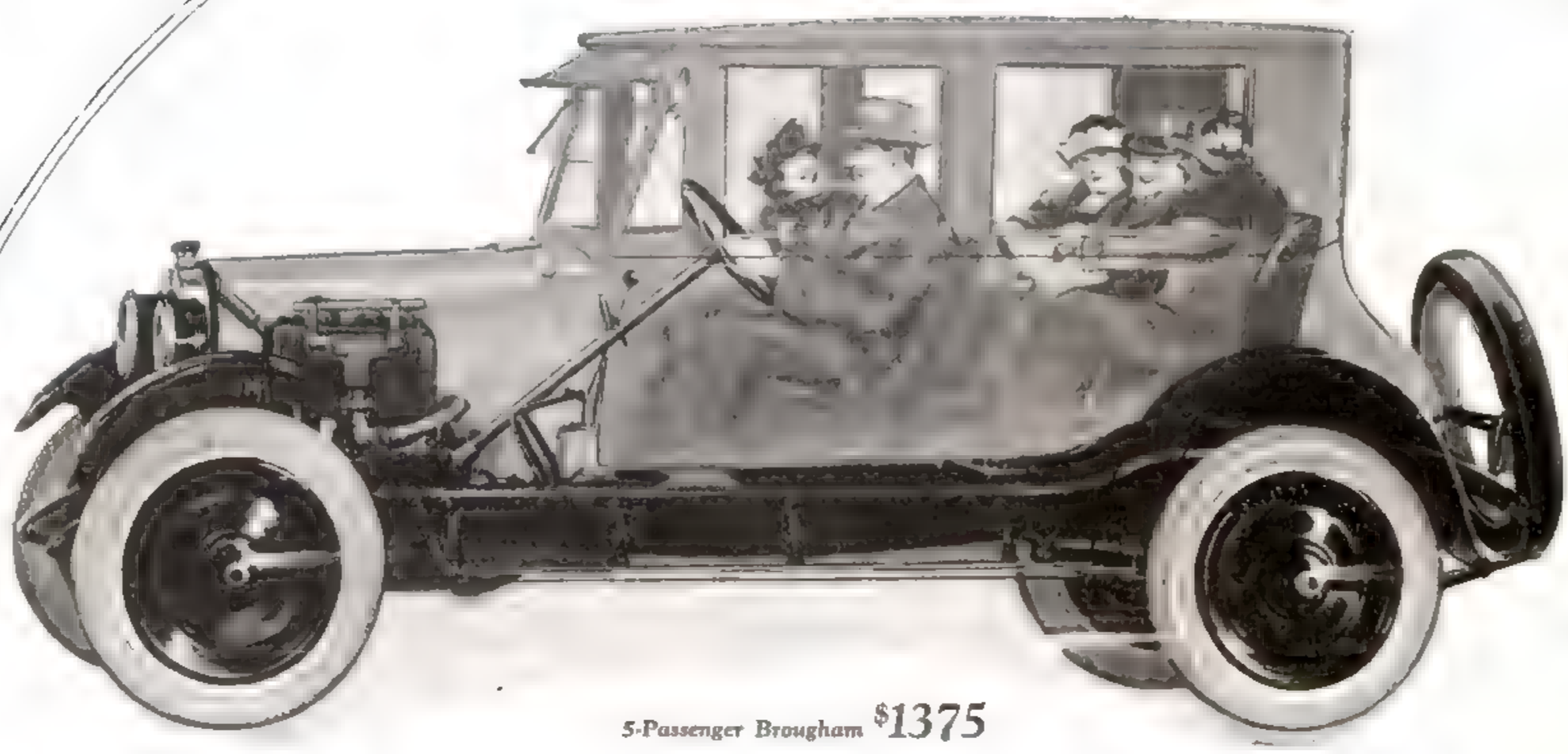

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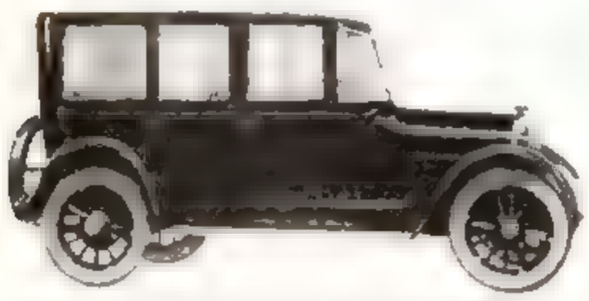
The Four Coupe—4 passengers—$1475



The Four Sedan—5 passengers—$1595

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(Continued from Page 46)

experienced in the smaller contests that had entered into my earlier career."

With this underlying feeling Mr. Cleveland during the remaining weeks of his term could think only tentatively of the future. He gave it the attention consonant with existing duties, but was hampered. He could not neglect any work, so he naturally made small headway in choosing a presidential cabinet while still governor of New York.

He evinced a strong interest in Thomas F. Bayard, long senator from Delaware. He had believed from the beginning that the party should look that way for a candidate and not to himself or to New York. Thus almost his first move was to send for Mr. Bayard. They had never seen each other. The early conferences were devoted to getting acquainted, to a determination of what urgent questions would present themselves, and to reaching conclusions about those who ought to be the first consulted and then called upon to carry out these policies.

No man knew the country better than Mr. Bayard. His high character, his standing in his party, his long experience both in the Senate and as an avowed presidential candidate in two conventions combined to fit him for this task; to these qualities was added his perfect frankness, his unquestioned honesty with others and himself; and thus the whole situation was carefully canvassed with no attempt to reach final all-round conclusions.

Senator Bayard's Appointment

Mr. Bayard returned again and again to Albany—generally without the knowledge of the public—if I remember correctly, about five times. After the consultations had been concluded with a canvass of the whole situation Mr. Cleveland tendered him the Secretaryship of State. This Mr. Bayard declined, not only once, twice, but thrice, and it was only after many more close interviews, during which time the men were mastering themselves, that, yielding to pressure, this tender, involving resignation from the Senate, was accepted. Mr. Cleveland always congratulated himself upon the success of this beginning in cabinet making. He had not to ask the advice of local friends, because he himself had made up his mind, and nothing except absolute refusal would have changed his determination.

Mr. Bayard was essentially fitted for the particular office to which he had been chosen. He had not only acquired a comprehensive knowledge of foreign affairs but he knew his own country and his party perhaps better than almost any other available living man. From then on the task of organization was shared, and also from that day to the end of their lives there was never so much as a word—probably not even a thought—between these men that was not both friendly and intimate. With the possible exception of Andrew Jackson and Martin Van Buren, they came to admire each other even perhaps more warmly than any other two statesmen bearing this relation during all our history, and they worked together not only personally but in the matter of policies, on the question of important and vital appointments, in all that was necessary to conduct the Government on the best and highest lines.

Mr. Cleveland always insisted that it was hard to determine which was the more difficult to deal with—the North or the South. In the one there had been very little opportunity for Democrats to show what they could do. They succeeded in some states with fair regularity; but in the remainder, when they had any chance at all, it was a fitful one. Now and again they had carried Pennsylvania for governor or senator, but it was always a chance rather than strength; once in a while they elected a stray governor or senator in Ohio; Indiana was always close, sometimes favorable but often unfavorable, and even in the former case the men chosen as senators or governors, with the exception of Joseph E. McDonald, did not always fit with the party in the rest of the country. It was on the border approaching the prairies that political and financial heresies often ran riot.

As a result of this position Mr. Cleveland concluded to settle first his treatment of the South. Here other conditions made it difficult for Democrats to reach a measure of power and responsibility that would give them the training and confidence necessary for high political work. They had governors and senators in plenty, but they could hardly become known throughout the country at large. The problems in the South were local rather than national. Often they were so distinctly racial that they still inured to the states or the section that had made a confederacy of its own. Mr. Bayard himself had come from a border state and thus represented neither the North nor the South. When, therefore, it came to the choice of Southern men for the cabinet it was found to be almost a necessity to encroach upon the Senate.

Among those who wanted to be Attorney-General was Augustus H. Garland, of Arkansas. He had been governor of his state, and had thus fixed precedents for other states; had presented and settled, upon his own argument before the Supreme Court, the question of his readmission to practice, and had served in the Senate, where his record was an outstanding one; and yet with it all nobody knew what he could or would do in an executive office. He was recommended by Mr. Tilden, whose support, no doubt, turned the scale in his favor. But this encroached still farther upon the Senate and thus weakened party support and power in that body. Nevertheless, the new President took the risk, and the general feeling over the country was one of satisfaction. Mr. Garland was an unusually fine lawyer, well fitted for his work, which was then not so comprehensive as it became later when the power of the Department of Justice was strengthened.

And yet in many respects Mr. Garland's cabinet career was a disappointment. He lacked just that quality the absence of which had been suspected—namely, the executive gift. He knew the law and how to argue his cases, without showing himself wholly successful in the administration of the routine or the politics of the department. There is no doubt that despite all the high qualities of the new Attorney-General the President was somewhat disappointed. During his term a reckless charge was made about his professional relations to a telephone patent. It had nothing to do with his official career and it ought never to have been raised even in the newspapers, but, as the Administration was new and much depended upon every member of it being free from suspicion, the episode did harm. When it was thought that a formal defense should be made Mr. Garland wrote one; when read to the cabinet it was found unsatisfactory to the President, who in his own handwriting drew another, of sixteen or seventeen foolscap pages, after which neither was used. He resumed practice in Washington with fair success and passed on into history with the reputation of a creditable but not an unusually successful cabinet officer.

Mr. Lamar's Career

Looking farther to the South, Mr. Cleveland, with the advice of his mentor, Mr. Bayard, chose as Secretary of the Interior, Lucius Q. C. Lamar, then senator from Mississippi. He had been a teacher of both academics and law in his native Georgia, had taken a conspicuous place in the legislature of Georgia, and had served two terms in Congress before the war. His experience had been enlarged as a member of the Secession Convention and he had served afterwards in both the diplomatic and the military branches of that futile revolt. As soon as the war disabilities were removed and the carpetbag régime ousted he was elected to the House, and had served in the Senate for eight years. He first attracted attention by his eulogy upon Charles Sumner, in 1874. No modern congressional speech has so electrified the country; so thenceforward, whether in the House or the Senate, he was a man of mark. He was distinguished for broad reading, a charming personality, lofty character and perfect courage. He would prepare a speech with great deliberation, completing it almost wholly before writing a word. Nothing pleased him so much as to have a good listener to whom upon a walk or in his room he would tell offhand what he expected to say. During the weeks that he thus worked it was difficult to interest him in anything else. In addition, he was a man of intense affection, and inspired the same affection in others. After many years of association with him both in the cabinet and upon the bench Mr. Cleveland said to Senator Hoke Smith: "I do not claim that Lamar was the ablest man I ever knew, although he had a wonderful intellect, but I loved him more than I did any of the other cabinet associates in either Administration."

The taking of three prominent men from the Senate was a serious affair. Looking back upon it now it is hard to understand how the President made up his mind to do it, and yet, going still deeper into the conditions then existing, it is difficult to determine how he could have done otherwise. In the cases of both Bayard and Lamar, they were succeeded by men of equally high character, the former by George Gray and the latter by Gen. Edward C. Walthall. But even with these fortunate replacements, the Democrats of the Senate suffered distinctly from the withdrawal of these potent members—men who had served long enough to give them position and whose native ability and character had commanded great influence not only in their own states but in the Senate itself and in the country.

Curiously enough, a good many men wanted to be Secretary of War. Among these was no less a character than Gen. George B. McClellan, who was pushed resolutely by the people of his state of New Jersey. The President-elect was friendly; but, in common with Presidents before and since, and except for interim or vacation appointments or in time of war, he could not overcome the feeling that the office should be filled by a civilian. After canvassing the situation carefully he selected William C. Endicott, of Massachusetts, who had been interested though not overactive in Massachusetts politics. When chosen as Secretary of War he had been for ten years or more a judge in the Supreme Court of his state, and had made an enviable record. He therefore took up his work without any special training in an executive office and without ever having held any responsible positions under the Federal Government. He soon showed himself earnest and active, obtained the support and the good will of the Army, to do which is one of the most serious difficulties in this office, and began at once the work of reorganization.

Plans for Coast Defense

After the Civil War this had long been neglected, until more or less of chaos had resulted. Under the new régime a body was appointed, since known as the Endicott Board, which adopted a general plan for the coast defenses of the country, a system which has furnished the basis of most of our work since. This was a natural outgrowth from a letter written by Mr. Tilden to the Speaker of the House in December, 1885, in which he had emphasized the necessity for some specific scheme. A conclusion was reached in this matter by the board in question, and in working out the details by officers of both the Army and the Navy, the Secretary of War proved himself a man of sound judgment, able to carry out a large constructive work. It has never been fully understood or appreciated outside the two branches of the military service, but, demonstrating its intelligence, it has resulted in the formation and adoption of a definite policy in the Army and assisted, coincidently, in the growth of the Navy. In reaching a verdict on the first Cleveland Administration the Secretary of War deserves a high place.

For Postmaster-General a man unknown in the larger politics of the country was chosen: William F. Vilas, who had entered the Army as a captain during the Civil War and had risen when only twenty-four years old to the rank of colonel. He had resumed with success his legal practice in Wisconsin, to which state he had been taken as a boy. Though not a candidate for office, he had been active in politics, having served as a delegate to the National Conventions of 1876 and 1880. During this period he had delivered an address welcoming his old commander, General Grant, upon his return from a trip around the world, from which time he was a well-known figure in the West. He made a record as permanent chairman of the convention of 1884. He not only showed himself an orator but a clear analyst of character. As Postmaster-General he soon showed unusual gifts as an executive officer, so that this department, which had been a sort of first and last resort for political machines, was accorded a development and given an efficiency that surprised the country. When Mr. Lamar resigned to go upon the Supreme Court, Mr. Vilas succeeded him and applied to the Interior

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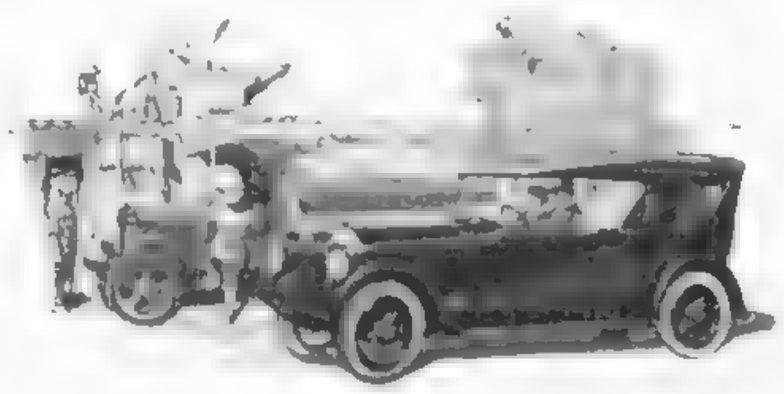
PIERCE



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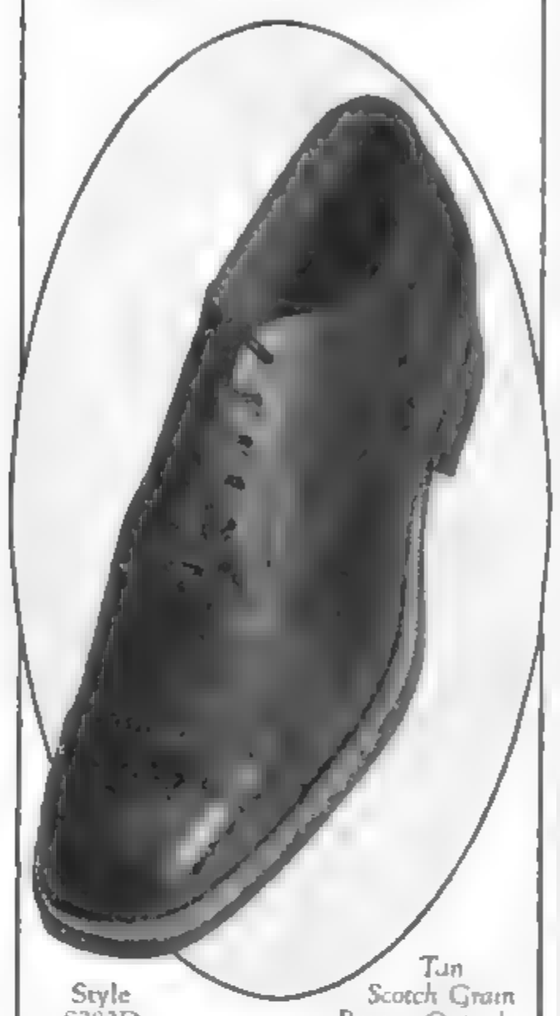

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(Continued from Page 48)

Department the methods that had already distinguished him. The President had no more loyal or effective supporter than William F. Vilas, and when a few years later he came back into public life as a member of the Senate he demonstrated anew the good judgment that had been shown in his original advancement.

The Treasury Department gave the President more trouble than all others. It was vital that no mistakes should be made; but he hardly knew which way to turn. On some public questions he was blessed with that knowledge which in some men seems intuitive, but as he had not given particular attention to Federal finance and taxation, and was orthodox from a party point of view, when he looked about he found that a close knowledge was demanded. Owing to an all-round lack of experience there was no obvious candidate and there was hesitation to push men upon him.

So Eastern representatives of sound finance turned to Daniel Manning. The President knew him best of all and had consulted him upon all the appointments previously discussed, though neither of them had thought of Manning himself. But it was not long before a good deal of pressure was brought to bear. Tilden methods seemed to be making themselves felt. Telegrams and letters came from everywhere suggesting Manning's name. Delegations visited Albany to press his merits. Still, the President had not thought of Manning, who had evidently determined not to think of himself; there was even great doubt among the friends of both whether or not a tender of the place would be considered. As the time approached for decision it became more and more clear that if there really was no obvious man it was necessary to make one. It was borne in upon the President that Manning, as an editor and by reason of political and business associations, had given much study to economic questions.

Finally a concrete movement was organized by Augustus Schoonmaker and Alton B. Parker to push the Manning candidacy. They enlisted the support of Samuel J. Randall, who answered Mr. Cleveland's question, "Would Manning take the place?" by the suggestive reply, "You can only tell that by asking him." George William Curtis, George Jones and other independents joined the movement, thus increasing the pressure. The tender was met by a refusal, but in spite of Manning's attitude the demand became so strong that his friends told him how they had long rallied at his command and it was now their turn to ask something. Cleveland and Manning spent a week-end with Tilden at Greystone, and the struggle was over.

A Tribute to Daniel Manning

Scarcely enough attention has been paid to the importance of this appointment. Mr. Manning entered upon the office, surrounded himself by the best men that he could find in his own state and everywhere else, took a strong line in the matter of policy, and was able so to impress himself upon the country as to meet the urgent needs of the Treasury Department with plans for the reduction of the surplus that had been piled up under old laws. He had not only to gain and hold the support of his own party and of the thoughtful elements related to banking and business, but to obtain the support of Republicans. This was shown by the attitude assumed then and afterwards by Dr. Andrew D. White, a supporter of the Republican candidate; but when he came to deal with the Cleveland Administration he singled out the Secretary of the Treasury in the most conspicuous way for commendation, saying in his autobiography, when referring to press representatives in the state senate when he was a member:

"They have long since been forgotten, with one exception. This was the quiet reporter who sat just in front of the clerk's chair day after day, week after week, during the whole session. A man of very few words, with whom I had but the smallest acquaintance. Greatly surprised was I in after years, when he rose to be editor of the leading Democratic organ of the state and finally, under President Cleveland, a valuable Secretary of the Treasury of the United States—Daniel Manning."

Mr. Manning's health soon broke under the enormous pressure that was placed upon him in a new and difficult position. His equanimity was also greatly disturbed by the pressure for office. This, combined with his official duties, made it almost inevitable that his health should soon give way.

He was a deliberate man, who took plenty of time to think out a thing. Judge Parker, who had been sent for and asked to take the office of First Assistant Postmaster General, relates that Manning said to him: "Well, Parker, coming down with us?" Asked further if he had given the President his refusal, Manning said, "Yes, I told him you would not be fool enough to come; as, indeed, I wish I hadn't." Judge Parker follows this with the story in which the Secretary of the Treasury said, "I never was so good a Christian as since I have been down here. When I go to St. John's Church on a Sunday morning, sit down in my pew, bend my knee and bow my head, I devoutly thank God that no man can speak to me for an hour."

The Secretary of the Treasury had hard work to whip Congress into some sort of shape, and it was this extra straw that finally broke his constitution. When he proposed to resign the President refused to accept his resignation and insisted that he should take a holiday, writing him in the most affectionate way. He did this, only to fail in getting relief, and the retirement became imperative, to the intense regret of the President. From first to last, from the Syracuse convention in 1882 to the final parting in 1887, the men had borne the closest personal and public relations without a word or shade of difference and with a full understanding of each other.

Mr. Whitney's Appointment

I shall have occasion in another place to deal with William C. Whitney as Secretary of the Navy. It was always the gossip among his friends, and especially the friends of Mr. Tilden, that if any appointment to the cabinet was made from the state of New York it should be Whitney. When the Manning appointment was rumored it was still unexpected. The day had hardly dawned, after it seemed settled, before Whitney was in Willett Street to remind the President-elect of this supposed promise which, never direct, had still been implied. It was recognition of this fact and the pressure brought by Whitney and his friends, and his assured fitness, that led the President to choose a second member of the cabinet, then only seven in number, from his own state.

Collectively, it was to the hands of these seven men, working with the man who had chosen them without knowing much about them, that the national destinies were intrusted for four years. They came together in Washington knowing little individually of one another and still less of their chief. No adequate recognition has been made in recent history of the power of this group as the representatives of a great party turnover. They came into conditions the hardness of which they did not realize, and knew little about putting themselves and their work before the public. Looked at from the modern point of view, that of the thing miscalled propaganda, they were simple-minded folk. Neither as public officials nor as men did they ever learn how to exploit themselves in the manner that has distinguished the Roosevelt and Wilson days. Outside the President few biographies of them have been written, and history has been so shallow that the public has often been shown more of the critical or even the bad than of the larger issues behind them.

The minor officials in every department, assistants or deputies, or whatever title or power they might have, were chosen with the same general purpose as the heads of departments. They had the advantage of being new and naturally active and intelligent in what they had to do, but they labored under the drawback of absence of experience in public business. Many of them were the outcome of the peculiar American feeling that the man who can do one thing can do another; the belief that if he can succeed in private business he has every chance to make good in government. Men like Malcolm Hay, of Pennsylvania, too early lost, as Assistant Postmaster-General; Charles S. Fairchild, of New York, as Assistant Secretary of the Treasury; George A. Jenks, of Pennsylvania, first as Assistant Secretary of the Interior, then as Solicitor-General; Gen. John C. Black, of Illinois, as Pension Commissioner—to name only a few—were fitted for any responsibility that might have been put upon them. Among them and their subordinates scattered over the whole country there was no superman with the elements of what often is miscalled genius. They were straightforward and well-meaning, played their parts as well as they knew how, and quit public life without making a great mark upon it, and, still more often, without any real outlook into the political future through whose half-open door they had peeped for a minute.

It is no part of my purpose to gather up the fragments that relate to the members of the cabinet and their assistants. While observing close historical accuracy, my intention is to show what Mr. Cleveland himself did and how he did it. The routine story of the time, thus far grossly neglected, will naturally be taken care of through the research now so industriously under way. Pursuant to this idea I have paid attention to those larger policies that revolve about the President. Both those that came to him as a heritage and those distinctly his own, were carried out with intelligence and persistence.

Much nonsense has been written and talked about the alleged failure of Mr. Cleveland to appreciate the work and achievements of Samuel J. Tilden, not only in the nomination and election but in the far-reaching influence of his public career. This is largely the outcome of the efforts of John Bigelow, Tilden's official biographer, and of some self-appointed friends.

Cleveland's administration as governor was almost purely Tildenesque. Both were opposed to Tammany, to the Canal Ring and other self-seeking combinations; both stood for the protection of property; the appointments of the pupil and the preceptor were of the same character; and both stood for the dominance of law. It is safe to conclude that every member of the Cleveland cabinet might have been chosen by Tilden.

During this first administration no man could wield any influence or attain outstanding position without passing through the Tilden melting pot. No men were preferred for places of responsibility who were not Democrats of his type; so if he who was sometimes termed the master of them all had entered the Presidency, to which he believed himself elected in 1876, he could hardly have varied the record made by his pupil and successor.

Hostile Office-Holders

It is next to impossible for readers and students of this time to realize the bitterness of the opposition that awaited Mr. Cleveland when he took office on March 4, 1885. Intrenched for so long a period, the holders of office, the men who had been in power during the previous twenty-four years, were not in a good humor when it came to loosening their grip. It was not easy to uproot the interests that had assumed as vested rights or to conquer prejudices that arose at every turn and upset all intelligence or idea of fairness. It seems incredible now to recall the war cries that resounded from every bitter partisan in public life, from every newspaper organ, from large circles of society everywhere. The payment of the Confederate debt, compensation for slaves, the cutting off of pensions, the uprooting of all the results of the war through the reorganization of the courts, even the reenslavement of the negro were only a few of the ogres constantly put before the public.

To say that Mr. Cleveland was astounded is to express it mildly. This bitterness recoiled upon him; it was impossible of escape. His patriotic attitude during the Civil War and his firm action as a convinced war Democrat seemed to count for nothing. It is recalled that at one time some Republican friend who was loath to believe all these charges and yet could not forget them went in to see him. He recounted them with rather brutal frankness, when the President turned and said, "Well, I somehow thought that in spite of everything that might occur the land would, at least, be left." This was the only personal answer he ever made to such extravagant charges.

The result was that the President and his cabinet took up their work with everything to gain so far as public sentiment was concerned. Whatever they got they had to fight for, and that under discouraging circumstances. If there was one thing that Mr. Cleveland lacked it was either the ability or the desire to manage legislative

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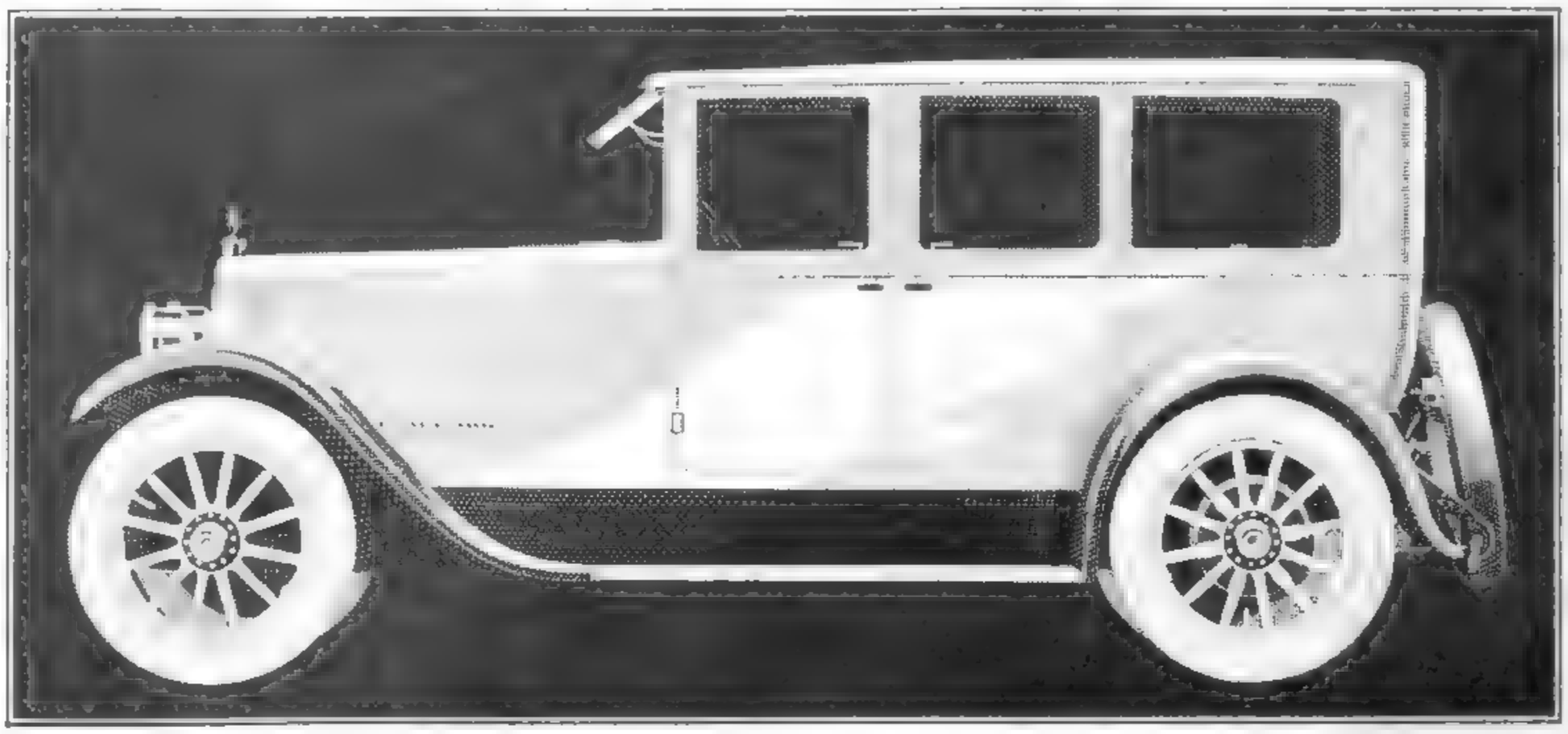

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(Continued from Page 50)

bodies. He had shown this in Albany, where by the directness of his methods he had fairly succeeded; but this was, after all, on a comparatively small scale, and he came to his office there with the momentum behind him of a majority that was overwhelming. When it came to doing things that were in his line of public work no man knew better, but he was almost wholly unable to realize that management of the legislative branch was necessary if the Executive was to be permitted to do his part. Some of this failure arose from the fact that he had never served in any legislature; even beginning with the Common Council of Buffalo, he showed a certain contempt for such assemblies. In any event, he made no attempt to manage Congress, to dictate the organization in either House, and manifested no interest in the make-up of committees. He also suffered because he did not know the leaders in either party, whether in Senate or House. Before his election he had never met Mr. Carlisle; he had only once seen Mr. Hendricks, who was to preside over the Senate at the extra session, only to die prematurely; he had no acquaintance with the heads of the principal committees or with their leading members.

Efforts to Coerce the President

Whatever might happen, the new President and his cabinet had to deal with Congress by creating its own conditions, developing its own leaders, putting down its own jealousies and weaknesses. In other words, it had to be whipped into such shape that it could carry out the purposes of the new Administration, which had a safe majority in the House and a large and active minority in the Senate.

The contest with the beaten party was soon staged conspicuously in the Senate, which sought to revive the old Tenure of Office Act, passed to curb Andrew Johnson. It had been repealed in part at the instigation of President Grant, but certain features of it still remained, and of these the partisan Senate took full advantage. It seems incredible now that men of the standing of Edmunds, Allison, Harrison, Hoar, Logan and others should have deemed it possible to hold up appointments by the President of the United States and thus interfere with his proper functions, and yet the attempt was seriously made and was persisted in for months, until the country became disgusted with the whole proceeding and the effort thus to hamper him was finally given up. There have been times when the Senate and the President have clashed, from the days of Jackson to those of Wilson, but these came when there was some chance of success. From the moment the fight on Cleveland began there was no more possibility that it could succeed than if that body had undertaken, unaided, to usurp all the powers of the three departments of Government. This contest gave the President a prestige that carried him on not only to the end of his Administration but in this respect fixed for all time his place in history.

Mr. Cleveland carried to Washington the methods of work that had characterized him since he started out to study law. He did not know what it was to become tired. As he seemed to have no idea that any considerable amount of sleep was necessary, he toiled along day and night, seeing people, holding cabinet councils, meeting senators and members of Congress—the latter, it must be confessed, often somewhat impatiently; attending no functions that he could avoid; and meeting his real friends at dinner, after which he would go to his office to resume his work. Thus, when he lived in his White House office, as while he was in the mayoralty or the governorship, he put in his usual eighteen waking hours. Nor did he know how to save himself; he neither could nor would dictate letters to a stenographer, or—outside those of a formal or official character—leave them to a secretary; he must study the missives themselves and write answers with his own hand. He was rather a slow writer, thinking as he went along, carrying out to the utmost the severe training to which he had subjected himself in this art, thus knowing everything as he went along.

It was useless to talk to him about getting help, because he would not have it. The most efficient clerks and secretaries were at his disposal, but to him they were just the same as the least competent that could have been found. So he proceeded from the beginning to the end of his Administration. When he wanted a rest he went away somewhere, went fishing, shot ducks or paced the deck of a yacht, at which times he really rested for a day or so, though seldom more; but while responsibility pressed there was practically no intermission. That he shortened his life by this unusual effort is undoubted; he perhaps knew it then, and as the end came nearer, but he could not help it. There was always something to do and thus the long hours passed, sometimes rather wearily, though with a devotion that nothing could surpass.

The social life of the first Cleveland Administration was simple and wholly consonant with dignity and tradition. There was an entire absence of ostentation. The President had his own high standards and lived up to them. He was always successful in the purely ceremonial functions incident to any office he held. His hospitality was not widespread, but it was liberal and sufficient. Here, as elsewhere, he sought to bring together the people who were congenial, getting away, as far as possible, from the purely official side to which the society of capitals nearly always tends. He oversaw the organization of the larger functions and the carrying them out. He had confidence in his household arrangements, but this particular feature—especially as far as it related to diplomacy—was his own, something for which he himself was responsible. There were no mistakes in seating diplomats as far as precedence was concerned. He was something of a stickler for this, not on his own account, but from the very necessity of the case. This was shown by his own personal attitude toward his great office. He said to me once in after years, "Well, Parker, you know I am not much of a fellow for show and display or for asserting my personal dignity, but," he said with a kind of sly wink, "when I was on duty as President I would never let any person pass to my right." This was merely an application of the old right long assumed by the king so that nothing should interfere with his sword arm, and had descended in undisturbed succession to one of the most democratic of all the Presidents that the United States has had.

Mrs. Cleveland's First Reception

The families of the members of the cabinet were congenial to the master and mistress of the White House. They all worked together well; there was no friction; there was no struggle for dominance; in fact everything went as it might if these eight men and their families had lived in some small town where they would meet from time to time at dinners or other functions. Mrs. Whitney was perhaps an exception. She was the most universal hostess that had ever been seen in official Washington; and though her husband was perhaps the most aristocratic, the most assertive of all the men in the group, his hospitalities reached farther, comprehended more kinds of people, and had more influence upon the work of the time than anything of the kind that had been known since the early days.

Few events not political in their nature have attracted more interest than the marriage of the President, fifteen months after his inauguration, to Miss Frances Folsom, of Buffalo, daughter of his late friend and partner, Oscar Folsom. The fact that the man was not only President of the United States but had reached and passed the time when his bachelorhood had seemed to be settled attached to this marriage a romantic quality that has seldom been surpassed. Everything was conducted in such good taste, with such a lack of display, and yet the public was so fully apprised where it deserved information, that nothing could have been more appropriate. That the President and his wife during all their years together so stood as examples of the highest dignity, that supreme happiness came to them, and that the country continued to applaud the choice that he had made, gave it an importance not to be underrated. The fact that this young girl, not quite twenty-two years of age, just graduated, had made such a favorable impression added much to the romance of the event.

The President was little given to talking in general about his relatives and seldom talked of his family life. However, on one or two occasions he threw off this reserve and spoke with freedom. After the nominations had been made in 1892 I was spending the evening with him and his colleague, Adlai E. Stevenson. We were discussing the events of the preceding weeks and anticipating the coming months when there came, as a visitor, a Catholic priest, a close friend of Mr. Cleveland when he was governor, a very well-known figure in New York, now dead, the Rev. Father Thomas J. Ducey. The reverend gentleman asked the ordinary questions about Mrs. Cleveland and her health. He spoke of several friendly matters, when Mr. Cleveland, then ex-President, soon to be President again, seemed to consult his memory and told this story:

"When we returned from our little honeymoon trip at Deer Park the time came when the bride was to give her first reception in the White House. I paid no attention to the matter; but her mother, who was visiting us, came to me on the morning of the day in question and said that she thought I ought to go upstairs to the coming function, in order, as she phrased it, to see how the start was made. When Mrs. Folsom came by the office I was working away as usual and was rather piqued than otherwise at the interruption; but I put on my coat, went with her, and we stood together behind the hostess and the receiving party. We remained perhaps two or three minutes without a word. At the end of this time, desiring to get back to work, and satisfied that I could make no further contribution to the affair, I plucked Mrs. Folsom gently by the sleeve and said, perhaps rather impatiently, as I started away, 'Oh, come on! She'll do.'"

Interest in the Indians

At another time during one of our long interviews he was recounting some of his experiences in the White House, and in doing so illustrated them in this way:

"One day, as was then common, I had received a constituent of some member of Congress. I had given him rather a long private sitting; in fact it was much longer than my time allowed, and as it went on I found that the interview was rather tiresome. I never had much of a knack of ridding myself of strangers with a gift for overstaying their welcome, thus making themselves something of a nuisance, so I squirmed in my chair, not knowing what move to make next; but finally the visitor himself brought relief. I had evidently been exceedingly polite to him, so, rather satisfied with himself, he asked whether he could see Mrs. Cleveland. Sitting in my chair opposite to him, I drew myself up to my full height and replied, 'Mrs. Cleveland, sir, is not on exhibition.' It is scarcely necessary to say that this motion was effective."

Among other features that had been under way when Cleveland became President was that of breaking the grip of polygamy in Utah. The most severe laws had been passed and there had been fitful enforcement of them. In his first message the new President took a firm position dealing with the question in its relation to the family. He not only did this himself but he worked with Senator Edmunds, the author of the law, in his readiness to accept any amendments that might be necessary. There was no suggestion of persecution; and no political pressure, which these people, clever as they were, knew so well how to use, was permitted to have the smallest influence.

He was convinced that emphasis of the accepted idea relating to the American family should never be forgotten.

One feature that surprised many persons was the interest Mr. Cleveland showed in the American Indian. This was manifest in his annual message after he had been in office for only a few months. It is necessary to look beyond official experience to understand why he laid emphasis upon the question. Its origin lay in his knowledge of the general missionary effort because one of his sisters had served with her husband for many years in China. This had fixed upon his mind the necessity for continuous Christian effort everywhere and thus drew him to that early study of the Indian question which was to find use when he was compelled to deal with it.

It soon became apparent that this interest had drawn him to the study of the books dealing with the problem. There had been a cessation of attention to the American Indian until in 1881 Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson published her study, A Century of Dishonor. To her the idea had come, comparatively late in life, as a sort

(Continued on Page 54)

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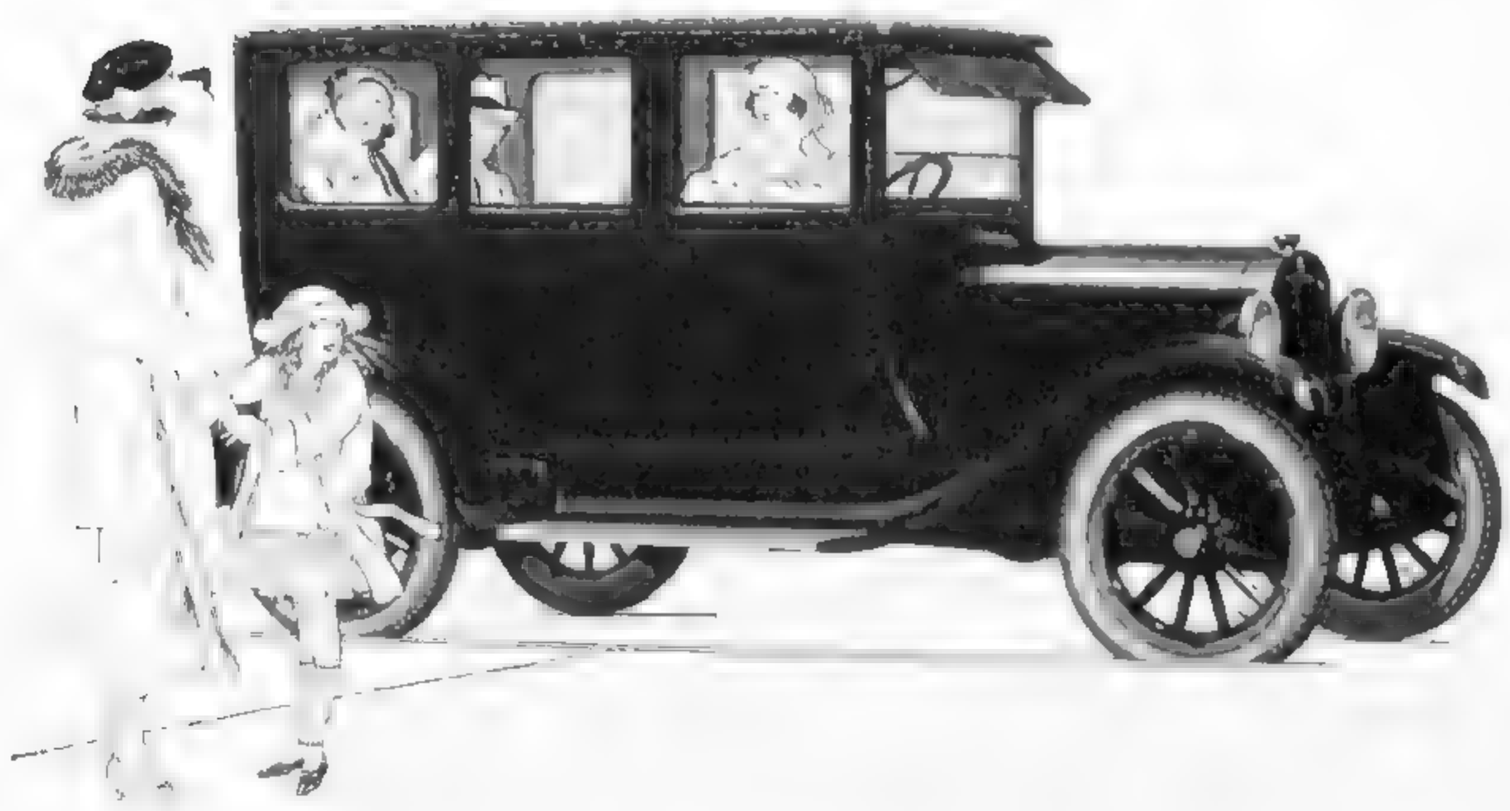

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(Continued from Page 52)

of revelation, as a crusade she ought to take up in favor of the oppressed. It attracted wide notice and Mr. Cleveland had read it with absorbed attention. His interest thus drawn, immediately upon entering the Presidency in March he began a practical study of the problem. He found a sympathetic listener in Mr. Lamar, his Secretary of the Interior, and upon them devolved the selection of a Commissioner of Indian Affairs who should carry out their ideas. Many abuses had developed in the appointment of Indian agents, and, as it seemed to be nobody's business until Mrs. Jackson pushed it to the front, it was natural that the President should make a specialty of it.

In any event, before the message was sent to Congress he had had careful inquiries made into the workings of the Indian service. Having begun this he kept it up, and in each succeeding message, in letters, in instructions to agents drawn by himself he constantly emphasized its importance. Also, with his usual care in the hearing of pardon cases, he devoted the same effort to an application on behalf of some Indian out on a reservation as he did to even the most important cases that might come before him from the highest offenders. He always insisted that he was perhaps the only friend such a poor Indian had on earth. In one of the last letters which Mrs. Jackson wrote to the President she thanked him for this devotion and for the protection he had thus extended. Perhaps this encouragement did more to keep her and her successors at work on this problem than anything that had occurred during the preceding quarter of a century. He used often to speak of the effect that this work had, not only upon the Indians and upon public sentiment, but upon himself. It was a matter of pride to the end that he had thus surrendered to impulse and he expressed satisfaction that he had been able to contribute something to the cause of justice.

Pension Abuses

On nothing did Mr. Cleveland feel more keenly than the unreasonable opposition to his pension vetoes. His own personal and family attitude towards the Civil War had been so clear and his loyalty and devotion so strong that he could not understand how anybody, even the lowest partisan, could be so deliberately unjust. Between his two terms he said to me one time:

"When I entered office I came into what I found was a condition of neglect or corruption in the pension laws. The enactment of many of them had been forced by an artificial public sentiment, many classes having been included that ought never to have been thought of. In this I could have no part except as new laws or amendments were presented for signature. In their execution I had sworn to do what I deemed my duty. I soon found that little attention was given to justice and honest administration, and that, as agents pushed upon Congress the most audacious schemes, private as well as general, it was easier to appropriate money than it was to inquire. The trouble was due mostly to the fact that I would not make myself a party to such methods. I made the most careful examination of bills, petty so far as amounts were involved, but insisting that each should have a principle behind it. I vetoed these bills with a system that was exceedingly exacting so far as it involved labor, and when it was found that I was standing like a stone wall at once against unjust claims and exactions upon the Treasury great commotion ensued.

"The main issues were overlooked and I was met with an opposition that was annoying and unjust. I could but observe, however, that of these bills, while practically all had passed without a roll call, yet none was reënacted after attention had been directed to it by a veto. I felt afterwards that I had perhaps made a mistake in not appealing directly to the country with the fullest and frankest explanations of my position; but I could not see where there had been any oversight and when I recognized the fact it was too late. If I had to do it over again I should certainly take this course and, disagreeable as it might be, repeat some of my direct appeals for the correction of abuses."

Naturally, when Mr. Cleveland came into office as President, assisted thereto by his attachment to the civil-service reform, there were many currents and countercurrents in politics. The law and the public sentiment back of the proposed change were new. It had not had a fair trial. There had been no decided change in party control, something absolutely necessary to bring the question into focus with the conditions of the time. The tendency had been to keep in office the men who had long been there and to fill vacancies as far as possible with men of the same party alignment.

Mr. Cleveland was devoted to this reform as he understood it, but his idea of it was somewhat different from that of what he used to term, rather affectionately than otherwise, his fool civil-service-reform friends. These were the people whose only idea, when they found some man in office, was to keep him there regardless of qualifications or efficiency. Mr. Cleveland believed from the beginning that this reform could never be made workable until the offices brought under it had been fairly divided. He insisted that the party alignment of our people was, and had been almost from the beginning, fairly divided as to numbers. He felt sure that while either party was thought to have an advantage in the distribution of official favors the policy could never be sustained.

Men Spoiled by Office

He took an entirely different view from most men about subordinate offices. He did not believe that they had anything like the importance to the business of the country and especially to the management of parties that was attached to them by many persons. In fact, it was almost a fad of his that it was not fair to any ordinary man to take him out of the industrial employments into which he had been drawn or towards which his training tended, and to throw him temporarily into office.

He had a strong feeling that the holding of the average public office brought harm to a man rather than good. Of course he did not include in this those places which carried with them initiative and responsibility. What he meant to ask was why the average man who knew in the ordinary way how to take care of himself, how to develop his ambitions in private lines, how to use his own gifts and his power of growth, should think for a moment of accepting a clerkship or some routine place. He always insisted, too, that not only did office-holding have the drawbacks thus enumerated but that it spoiled many and many a good man for his real work.

In the matter of patronage the President was fairly able, within his own limitations, to satisfy both the legitimate claims of his party and those of the honest advocates of civil-service reform. All foreign ministers were changed within the year, the three leading ones in the first three weeks. Bayard showed himself prompt in decision and action. All such places were, as usual, vacated by resignation when the President took office, and advantage was taken of this. District attorneys, pension agents, postmasters in large centers, revenue agents were shifted as rapidly as their terms expired or it was possible or politic. Few changes were made in the minor places. Perhaps the Philadelphia Post Office was the principal exception, where, within a year, half of the thousand clerks and carriers were turned out; but, even here, when a fair division had been reached, this process of removal and appointment was fairly over. Wherever this was done, the civil-service law—under which, however, it was then easy to make removals freely—was carefully observed.

The ministers sent abroad and the consuls who went to their posts within the first two years of the Administration were distinctly superior to those they displaced. This was only natural because of the fact that the whole machinery of government, especially of foreign positions, had become antiquated.

An interesting episode in connection with the foreign service was that dealing with Constantinople. The first Minister was Samuel S. Cox, better known as Sunset Cox, who soon tired of the place. Largely upon the suggestion of Henry Ward Beecher the President appointed Oscar S. Straus as his successor. This sending of a Jew to an important and delicate embassy, where Christian missions were to be overseen was an act of courage which deserved, as it received, the highest commendation. Perhaps at no time in our history was better protection afforded to the missionary element throughout Turkey than that which came from the oversight of the new Minister. It would have been impossible for him not to do his duty, but it seemed as if he went out of his way to protect missions, with a success hitherto unknown.

During the four years that Mr. Cleveland was out of office he used to speak freely of many of the principal features that had entered into his first administration. The revelations made in those interesting free conversations were lodged in both note and memory. Among those in which there was a real interest the tariff message of 1887 was perhaps the most important. That the President should take the unprecedented course of devoting his annual message to a single subject was so novel that I could do no else than ask questions about it. Concerning this he said:

"Before I was mentioned for President my principal objection to becoming a candidate grew out of this question. I insisted then, as I do still, that I was not prepared to deal with a problem that had been with us from the beginning of our history. I really knew nothing about it from a technical or economic point of view; I said so with frankness and felt it still more forcibly; but once in office all the conditions were changed and I had to learn. I could no longer go on with merely the ordinary routine conception of it that men gather by party attachment. When I entered upon my duties I was confronted by a system of taxation that was collecting surpluses greatly to the injury of business and development. Something had to be done. Even if no principle had been involved, it was a necessity for the preservation of honest methods that these reductions should be made fairly. In order to recommend them I had to find out about them, and so I began seduliously, in whatever time I could find from the work thus thrown upon me, to learn what I could. I talked to men who had given attention to the subject and found that even in my own party I at once ran up against diverse ideas and theories. I turned to the usual books of political economy and there the confusion was even greater, until I concluded that in some way I must find out what ailed our system of taxation fundamentally. As I went on with these studies and investigations I did not seem to get ahead very rapidly and so I was almost in despair. I passed over the question so far as its vital issues were concerned in the annual message of 1885, and the same general policy was pursued in 1886. I threw out certain hints, but on the whole I myself recognized that they were vague and unsatisfactory. As I went on into the next year the conditions became worse rather than better, and I reached the conclusion that something far more urgent must be proposed if the American people were to be reached."

The Wool Tariff

"One night when I had finished my work a bit earlier than usual, perhaps by midnight, I picked up one of the many pamphlets that had accumulated on my desk. This dealt with the wool tariff. I do not remember who the author was, or its exact title, but it was a highly contentious argument dealing with some conditions as they applied to Ohio. I read on and on, and with each succeeding page I thought I was getting a clearer idea of the question in hand than had hitherto come to me. It was probably about three o'clock before I finished this first reading, but as this was not uncommon it did not attract my attention. I found the next day that it was impossible to throw off the impression thus made. I then began to go deeper, to investigate the question more fully, with the result that I finally reached the conclusion that there was no other way to make an effective appeal to the American people than to throw aside all other questions and deal with this as the one problem that must be understood and, so far as possible, solved before others could be considered. This marks the beginning of the policy outlined in my message of 1887 and accounts for the determination with which I have pursued this matter ever since.

"I suppose it did take the country by surprise, but as I meant to do this, I was pleased with the result. I found that I had encountered two distinct tendencies. There came at once the support of a large number of people who, if they had ever been partisans at all, were opposed to me. At the same time there came, from within my own

(Continued on Page 56)

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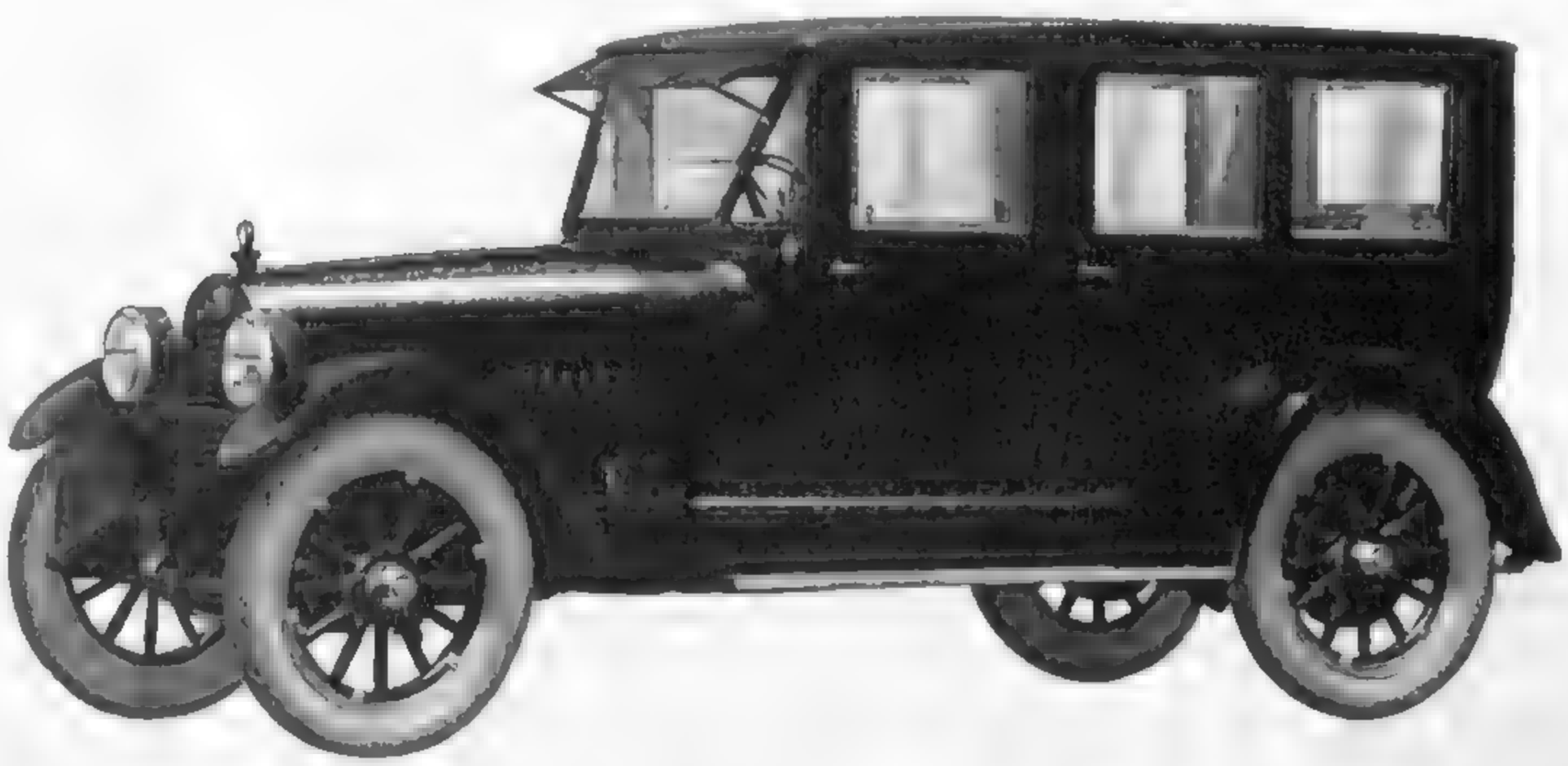

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HATS FOR YOUNG MEN

(Continued from Page 54)

party, an emphatic protest. I was welcomed as a free-trader by one class of people and denounced by the same name by another and different class. The party element at once entered into the account. It was less than a year until the presidential election. I had never thought of that as an element in the work I had undertaken, but it seemed to trouble a great many people. I was President of the United States then and I was not looking to become so again unless I could do something that would seem to me to be honest, courageous and worth while. As time went on I saw clearly that this message was almost sure to defeat me for reelection. That the nomination would come in due course was in accordance with political precedent and the almost inevitable policy that had been followed in the past. I did not want my party to go to defeat and was not anxious to court this result for myself. But I preferred defeat to impotence, and looking back upon the matter now I still insist, and shall always insist, that the policy I then adopted was the only one open to me as an honest public man and a Democrat."

Scarcely had this message gone to the country before party protest went up in every direction. All kinds of discouraging predictions were made, and the President himself, from his own account, often repeated, was quite reconciled to believe that any of them—perhaps all of them might be right. He had reached his conclusions honestly, he believed that he was right, and nothing could have turned him.

In the midst of it the Speaker of the House, John G. Carlisle, one of the most sympathetic of all his friends, went to see him one day. The matter was discussed from every point of view, especially from that of party. Finally, as the Speaker often told me the story, the President said, "Mr. Carlisle, if every other man in the United States deserts me on this question I shall still go ahead with the same determination, with the same confidence that I am right, and in absolute disregard to the result of this election or anything else of a party or personal character that may follow."

With Mr. Cleveland the election of 1888 was another case of doing what came to his hand. No more at this time than at any other had he sought the place; but he had championed an issue and there was no such thing as running away from it. The party management was the most futile seen even in the later days of the useless creature known as the managing national politician. The machine back of him was neither faithful nor efficient; it was filled with discordant elements and forces; and, taken all in all, perhaps the most fortunate of Grover Cleveland's political ventures was his defeat in 1888. It gave him opportunity for higher service than any that came to him as the result of two great victories. He returned into responsibility when he was not only the necessary but the only man for the crisis.

The Administration wore on cautiously to its end. Whether in the cabinet or either House of Congress, no serious internal jealousies developed in the party which had become responsible for the government of the nation.

Its effect upon the country both from its own achievements and the character of its men were assuring to the strength and integrity of our institutions. It was wholesome in that it broke up the assumed monopoly by any one party of qualities and talents, and brought to our people an increased sense of responsibility.

It is difficult to find that it produced much new legislation, something it could not do from lack of power and from the necessity it was under so to devote itself to the execution of existing laws as to invite popular confidence.

The growth of the President in every quality that makes the intelligent and fearless statesman was almost phenomenal. It would have been impossible to change or modify his interest and courage, his knowledge, his attention to details, his improved geniality, the increase of tact so far as this was possible or desirable, his broader thought, his clearer expression, and his unvarying devotion to friends and supporters, as well as to the public interest; but his attention to policies, founded upon principles, was more and more in evidence.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of seven articles by Mr. Parker. The next will appear in an early issue.

MANISTY'S EYES

(Continued from Page 44)

years; Manisty's life went by my windows. I began to look out for Michael, watch for a dimming of his brightness, his self-confidence. I watched for Dorothy, dreading a cloud in her blue eyes. None came; nothing happened. She'd go by in her car, driving with one hand on the wheel, rushing over to the lake for tennis, to a dance at the country club, or driving Michael to Bregar, the county seat. He made frequent trips over there. I'd more than an idea of why he went.

One evening she came in to ask for a package, and when I went across to the express office to get it for her she followed me.

"Hoddy," she said confidentially, "who is Mr. Hopkinson Martin?"

For a minute I had a dreadful feeling; then I remembered the old man's eyes. No, he wasn't that kind.

"Why?" I asked her, playing one question with another, a safe way when you are in doubt.

"I met him the other day," she said; "driving dad to Bregar; he passed us. He was in a gorgeous car, looking like the Czar of all the Russias; and yet"—she glanced at me mysteriously out of those clear eyes of hers—"Hoddy, of course, I know it is absurd; but I had the—the feeling that he had been waiting for dad."

I pondered that, not looking at her, searching for the package. She went on slowly, thinking out loud rather than really talking, it sounded.

"I didn't say anything to dad; it seemed so queer. And dad didn't expect to see him; I'm sure of that. He was going to see someone in Bregar; but Mr. Martin held up his hand and dad climbed into his car. I waited—I didn't hear what they said; but they were talking business. Presently Mr. Martin came over and talked to me. He was charming, but sort of wicked. I—I kept wondering if Tommy would ever be like him. We didn't go to Bregar, after all.

"Hoddy, you know father. He's easy for a man like that Mr. Hopkinson Martin to twist about his fingers. He doesn't know anything but a country business, and if he gets tied up with a big man in the city like that he'll go under. You see, father has been making so much money this past year or two it—it has gone to his head a bit. I want you to tell me about Hopkinson Martin. I—I can talk to you, Hoddy; there isn't anyone else I can."

"He's the grandfather of your Tommy Welles," I said.

"Of course," she shrugged impatiently; "everyone knows that, but he doesn't speak to the Welleses. His daughter married Mr. Welles when he was very poor, and he didn't approve. Tommy doesn't even know him except by sight. What's his business, Hoddy?"

Well, I could have told her, of course, that she'd better ask her father; but would she have got any help on that? Michael is a prince, but he has a queer streak, and he might fly into a temper. Knowing pretty well what sort of work he was doing, I thought it very likely that he would do that, so I said, temporizing:

"Mr. Martin's a very rich man, I understand. He's a big man in Wall Street; and then"—I tried to make my tone careless and as if the thing did not count for much—"they say he's interested in the bootlegging business; not exactly active, you know, but with interests. I don't know a thing about it really."

I found the package and looked up. I didn't see what I feared—not then. The blue eyes were cloudless still, but they were thoughtful. She looked up, as we were stepping out of the office, toward the shining bowls in the drug-store window. I didn't know what she was thinking. But the next minute she was smiling and thanking me. I stood leaning over her car door.

"Dorrie," I said, "you ought to get real acquainted with old man Martin, for you sure made a hit with him the day you come home. He watched you as if he could eat you, just about, and asked all sorts of questions. I'll bet he had his eye on you even while he talked to Michael. He's mighty glad you and his grandson are chums."

"Is he?" said Dorothy, and she flashed a smile at me. "Oh, I'm glad you told me, Hoddy!"

Well, I couldn't figure out why, then.

She drove off towards the lake. A bit later I saw her rushing down the curving bit of road. Doc's green flivver had just turned the corner; seems she'd just seen him. I got back into the office and worked on my reports. I knew Dorothy was going to be unhappy, and there wasn't a thing I could do.

Amos Deere is old, and he's doctored every man, woman and child in Manisty within a radius of forty miles, scolded 'em, helped 'em, cheered 'em on in sickness and in health. Dorothy'd had a cute way of calling him Dear Doc when she was 'most a baby, and the name stuck to him; but she hadn't once set eyes on him since she'd been home, and I knew why.

There's only one thing Doc Amos is hard about. He's fought drink all his life; says he knows what it's done in the country places. He hates Yoka Larssen because he serves bad liquor, turns our peaceful old village into something 'most like a drinking hell at night. He'd run the man out of the place if he could, and he won't compromise in any way. Most of the rest of us do that, someway or another. I can't turn down an old friend because he's ready to give a man a quart of whisky I pretend I don't know nothing! Most folks is like me, but not Doc Amos. He's poor, the other doctors are rich and growing richer. Why? Well, the answer to that comes because he makes enemies, speaks right out how he regards the men as keeps blind tigers in our place. It don't add to his roll, that don't; for I'm not saying we haven't a few tigers round in Manisty, though the only one who's in it in a big way ——

I'd tackled Doc Amos about this before, a day or two after Dorothy come home. I told him what I thought pretty sharp, but he just darted sharp glances at me, waited until I'd done. Then he took me to the door.

"Look, Hoddy—look over there!"

I followed his pointing finger, saw his eyes glaring at the lights in Yoka Larssen's hotel.

"There's hardly a night, and you know it, that some man is not sleeping out there on the street, drugged and poisoned by Yoka's liquor. He got rich on the stuff. He's staying here and poisoning the place because he had money enough to buy that building. Does anyone try to turn him out, though he's a disgrace to any community? Do you know why they don't? Because they are all in it together, all of them. They know he's protected; they're afraid. This village is honeycombed with bootlegging conspiracy; the whole county is the same, for that matter. That yellow crew of physicians, writing their prescriptions to make men like Michael Frances safe—secure their own good liquor; that old cur up on the hillside raking in his reeking dollars, drenching the whole place with alcohol. There, now you've got your answer; now you know why I can't be friends with Dorothy. I love the child, but she's spending that ill-gotten money, Hoddy. I'll not countenance it, I say."

He was shaking with passion, his wrinkled old face distorted with feeling.

"Doc," I said, "you aren't going to vent all this on that innocent girl? Dorrie—I swear it—she hasn't a thought of anything like this. She's been sort of out of things over there in Europe."

He shook his head impatiently:

"I know, I know; if I saw her I should. I couldn't help it. That's why I keep away."

He went out into the night. It was a bad business.

But Dorothy, waving her hand at Doc Amos, trailing him down the winding road, didn't guess at all this. How should she?

It wasn't until later I knew all what happened, and then it came piecemeal—from Dorothy and Doc Amos, and even a bit from Michael, and from Freda Fulmer too. Folks like to have someone as don't talk back to the neighbors to tell their troubles to; and, of course, I haven't no fam'ly to tell it to. Well, knowing them all—being behind the scenes, as it were seems I could dope it out 'most as if I'd

(Continued on Page 58)

Champion Double-Ribbed Core for your protection

A Champion In Every Cylinder Means Better Car Performance

You can't see the real difference in Champion Spark Plugs themselves. You can't see the betterment that comes with the new Champion Double-Ribbed core.

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For your own protection, be sure you get the Champion with the Double-Ribbed core—and install a set at the first opportunity.

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CHAMPION

Dependable for Every Engine

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GAS RANGES

When You take Your Guests into the Kitchen

WHEN you invite your guests to the kitchen for an old-fashioned taffy-pull or for fudge-making you will be proud of the beauty of your Tappan range—and of its performance.

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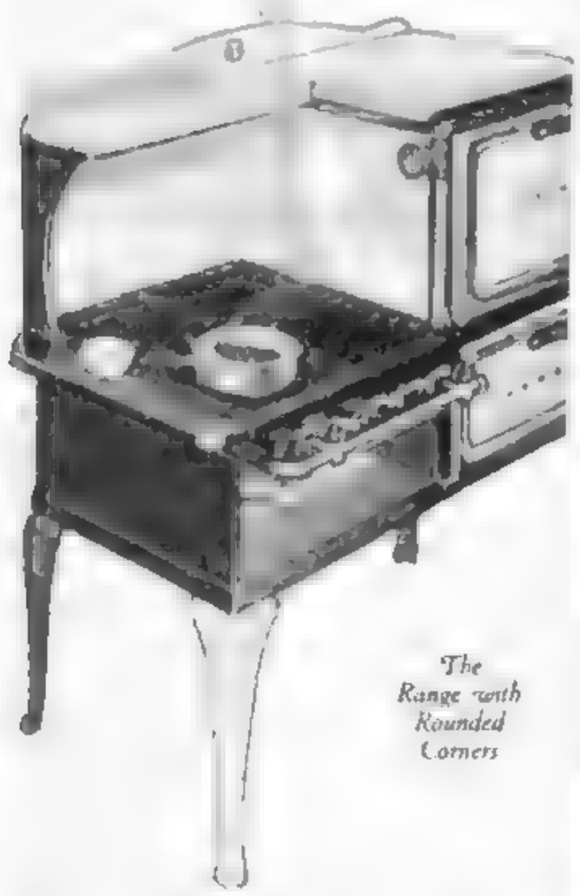

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ESTABLISHED 1881

TAPPAN

(Continued from Page 56)

been present while it all happened, so that's the way I'll tell this part.

Dorothy told me she grinned to herself at the disreputable noise Doc's flivver made, echoing back over the water.

"Sounds as if he'd a cargo of tin cans!" she said to herself, wondering how the thing held together with the use it had. It must be ten years since Dear Doc's fat white horse had died and he'd bought himself a car, and except for that coat of vivid green paint the thing had certainly had no attention in all that time.

"One of these days it'll fall apart like the one-hoss shay," she thought with a gurgle of mirth, and slid round the curve of white roadway that threaded the lake like a ribbon.

I guess she wasn't too eager to catch up the old doctor, because she knew she could overtake him at any time, and it was pleasanter to talk to him at his house. He disliked being overtaken on the road, and since he had not returned her signal he could not have seen her, she thought. No, she'd take it easy and surprise him at his own gate. With one hand negligently on the steering wheel and the other on the bunch of roses Tommy Welles had cut for her, she looked out at the lights of the houses springing out across the water like yellow flowers.

It was then she first thought of a house amongst the gay summer colony. It would be easy to build out here and drive dad in to the store every morning; he'd enjoy that. She had almost decided that the house should be white colonial when an added spurt of noise from the flivver made her turn and watch it.

The old man was speeding up! Probably, with the sort of uncanny supersense he had, he'd realized there was another car behind him, and he was getting ready to show that his flivver was not to be despised. Such a noise!

But instead of turning off from the lake shore into the spur of road that led to his own home, Doctor Deere hurried into a grass-grown lane that led to a farmhouse, and only the sounds of his rattling progress came back. The car had disappeared.

Strenuously Dorothy turned her roadster into the narrow, rutted lane. As the noise stopped she called again, she said, turning at the farm gate and coming to a stop as the doctor scrambled from his conveyance. For a minute she had a clear view of the fine old face framed by upstanding silvery hair; but instead of the benevolent smile that had greeted her from her childhood she faced an almost malevolent expression, and eyes of steely blue confirmed the message that his lips uttered:

"Go away from here!"

He disappeared inside the house, and Dorothy, feeling as if cold water had been dashed in her face, sat for an instant staring at the closed door. Then she got it slowly. Of course she didn't know what had been going on. Probably these folks had scarlet fever or something. Dear Doc had always been absurdly careful. But how queer the old dear had looked—and speechless, almost! After that racket he might be deaf, but that didn't account for his being dumb. She laughed as she told me about it.

The drug store is at the end of the village, where the noisy street ends in a velvet blackness that by day leads out to the woods, green and cool and inviting. From childhood she had loved this wild stretch of woodland—been glad that an ancient title protected it inviolate. Now, as she ran her car into the garage at the back of the store, she was suddenly glad that she need never leave here unless she wished; that her school days were over; she was at home for good. It had been heavenly, all these years. She'd never forget it. But this was her village; she belonged—here in Manisty. It was one of those moments we all know, that seem to come from nowhere for no reason, but years afterwards stand out as landmarks. She told me all about that with the rest.

No one could see her from the store; the lights inside were too brilliant. As she passed by the little window of her father's office she could see him, obliquely, lounging in the doorway with the usual crowd. There was Doctor Herrin from the lakeside, smart and trim and altogether a man of the world; and next him Jack Hornsby from the hardware store, biting an unlighted cigar—what he called a dry smoke. Her father's young-looking face was alight with interest, and yet he was saying something that Dorothy could have recited in her sleep. She didn't tell me about this, but I could hear him almost:

"I'm not like some; I always have had something to drink; I believe in it. I don't say one thing in public and keep a full cellar in private. You know me; I never made a secret of what I thought; I was telling Peter Welles so before he went away. 'You men with lots of money, coming out here and building, from the city,' I said, 'talking about the uplift of the village and bringing inspiration, and all the time keeping your bins full on the side while you pretend to side with prohibition; you ain't got my idea a-tall,' I said. 'What I kick about is taking away a man's personal freedom ——'"

As she ran upstairs to the apartment above she heard his voice booming on and on. Animation, interest; you'd think there was nothing else in the world to talk about! As she entered the living room she gave herself a slight shake.

What on earth had come over her, criticizing her father like that, even to herself? There wasn't anyone like him; generous and quixotic and stubborn; and who else, she would like to know, could have piled up money as he had, in a small place like Manisty? Why, it was positively rolling in! That pretty car to greet her return, the big check to take care of any little extras. If she'd been the daughter of Hopkinson Martin she couldn't have been treated more generously. She could have shaken herself for the sudden sense of depression that had rushed over her at the sound of that interminable monologue downstairs. Dad had probably been saying that at Christmas; he'd said the same thing the year before, and the year before that—prohibition was a big thing, but surely it did not swamp the universe!

"We'll build!" she said decisively, under her breath.

Out there by the lake, in a different environment, she could get dad into another groove. Not that all the men from the lake shore did not drift into the drug store at some time or other. It was about the most democratic meeting ground in Manisty, she thought; but that was business.

She went out onto the porch, sank down on the big swing seat. From the purple dusk beyond came the sound of a voice trilling an air. It sang on steadily, moving on towards the woods, making a haunting repetition of one poignant phrase. Dorothy thought it was from one of the operas, but could not just remember. Probably some Italian going back to his shack in the woods; they all seemed to have beautiful voices.

Subconsciously she became aware that her father was no longer down below. His voice had stopped; she heard him in the garage. Leaning over the railing, she screwed around and saw him fidgeting with the lights of his own car. How absurd he was, bless him! Always went there last thing before he closed the store to make sure that everything was in order. He switched the lights on and off several times, then shut the door loudly, heard the lock slip into position and went back into the store.

"All right, Jake." He nodded at the colored man to begin closing the shutters at the back.

There was the sound of departing motors, the laughter of the men as they cleared out. Dorothy heard a girl's voice, and then another. Lots of people came for ice cream. Dad said it was one of the biggest money-makers in a country drug store. Well, she certainly had not guessed that it was as late as that. Her thoughts turned hurriedly to the old doctor.

"I'll call up Dear Doc," she said to herself.

She imagined him tired after a hard case. He'd be glad to hear her voice. With a smile she took the receiver off the hook, got the doctor's number. But in another minute she replaced it thoughtfully. Doctor Amos begged to be excused—that was the message she had from his housekeeper.

And to her quick question, "But, Mrs. Hurley, is Dear Doc ill?" she received only a passive "No, Miss Frances, he is not sick."

Doc Amos always was thorough!

Queer! Dorothy couldn't understand it, of course. Was it possible that Dear Doc had seen her that afternoon—that he had avoided her on purpose? The thing seemed incredible, and yet a vision of his face came up before her, wearing that malevolent expression. It couldn't be that he had meant it for her! A flash back to all her young life showed her pictures of the doctor.

"Dad and Dear Doc and you, Hoddy," she said, telling me about her thoughts; "you brought me up between you. Why, Manisty without Dear Doc isn't like home!"

Thoughtfully she picked up her violin and returned to the porch. The pang at her heart would not be stilled. There was a mystery somewhere; she didn't understand it. The perfume of the roses from the Welles garden came up in gusts of scent from the jar at her feet; a melody was ringing in her brain. What was that thing the Italian had sung going across lots there? She picked it out, *pizzicato*, on the muted strings of her violin—haunting, beautiful.

"Dorrie!" Her father had come up the stairs. He spoke in a startled sort of way, sharply. "Dorrie, what are you doing? Don't play that!"

Surprised, she looked up at him—startled too. She'd been holding her violin between her knees, playing it like a cello, and she stopped in the middle of the phrase she was trying to catch, breaking off so that the string twanged harshly.

"Why not?"

She didn't know why, but somehow the question seemed to mean more than the words said alone; and her father looked so strange for a minute, almost as if he were frightened—scared. He gave an uneasy laugh as he dropped into a big chair.

"No particular reason, honey; only I seem to have been listening to it for hours somehow. One of those Dagos was singing somepin like it out there tonight, and maybe it sort of got on my nerves. Had a hard day."

She hurried over to him and sat on the arm of his chair.

"Dad, what a shame! All I was thinking of—you see, you never did care for my violin much."

They laughed together, remembering the old days when he had declared roundly that they were squawky things, and she had implored it for a birthday present.

"Gosh," said Michael Frances expansively, "you were an awful cute kid, Dorrie! Got round me every which way, you did. I'd ask you if you wanted more milk to drink—suppertime, say—and you'd tell me no, not half so much as you wanted a violin for your birthday. Or maybe I'd want you to take something, and you'd say, 'Of course I will—if you'll give me a violin, daddy!' Got so I'd hear 'violin' in my sleep, 'most."

He chuckled, and taking out a big cigar bit off the end with vigor and precision.

"My tactics are more subtle, now," Dorothy assured him. "I begin by stating my wants, and then if I don't get them——"

She made a face at him to indicate what might happen. She'd combed up his thick black hair with her fingers and curled it into grotesque mounds on his head. Now she leaned back to regard the result.

"Handsomer than ever!" she reported.

"Uh-huh! My fatal beauty!"

"You may laugh, but you're the handsomest man I know, so there! If you'd take pains with yourself, daddy, you'd be a knock-out. Wait till I've had you in hand for a few months! There won't be a handsomer or more distinguished-looking gentleman living by Manisty Lake."

His eyes opened wider and flashed a look of mingled astonishment and admiration.

"You're right, Dorrie, about your methods; 'subtle'—that's the word. Am I to be supposed to feel the driving home of the first nail or not? Isn't this place good enough for you?"

She regarded him, laughing.

"You know all about that—I love it; but wouldn't it be fun to build a home for ourselves, just the way we wanted? Not a big place like the Welleses', but something for the two of us, where we could sit and look over the water when the store was shut, pick our own roses in the moonlight."

"Sounds kind of good to me."

She patted his cheek softly with her pretty hands.

"Good boy! I knew you'd see it."

"I do, witch, I do; but those lots over there are high; don't you know it? And the expenses here don't grow less."

Behind the smile in his eyes an expression of worry, a shadow of a worried look, nothing actually real, crept up stealthily. It puzzled Dorothy when she remembered it afterwards, though she didn't think of it at the time.

(Continued on Page 60)

Right over the old shingles

A WORN-OUT roof is a constant waste of money on any house. It leaks, it needs repair, it's a high fire hazard. In a short time it must be renewed.

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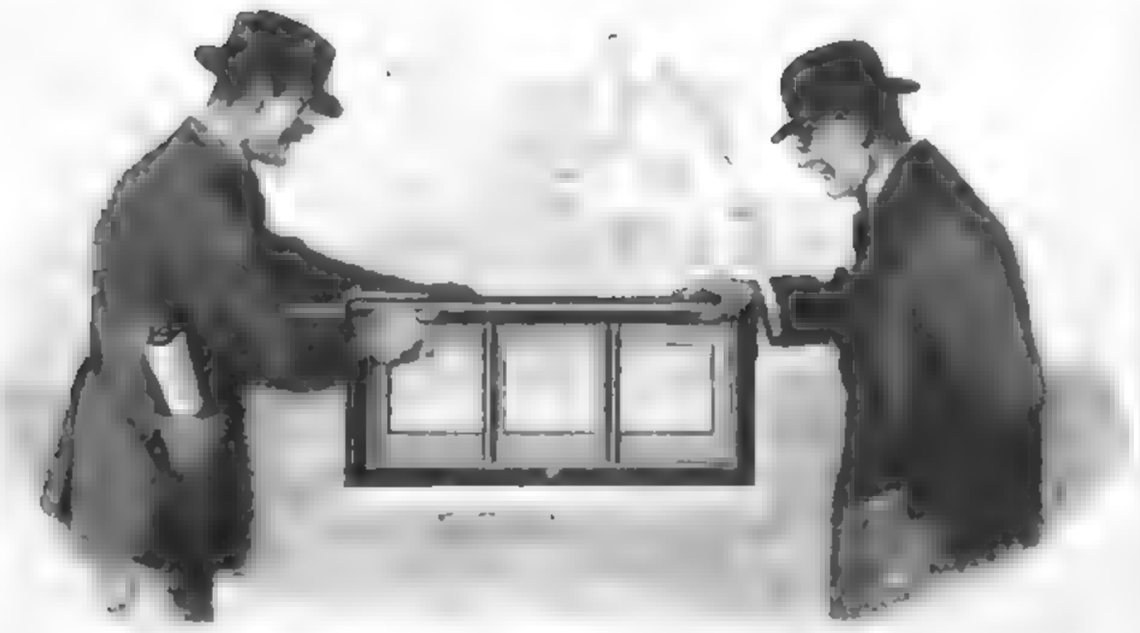

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The wood window set back of the Truscon Basement Window shows you at a glance that you get nearly double daylight from the same sized wall opening. Besides, Truscon Copper Steel Basement Windows always open and close easily, and lock automatically. They never stick, leak, or need repairs. And notice how good looking they are.

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Cost as Little as Wood

TRUSCON COPPER STEEL BASEMENT WINDOWS
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Windows *of* enduring beauty Truscon Copper Steel Casements

To the architectural charm of the casement window is added the distinguished simplicity and graceful, enduring beauty of Truscon design. All steel, fireproof, closely fitting at head, sill and side jambs; provided with double-contact weathering, Truscon Copper Steel Standard Casements do not rattle, stick or leak.

The price is remarkably low, made possible only by large quantity production in standardized sizes.

TRUSCON STEEL COMPANY, YOUNGSTOWN OHIO U.S.A.

Warehouses and Offices from Pacific to Atlantic. For address see 'phone books of principal cities. Canada, Walkerville, Ont. Export Dis., New York

For Sale by Lumber, Hardware and Building Supply Dealers

LOOK FOR THE NAME •TRUSCON• IN RAISED LETTERS ON EACH WINDOW

TRUSCON COPPER STEEL BASEMENT WINDOWS AND STANDARD CASEMENTS

(Continued from Page 58)

"But you forget that I know exactly how much you pay out here, dad. Taxes haven't increased much in Manisty, and trade has. I don't quite know how you make out that extra-expense business, unless it is me. I know I'm an expensive proposition, dearest, but that's your own fault; you could have had me trained to economy if you'd preferred it."

Meditatively she stuck out one little foot in its silken stocking and fine kid shoe, as if appraising her own luxuriousness. And as she did so Michael Frances looked at her keenly, a look that melted to an utter softness of emotion, a hungry adoration of this lovely child of his.

"Mine!" said his eyes. "And beautiful and sweet! If she wants the earth I'll get it for her."

How often I'd seen him look at her like that! Then, as she looked up at him, his eyes twinkled; he winked at her solemnly.

"Well," he told her, "if you think you'll enjoy spending all our money you may as well start now as later. Tomorrow I'll get Humphreys to take us over to the lots ——"

She squeezed his arm, but her eyes were off in the distance, her expression was wistful.

"Dad," she said abruptly, "what is the matter with Dear Doc? I saw him today, and he acted so queerly, and he won't come to the phone ——"

Michael Frances sighed – he'd been dreading this.

"I don't know, honey," he answered ruefully. "He's been acting sore for a long time—guess it's months since he was in the store, and he doesn't pass the time of day, even, if we meet down street. Maybe you can wheedle him into a good humor again. I hate to have the old boy act that way; it goes against the grain; besides, it's bad for trade."

He added this last thoughtfully, underneath his breath, and rising, yawned largely, stretching his elbows up above his shoulders.

"Gee, I'm tired!" he said. "Guess I'll hit the hay."

Dorothy hurried him from the room. She noticed that his broad shoulders seemed to sag. Her father looked older tonight than she had ever seen him. She'd always been so proud of his youthful looks. For a minute she stood thoughtfully looking out of the window. Her father felt this estrangement with Dear Doc. She thought heavily of the face of her old friend as he had glared at her. Well, he couldn't do that and get away with it. Tomorrow she'd have it out with him. But tomorrow there wasn't any chance. She could not get to see him; his housekeeper was noncommittal. Dorothy came to me.

"You see, Hoddy ——"

She told me enough to make this all clear. Perhaps if I had been wise enough I could have told her then; but somehow I don't believe you can mix in other people's lives. I tried to make my tone judicial, to impress her, in a way.

"Well, Doc Amos don't move with the times," I said; "he don't see eye to eye with your father; he thinks—well, he thinks he talks too free about prohibition."

"But dad always has talked that way," said Dorothy hotly. "He did so before prohibition came; he hasn't changed a bit. Why, you know that, Hoddy! He—he even uses the same phrases!" A ghost of a smile hovered around her mouth.

That was all, then. I didn't encourage her to stay. Late that same afternoon Michael came into the depot. His eyes were worried.

"Say, Hoddy, I got to do something about Dorrie. She's—she's"—he hesitated, then he looked full at me. "Listen!" he said. "I ain't ashamed of what I do, but I feel kinda queer. She's been away, you see; maybe she won't see it right. Guess I'd rather leave it a bit till she gets used to the idea of—of how well thought of bootlegging is." He dropped his voice, glancing over his shoulder apprehensively as he said the word. "I don't give them a thing but the best liquor," he said, as if he were answering an unseen challenge; "you know that."

I nodded; I couldn't speak just then. He took a turn about my office.

"See here!" he said. "This is what happened this noon: Dorrie came into the store, flying down the stairs as if she were possessed. No one was there, only Miss Hobbs and Jake, and she came over to me and said in a breathless sort of way: 'Oh, dad, I just remembered! I meant to have told you, but I forgot at breakfast. Such a funny thing happened in the night! I woke up and heard voices in the yard, and boxes bumping, it seemed. I was so sleepy I did not get out of bed, but I could have killed them, because I was so afraid they'd wake you up when you were so tired. They didn't, did they?'

"'Never heard a sound!' I told her. Hoddy ——"

I faced him.

"You tell her, Michael! If you don't she'll find out. You tell her—or stop it!"

He laughed at that.

"Stop?" said he. "I can't stop! What're you talking about? Do you know what Dorrie wants now? Well, I'll tell you; she wants a house over by the lake. We're going to build. A lot of chance I got of stopping, ain't I? Do you know what that's going to run into, in money? And with the cash I got to pay out ——"

I never saw more perplexity in a man's face. It was pitiful somehow. Not that I'm standing up for him, get that, but simply because he was in a net and he honestly didn't see how to get out. I don't know as he wanted to, at that; but he'd gone sort of blind, in a way. Folks do, after a bit, you know; I seen it often. Going against law and order does something to 'em, seems like.

A freight come by, and when it had gone Michael had disappeared.

Maybe you know how things will take hold of you sometimes. I couldn't get Dorothy out of my head. That evening I went up there, but instead of staying in the store I walked up to the living room. Dorrie was glad to see me. She put down her violin. I thought she looked heavy-eyed, but I pretended I did not see it. I'd come to congratulate her about the new house, I said. It was all over Manisty by now, of course.. She smiled and brought me a cigar. Then she picked up the violin again and played a bit of melody over on muted strings.

"Hoddy, do you know what that is?"

"No," I said honestly.

She drew me out onto the balcony, made me sit facing the velvet strip of darkness. Presently, out of the night, came a man's voice singing the same melody. She picked up her violin with sudden resolution and repeated the sound, full and strong, on vibrant strings. Her eyes were different; now hard and brilliant; now filled with a mysterious smiling. Down below I could see the head of Michael Frances, his face gleaming white as he raised it to his daughter on the balcony.

"Dorrie"—his tone was sharp—"stop that!"

He disappeared. We heard him in the garage. In a minute he came out, turned his car up and across the state road. I don't know if Dorothy did, but I remembered at once that it turned further up, caught up with that pathway across lots. I listened, straining my ears to catch the sound of the car stopping. But before I could tell whether it had or not Dorothy had taken her violin again and was playing it loudly; the same scrap of melody over and over.

I didn't try to stop her; it wouldn't have been any use. I don't know what I expected, but I was afraid something would happen. I did not expect what came, though; I admit that.

We didn't hear a sound, because footsteps could creep quietly over the grass; but something made us look down, and there in the road stood a man, looking up. He was a stranger. I'd never seen him before. A big, burly chap with a dark hat pulled down over his head, just his eyes shining queerly up. They fastened on Dorothy, standing there with her violin to her shoulder, and a gleam came into them I did not like.

"I'll go down and see what he wants," I said hurriedly.

But she was leaning over the railing. A look passed between them, a sort of measuring of swords. Then the man spoke in a husky, guttural voice: "What is it, sister? Isn't it O. K. for the goods tonight? I didn't get no signal, but you played the music. I thought maybe something was wrong."

"What goods?" she asked him coolly.

He winked a dark eye at her solemnly. He was most good-natured.

"Aw, come off!" he said. "You know!"

"No, really I don't!"

He muttered something under his breath, seemed abashed.

(Continued on Page 62)

SIX years of concentrated effort in furnishing specialized service on eight well-known lines, make United Motors and its representatives fully equipped to meet the exacting service conditions that exist today.

The service stations listed below are authorized and completely equipped to give you specialized service on Delco, Klaxon and Remy electrical equipments.

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These Electrical Service Stations are authorized to serve you on Delco, Klaxon and Remy

ALABAMA
Birmingham — [illegible] Auto Elec Ser Co
Mobile — Mobile Electric Garage
Montgomery — Auto Electric Service Co.

ARIZONA
Phoenix — [illegible] Co of Ariz
Tucson — [illegible] Co of Ariz

CALIFORNIA
Alameda — Motor Electric Co.
Alhambra — Alhambra Auto Elec Co.
Bakersfield — Auto Elec & Battery Co.
Burlingame — Dessin Brothers
Fresno — United Auto Electric Co.
Glendale — Penner Bros. Auto Elec Co.
Hollywood — Hollywood Auto Elec Co.
Long Beach — Kay & Burbank Co.
Long Beach — A C Walker, Inc.
Los Angeles — Electric Equipment Co., Inc.
Los Angeles — Kay & Burbank Co., Inc.
Oakland — [illegible]
Ontario — [illegible]
Palo Alto — [illegible] Electric Co.
Pasadena — Kay & Burbank Co., Inc.
Redding — Mt Shasta Battery Co.
Riverside — Mission Auto Electric Co.
Sacramento — Carl Lamus Co.
San Diego — [illegible]
San Francisco — Automotive Ser Agency
San Francisco — Earl P Cooper Bat Co.
San Jose — Auto Electric Service Co.
San Luis Obispo — San Luis Auto Elec Wks
San Pedro — San Pedro Bat & Ignition Co.
Santa Ana — Kay & Burbank Co., Inc
Santa Ana — Orange County Ign Wks., Inc
Santa Barbara — [illegible]
Santa Maria — [illegible]
Santa Monica — [illegible]
Stockton — L J Kitt & Co.
Whittier — Whittier Auto Elec. Works

COLORADO
Colo Springs — [illegible] Mtr Spec Co.
Denver — L R Bach & Brown
Denver — Sutzer Electrical Co.
Greeley — Exide Electrical Ser Station
Sterling — Mathis & Alford

CONNECTICUT
Bridgeport — Bridgeport Batt & Elec Ser.
Bridgeport — Krause & D Elia Elec Co Inc.
Danbury — The Parmelee Co., Inc.
Hartford — Universal Auto Co.
New Haven — The New Haven Electric Co.
Stamford — Grimms Electrical Ser Sta.
Torrington — Bartram Electrical Co.
Waterbury — Andy & Phelan Co., Inc.

DELAWARE
Wilmington — Unger Storage Battery Co

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
Washington — Cree Brothers

FLORIDA
Miami — Electrical Equip Co. of Fla
Tampa — American Service Co

GEORGIA
Atlanta — Southern Auto & Equip Co., Inc
Macon — [illegible]
Savannah — [illegible]
Valdosta — The A A Parrish Co

IDAHO
Boise — Oakley & Sons
Pocatello — Auto Service Co
Twin Falls — [illegible] Service Station

ILLINOIS
Belleville — Stanley Auto Elec. Co.
Bloomington — Bloomington Bat Service
Cairo — E. & E. Battery Elec Ser
Chicago — Accurate Service Co.
Chicago — [illegible]
Chicago — [illegible]
Chicago — Calumet Electric Co.
Chicago — C. E. Automotive Elec Co
Chicago — Arthur Jones Electric [illegible]
Chicago — Motor Car Service [illegible]
Chicago — Motor Car Service [illegible]
Chicago — Pellet Magneto [illegible]
Chicago — Sampson Electric Co
Chicago — [illegible]
Danville — [illegible]
Decatur — Decatur Battery Service Inc.
E St Louis — Rothe Motor Co
Edwardsville — G. F. Peirce Batt Ser Co.
Galesburg — P & M Electric Co.
Jacksonville — Mandeville Elec. Co.
Kankakee — [illegible]
Peoria — [illegible]
Quincy — Illinois Battery & Electric Co.
Rockford — Phillip's Electric & Batt Co.
Springfield — Chapin Electric Co.

ILLINOIS—Cont.
Sycamore — Barrow Brothers Garage

INDIANA
Anderson — Auto Electric Service Co.
Columbus — Harden Electric Co.
East Chicago — [illegible]
Elkhart — [illegible]
Evansville — Automotive Elec Ser Inc.
Fort Wayne — Ideal Auto Mfg & Sales Co.
Indianapolis — [illegible]
Kokomo — Beaver Battery Co.
Lafayette — Glenn Electric & Battery Co.
Marion — Glaser Electric Co.
Richmond — Chenoweth Electric Ser Co.
South Bend — U S. Electric Co.
Terre Haute — John S Cox
Vincennes — Brewer Auto Electric Co.

IOWA
Boone — Boone Storage Battery Co
Cedar Rapids — [illegible]
Council Bluffs — [illegible]
Des Moines — Bernhard Turner Auto Co.
Dubuque — Kerper Electric Co. Inc.
Fort Dodge — Dickinson-Stinson Elec. Co.
Marshalltown — C S L Bat & Elec. Co.
Mason City — Central Battery & Elec. Co.
Ottumwa — [illegible]
Shenandoah — United Electric & Batt Ser.
Sigourney — Friday Batt & Elec Corp.
Sioux City — Arthur Elec Service
Sioux City — Western Bat & Supply Co.
Waterloo — Central Bat. & Elec. Co.

KANSAS
Chanute — K-W Battery Co.
Fort Scott — Brooks & Ault Elec Sup Co.
Great Bend — Archer Electric Co.
Hutchinson — The Kansas Elec Co Inc
Salina — Auto Electric Service Co.
Topeka — Keefe Electric Co.
Wichita — Whitlock-Hamilton Co.

KENTUCKY
Lexington — LaFayette Phoenix Garage Inc.
Louisville — Hunter Klefer Co., Inc.
Paducah — Starling Elec. & Batt. Ser.

LOUISIANA
New Orleans — Suhren, Incorporated

MAINE
Augusta — Webber's Auto Elec Service
Bangor — Arvid L. Ehbesen
Portland — Mank & Gray, Inc.

MARYLAND
Baltimore — The Magneto & Machine Co.
Baltimore — Automotive Elec. Shop
Baltimore — Ditch Bowers & Taylor, Inc
Cumberland — Trebet Electric Ser Co.

MASSACHUSETTS
Amesbury — Maxham Kilduff Inc
Arlington — Arlington Automobile Co
Boston — Harry Ebner Co
Boston — Jackson Electric Co
Boston — Mass Elec Lab C
Brockton — Harriman R Barker
Holyoke — George Lamay
Lawrence — Berwick Service Co.
Lowell — Auto Electric Service Co.
New Bedford — C E Beckman Co.
Northampton — N'thampton Bat Ser Co.
Pittsfield — Jack Rose Motor Service
Plymouth — [illegible]
Somerville — [illegible]
Springfield — Springfield Motor Spr Co.
Swampscott — Frank I Richardson
Worcester — Jenkins & Robinson

MICHIGAN
Bay City — Thorne Electric Co
Detroit — The Auto Elec & Ser Corp
Detroit — [illegible]
Detroit — Fauver Cavanaugh Co., Inc.
Flint — United Auto Parts Co.
Grand Rapids — Heth Auto Electric Co.
Jackson — [illegible]
Kalamazoo — [illegible]
Lansing — [illegible]
Pontiac — [illegible] Equipment Co.
Port Huron — [illegible] Auto Elec Ser.
Saginaw — [illegible] Electric Co.
Saginaw — Russell Electric Co

MINNESOTA
Duluth — Kelley Duluth Co.
Duluth — United Electric Service Co.
Minneapolis — Fowler Electric Co.
Minneapolis — Millerburg Auto Elec Co
Minneapolis — [illegible]
Minneapolis — [illegible]
St Paul — Millerburg Auto Elec Co.
St Paul — Northern Bat Service Co.
Winona — Armstrong Fick Co.

MISSISSIPPI
Gulfport — Matthews Battery Co.

MISSOURI
Clinton — Price Electric Ser Station
Joplin — Sorber Kuhn Auto Supply Co
Kansas City — [illegible]
Kansas City — [illegible]
St Joseph — [illegible]
St Louis — Auto. Elec Ser Co., Inc
St Louis — Fox Ignition Co
St. Louis — [illegible]

MONTANA
Billings — Elec Service Station, Inc
Butte — Auto Electric Equip. Co.
Great Falls — Gt Falls Starter & Bat Co.
Helena — Wm R Chase Co
Lewistown — Electric Service Station

NEBRASKA
Alliance — Schuler Auto Supply
Grand Island — [illegible]
Lincoln — Parkhurst Auto Elec Co
Omaha — Auto Elec. & Radio Corp

NEVADA
Reno — Brown-Millbery, Inc

NEW HAMPSHIRE
Keene — L M Willard Co
Manchester — [illegible]

NEW JERSEY
Asbury Park — [illegible]
Atlantic City — Albert D Mc[illegible]
Atlantic City — Auto Bat & Elec [illegible]
Beverly — Morris Puro
Camden — United Auto. Elec Co.
Hackensack — Hackensack Mag & Bat Ser.
Jersey City — Coleman Auto Elec Ser Inc.
Long Branch — R V Durbeck
Morristown — Charles L. Dubbs
Newark — Barter-Oppenheimer Inc
Newark — D W Mc[illegible]
Newark — United Auto Elec Ser Inc
New Brunswick — Middlesex Ba & Sa In
Passaic — Passaic Battery Station
Paterson — Reliable Magneto Repair Co
Perth Amboy — Garretson Co
Plainfield — Carty Auto Electric Co
Red Bank — D A Johnson Co
Trenton — J Harry Heerner

NEW MEXICO
Albuquerque — The Auto Service Sta.

NEW YORK
Albany — J M Steinhardt, Inc
Binghamton — Binghamton Bat & Elec. Co
Bronx — Acme Electric Ser Co
Bronx — Ahrweiler Auto Elec Ser Inc
Brooklyn — Nicholas M Powell, Inc
Brooklyn — Ernest A. Wildermuth
Buffalo — Emco Sales Corp
Buffalo — Roth & Zillig, Inc
Elmira — [illegible]
Ithaca — J B Lang Engine & Garage Co
Jamaica — Javins Brandmayer Inc
Jamaica — Naber, Paine & Mc[illegible] Inc
Jamestown — R[illegible] & Zug Inc
Johnstown — Mervin Hynes
Long Island City — Steiner Electric Corp
Middletown — Elec Auto Systems Ser Inc
Mt. Vernon — J D Pettet
Newburgh — J. G Metzger
New Rochelle — Temple Motor Ser Corp
New York City — Auto Elec Ser Corp
New York City — [illegible]
New York City — P J [illegible]
New York City — [illegible]
Rochester — [illegible]
Rockville Centre — [illegible]
Syracuse — [illegible]
Troy — [illegible]
Utica — [illegible]
White Plains — Burgan Car & Rep. Shop

NORTH CAROLINA
Asheville — [illegible]
Charlotte — Garrett Phonograph Ser Co
Durham — The Durham Bat Ser Sta.
Goldsboro — Goldsboro Battery Co.
Raleigh — Auto Electric & Battery Co
Rocky Mount — The Electric Shop
Wilmington — MacMillan & Cameron, Inc

NORTH DAKOTA
Bismarck — Electric Service & Tire Co.
Fargo — Fargo Plumbing & Heating Co.

OHIO
Akron — [illegible]
Canton — [illegible]
Cincinnati — [illegible]
Cleveland — Bowslager [illegible]
Cleveland — Cleveland Ignition Co.
Cleveland Hgts. — Coventry-Mayfield Gar.

OHIO—Cont.
Columbus — The Columbus Ign Co
Columbus — [illegible]
Dayton — The Dayton Batt & Ign Co
Elyria — Philadelphia Batt & Ign Co
Kenton — Autelectric Service Co
Lima — Beckman Elec Co
Lorain — Auto Electric & Batt Co
Mansfield — Richland Service Station
Middletown — Miller Electrical Ser Co
Newark — Auto Elec Specialty Co
New Philadelphia — [illegible]
Sandusky — [illegible]
Tiffin — Hicks Electrical Ser Sta
Toledo — Ease Power Maintenance Co
Warren — Trumbull Storage Bat Co
Wooster — J D Boner Bat Station
Youngstown — C F DuChanois Bat Co
Zanesville — Weller Bat & Ign. Co

OKLAHOMA
Chickasha — Chickasha Bat Co., Inc
Lawton — Waverton Brothers
Muskogee — Wood Brison Bat Co
Oklahoma — Metropolitan Elec Ser Co
Pawhuska — Pawhuska Bat & Elec Co
Tulsa — Walsh Electric Co

OREGON
Astoria — Astoria Storage Bat Co
Pendleton — Brown & Sanborn
Portland — Sunset Electric Co
Portland — W R Miller & son Inc
Tillamook — Nelson Elec. Co.

PENNSYLVANIA
Allentown — [illegible]
Altoona — [illegible]
Beaver Falls — [illegible]
Bethlehem — Bethlehem Bat & Ign Ser
Bradford — Bradford Garage [illegible]
Easton — Buenning & Eisenhauer Sta
Erie — Briggs United Elec'l Ser Inc
Greensburg — J W Patton Auto Elec Ser
Harrisburg — Excelsior Auto & Battery Co
Johnstown — [illegible]
McKeesport — [illegible]
New Castle — Eagle Batt & Ign Ser Co
Philadelphia — Auto Equip. & Ser Co., Inc
Philadelphia — [illegible]
Philadelphia — Wade Auto Supply Co
Pittsburgh — Craner Battery Co
Pittsburgh — Electrical Equip. Ser Co
Pittsburgh — Penn Storage Bat Co
Reading — Berks Auto & Ign Co
Shamokin — Shamokin Batt. Serv Sta
Souderton — E & K M Delp
Turtle Creek — [illegible]
Uniontown — Tri State Garage Co
Wilkes Barre — Rudolph's Elec Ser Sta
Wilkes Barre — Wilkes Barre Elec Ser Inc
Williamsport — The Hafer Wurster Co
York — York Storage Bat. Co

RHODE ISLAND
Providence — W R. Burns Co

SOUTH CAROLINA
Charleston — Gas Engine & [illegible]
Columbia — Becker Elec Ser Inc
Greenville — Battery & Elec. Co. Inc

SOUTH DAKOTA
Aberdeen — Detwiler Auto Elec Ser Co
Sioux Falls — Power & Flodin
Watertown — Hanson Auto Elec Co

TENNESSEE
Chattanooga — Madge Auto Elec Co
Knoxville — R T Clapp Battery Co
Memphis — Auto Elec Ser Co
Nashville — Auto. Elec Ser Co., Inc

TEXAS
Abilene — [illegible]
Amarillo — [illegible]
Austin — [illegible]
Dallas — [illegible]
El Paso — [illegible]
Fort Worth — [illegible]
Houston — Houston Elec Ser Co
San Antonio — [illegible]
Waco — Modern Auto Repair Co
Wichita Falls — [illegible]

UTAH
Ogden — Ogden Auto Ser Co
Salt Lake City — Inter Mountain Elec Co
Salt Lake City — Edwards-Warden Pts. Co

VERMONT
Burlington — Brodie & Niles Inc
St. Johnsbury — St Johnsbury Garage Co

VIRGINIA
Lynchburg — Hudson Morgan Elec Co Inc
Norfolk — [illegible]
Norfolk — [illegible]
Portsmouth — [illegible]
Richmond — Lane Bowles Company Inc
Roanoke — Stoke Bat & Armature Works

WASHINGTON
Aberdeen — [illegible]
Bellingham — [illegible]
Chehalis — Ray Hatch Co
Everett — Williams & Merriam
Olympia — Olympia Bat Co. Inc
Seattle — Fremont Electric Co
Seattle — Sunset Electric Co
Seattle — V. A Partlow Co
Spokane — Wm. E. Chase Eng Co
Tacoma — Tacoma Auto Elec Co Inc
Walla Walla — [illegible]
Yakima — [illegible]

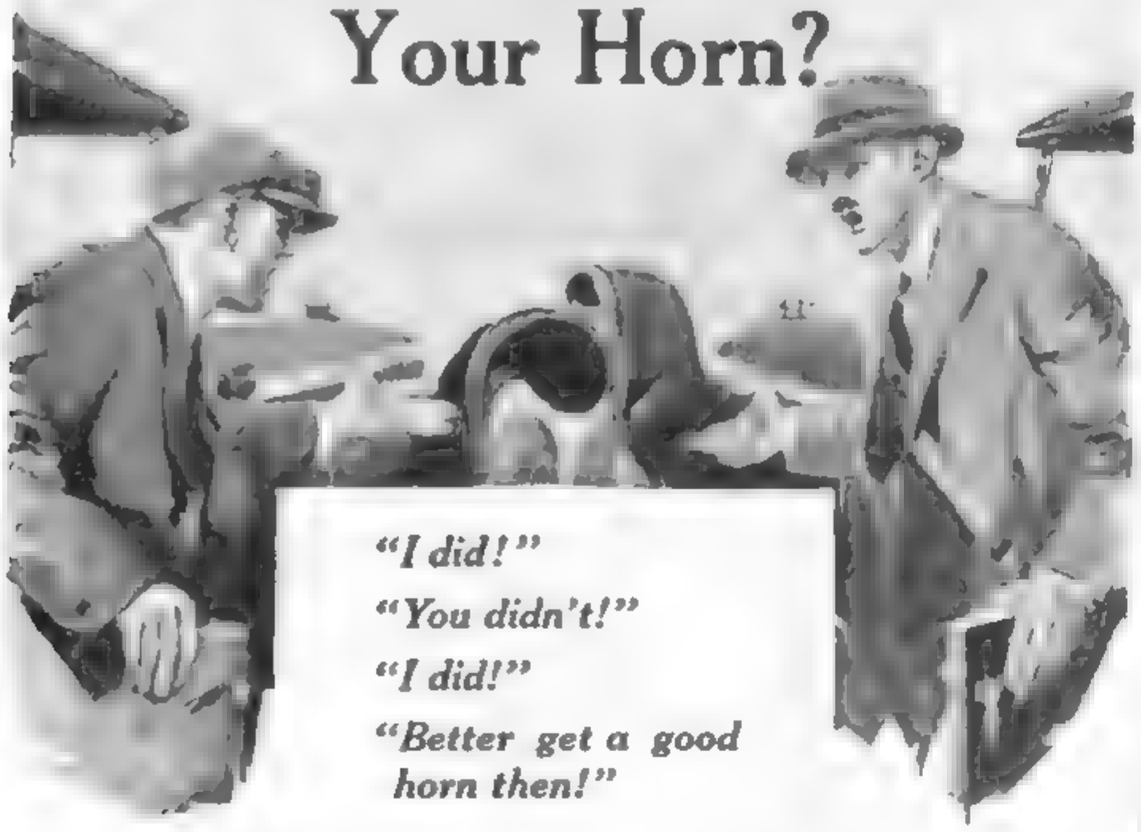
WEST VIRGINIA
Huntington — [illegible]
Wheeling — [illegible]

WISCONSIN
Beloit — L C Pike Elec Co
Eau Claire — Eaton Auto Co
Kenosha — Regli's Auto Elec Ser
Madison — [illegible]
Milwaukee — [illegible]
Milwaukee — [illegible]
Sheboygan — [illegible]

WYOMING
Casper — The Casper Supply Co
Rawlins — Rawlins Motor Co

CANADA
Belleville — Quinte Bat Ser Sta
Calgary — T H Peacock
Hamilton, O. — Toronto & Hamilton Elec Co.
Montreal — Auto Elec'l Service
Montreal — International Elec Co. Ltd
Quebec — J L R Lorquet Elec'l Eng Co
Saskatoon — Lemery Denison Elec Ltd
St John N B — Modern Elec Co Ltd
Toronto — [illegible]
Vancouver B C — [illegible]
Vancouver — [illegible]
Victoria — Reste Elec & Ign Co Ltd
Winnipeg — Lion's Auto [illegible]

Why Didn't You Blow Your Horn?



A GOOD Horn is Safety Insurance Only KLAXON Quality is Good Enough

You never know at what instant you are going to need a powerful warning signal.

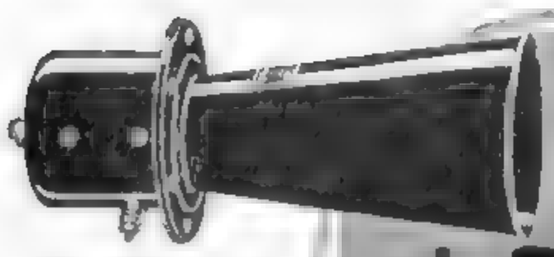
Often a sharp penetrating note is the only thing that will avert an accident. In every emergency, Klaxon can always be depended upon.

Wherever and whenever sounded, it commands *instant* attention.

Its saw-tooth note cuts through the loudest traffic noises on city streets.

It carries far ahead on country roads—around bends and over hills.

A feeble horn is little better than none at all—why risk life, limb, and property. Your dealer has a genuine Klaxon for your car at a low price.



The Klaxon - 8, a new ball-bearing model, built on the same principles as the Klaxon 12 A. Sturdy, dependable, powerful — a quality horn at a low price.

Other Models $4.75 to $30

$7.50

There is only one genuine Klaxon. You can identify it by the name plate shown above. To be sure you get the effective, individual Klaxon tone and Klaxon endurance insist on the Klaxon name plate.

Genuine KLAXON Horns made only by

KLAXON

Company Newark N J

(Continued from Page 60)

Dorrie explained, "You were singing, and I had heard you before, so I played what you sang; that is all."

He stared stupidly.

"But ain't this the drug store?"

"Yes, my man; what can I do for you?" It was Michael speaking. He had left his car and returned on foot. We hadn't seen him in the dark. Tommy Welles was with him. He came bounding up the stairs, scarcely stayed to knock at the door. Dorothy had to turn from the odd affair outside to greet her guest. When I looked down again the stranger had disappeared.

Tommy Welles had a queer expression in his eyes. He did not see me at first, and he began to talk rapidly, with that intonation I found so like Hopkinson Martin.

"Say," he said, "what do you think? Grandfather has sent for me. He's heard mums and dad are away, I guess. Says we may as well bach it together! If he thinks I'll go he's another guess coming—an old scoundrel like him ——"

He looked further and saw me. His eagerness evaporated. He did not mean to be rude, but of course I meant nothing to him. I said I guessed I'd better go.

"We'll drive you home," said Dorothy. "We're going for a ride, aren't we, Tommy?"

His yes was rather blank, I thought; but he went and got Dorothy's little car and we piled in, laughing. Somehow the strain of the past half hour had vanished. For the first time it occurred to me that Dorothy and Tommy—they were young, I knew; but they seemed to know what they wanted, both of 'em. There wasn't a sign of any mushy sentiment, but somehow they seemed to understand each other in a way that amazed me. I almost forgot about Michael's business.

The next thing that happened I did not get from Dorothy but from Freda Fulmer, and it was more than a week later. Michael had gone off alone on one of his mysterious errands, and Millie Hobbs, his assistant, had a telephone message to say that her mother had been taken sick and needed her. Usually there was another assistant, a man, but he was on vacation. Dorothy went into the store to take Millie's place. Jake, the odd man, was there too. It was a hot, sleepy afternoon, and very few people came in. Dorothy sat back behind the counter and dozed, awakening suddenly at the sound of heavy footsteps.

A man whom she vaguely remembered having seen in Bregar looked down at her. She could see his horse tethered outside. He was dusty and hot and his eyes were bloodshot, but they widened to admiration when Dorothy appeared and asked him what he wished.

"I want to see the boss," he said.

"My father is out," said Dorothy; "perhaps I can find what you want."

She waited politely, and it was at that minute that Freda Fulmer came into the store. She told me she waited by the door, sensing trouble somehow. I guess a girl like Freda knows some sorts of trouble a mile off when it wouldn't touch the fringe of Dorothy's thoughts. She saw the man help himself to a cigar, light it and throw the match on the floor. He drew in a lungful of smoke and expelled it almost in Dorothy's face. With it all she knew that he had no intention of being rude—that much at least got over; but a certain aloofness about her must have annoyed the man, evidently, for he spoke in a harsh tone, suddenly, as if he had made up his mind to take her pride down a little.

"If you're papa's little pet, I guess it'll be safe to leave a message with you. You tell him from me, kid, that Casey was in and said to tell him to come across double. Too many things going on around here. I got to keep my eyes shut too tight for the money, see? You get that? Come across double was what I said, and he'd best be quick about it, too. I guess that's all." He swaggered to the door.

Dorothy's voice came clearly down the long store. Freda said she jumped when she heard it.

"Stop!"

The odd thing is, the man did; he wasn't the kind to, you know that. But he looked back at Dorothy, his cigar at an angle. Dorothy looked at it calmly.

"You didn't pay for your cigar," she said.

Freda signaled her to stop. She even caught up a box of cigars and handed them to him with a laugh, saying beneath her breath that the little sister was green; he must forget it. But Dorothy swept Freda's cajoleries aside with a gesture.

"That cigar is a quarter," she said, holding out her hand; "and as for the message for my father, you'd better come and give it to him yourself."

"The hell I will!" said the man, and he left the store and clattered down the street to Yoka Larssen's.

Dorothy sat down suddenly; the store reeled about her. She tried to listen to Freda, but her brain did not function. But after a minute or two she began to get some idea of what she was driving at. Perhaps it had been lying dormant at the back of her mind all this time, and she had not known it—I cannot tell; but at least she understood Freda, her eyes told that.

"You mean," she said steadily, "that it is dangerous for dad to offend that man?"

"Yes," said Freda. "You see, honey, bootlegging's outside the law."

She came down and told me this, exactly what she'd said. The word didn't mean anything to her—it was all in the day's work; but Dorothy had the heart of a child, and it was different for her. I'd known when she was a little thing how proud she'd been of her father's store, of the shining bowls in his windows that she'd called Manisty's eyes. I didn't think for a minute that she'd given them a meaning of her own; that to her the colored globes, shining away there at the end of the village for all to see, meant a spotless integrity, the hand of healing stretched out, as it were, to the whole little place. Now, with Freda's words, it meant something else. Things all became clear to her; she wondered how she could have been so blind before.

The expression in her eyes was what troubled Freda Fulmer. The clear and shining blue had turned misty with doubt and pain. But she could talk steadily, and she asked Freda questions, then, waiting for the straight answers she believed would come, sitting stiffly, waiting for the blows to fall.

And fall they did; Freda told her what she wanted to know. She had the sense of keenness without which she could not have lived as she did, and she knew that Dorothy wanted the truth. Yes, she said, without doubt Michael Frances was bootlegging on a big scale—for the country, at least. He had the protection of the police, and he'd kept in with the politicians, dear me, yes! As for the doctors, he'd have prescriptions on file to keep him within the law in the eyes of anyone who might come in to examine the place; she was sure of that. He'd slip the physicians a quart or two of good whisky for themselves or their friends from time to time. That part was easy. No, she didn't know about that signal—the man singing—that Dorothy spoke about; but there'd be a signal, of course. They couldn't just come in and dump down the stuff without knowing it would be all right, naturally. She thought that Michael held the liquor for a few hours, either on the way from the city or to it. She had heard whispers to that effect; she didn't know, of course. But it stood to reason, didn't it, that they had to have some safe place of that kind to change loads? And just see how wonderfully the place was situated for anything of that kind! They could sneak in at night and not make a sound, and out again in the morning before anyone could be the wiser - and right close to the state road, between New York and Albany ——

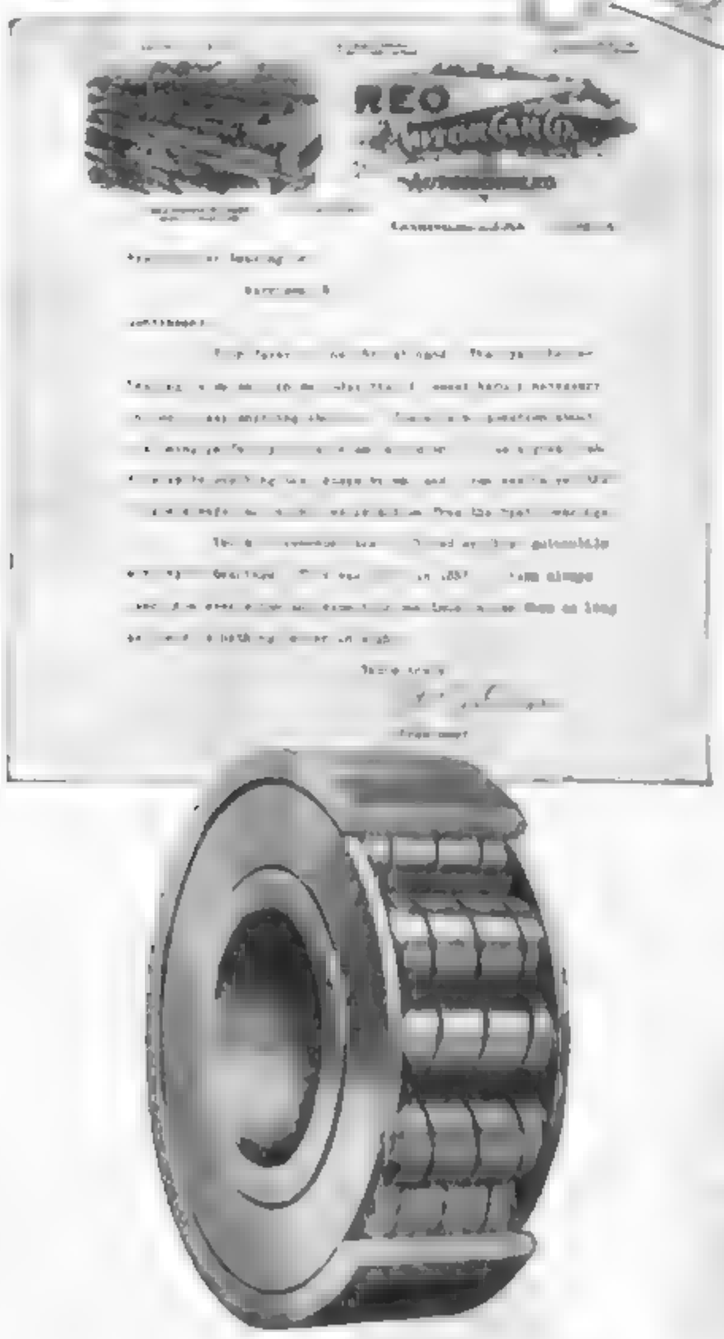
She tried, you see, to make it all clear and matter of fact; but she was worried by the expression Dorothy wore, and worried, too, for Michael Frances. He might get in bad if he did not take steps to avert all this trouble looming up with the police, through Casey. She tried to locate him on the telephone, even. But it wasn't any use; no one knew where Michael was. It was while Freda was talking to me—knowing me for a friend of the family, and guessing, I think, that I'd go through fire for Dorrie—that Dorothy herself acted.

From the depot window we saw her, both of us, go by in her little car. She climbed the hill to the house where Hopkinson Martin lived, and refusing the servant's wish to announce her in such a decisive manner that the man, new to the place, felt she must be an intimate, walked through the big drawing-room to the terrace.

Hopkinson Martin sat there, admiring his roses. He looked very formidable, Dorothy told me, as he rose to greet her. She was terrified, really, but desperate, too, and she was taking what she felt to be the only chance of safety for her father. She let Hopkinson Martin set a chair for her

(Continued on Page 65)

Eighteen years rolling along on



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News of First National Pictures

An Advertisement from Associated First National Pictures, Inc.

The purpose of this nation-wide cooperative organization of theatre owners is to foster independent production, develop new talent and elevate the standards and art of the screen.

LISTENING IN as the crowd emerges from a New York movie. The picture was "Mighty Lak' a Rose." But it's not the picture, for matter, the chatter remains the same.

"That director knew what he was doing. Did you notice how——"

"She's a peach. Came from the Follies, I'll bet. Gimme 'imagery.' Mmm. Can you imagine having a shiek like that? That——"

Stars, direction, story. We think of pictures not in terms of trade marks, but of people—because pictures *are* people. And motion picture brands must be judged by the human company they keep. Hence this forthnightly page will be about the folk who make stars appear in First National Pictures, because the big important factor is the man or woman to whose artistic eye the screen reflects.

Still further to acquaint picture-goers with their favorites' activities this page will be reproduced large-size for exhibition in the lobbies of several thousand theatres which present First National Pictures. Something to read while you wait for a seat.

The law of the island—every woman must choose a husband within twenty-four hours.

"THE ISLE OF LOST SHIPS"

Maurice Tourneur pictures strange drama, stranger thrill in the Sargasso Sea (from which scene is seldom rescued)

GALLEONS, DERELICTS, once-proud clippers, stately liners, caught in the grip of the weird Sargasso Sea through centuries and wedged by sea-weed into an island of lost ships. A colony of men and only two women inhabit it, a rabble ruled by a giant with the right of might. Escape is impossible. Each new wreck adds castaways, desperate men—sometimes a woman, and she, by community law, must marry within one day, choosing her husband from the mob. The man she takes must defend her against all comers.

To this island drift a millionaire's daughter, a New York detective and his prisoner, an ex-naval officer charged with murder—sole survivors of a wreck. And although the girl would give a million for reprieve, she must choose her mate from the men who offer. Two want her—the brute who rules and the man accused of murder.

Director Maurice Tourneur tackled a big job in filming this story of Captain Crittenden Marriott's. Not only was there drama of the strongest kind, but also the unprecedented locale of the Sargasso Sea with its waste world of stagnant weed, its submarine monsters, the hundreds of ships it never lets go. A sailor's myth some call the Sargasso Sea; yet the atlas shows it at the Gulf of Mexico's very door. Thus Tourneur has depicted both island and people, in scenes that come as some new, almost incredible wonder.

With Anna Q. Nilsson, Milton Sills, Frank Campeau and Walter Long in the cast, and produced at M. C. Levee's vast United Studios, at Hollywood, "The Isle of Lost Ships" will be discovered as that rarest of jewels—a photoplay the like of which has never been seen.

Yo-ho, me hearties! Bend a sail!

* * *

"THE GIRL of the Golden West" has joined the movies. The David Belasco success is being directed by Edwin Carewe, with J. Warren Kerrigan, Russell Simpson and Sylvia Breamer in the cast. Production is under way in Sonora, California, the story's actual locale, although disguised as Manzanita on the stage.

"Slander the Woman"

HOW MUCH does the divorce court save a woman? How much can it leave out when the merest mention of her name in court means notoriety outside? The part she played may have been exemplary, her social position assured through her own worth. So much the worse for her, so much the better for those who would slander the woman.

Surely a promising theme for Allen Holubar's new drama, starring Dorothy Phillips and written by Lenore Coffee. The girl, unjustly involved in a divorce scandal, denounces the truth, elopes and, unable to endure the aftermath, hides herself in the Canadian snows, where fate also drives her traducer. Things happen! Suddenly!

Director Holubar, who up to his "third director's" reputation, has gone to extraordinary lengths for drama here; and since the supporting cast includes George Siegmann, Rosemary Theby, Brinsley Shaw and Little Richard Headrick, the woman appears to have been slandered in good company.

"Humoresque" Director Has New Job

Frank Borzage

THE FLAGS are out to welcome another big director to First National. Frank Borzage, who made "Humoresque," will do a series of specials, with Arthur Jacobs as producer, starting with Tristram Tupper's "Terwilliger," another "Humoresque-ness" human-interest story. Pronounce Frank's name BOR-ZOGGY when you tell your friends.

Continental Beauty for "Trilby"

A TRILBY to thrill [illegible] Lavette, Continental star engaged by Richard William Tully for his production of "Trilby." We are promised glimpses of the real Montmartre in exteriors Tully shot in Paris, but the art directors insist that when Mlle. Lavette saw the Latin Quarter *they* built at the Hollywood studios she burst out in *pure!* and "*Mon Homme.*"

Jack London's "White Fang"

DOG-STAR STRONGHEART, a wolf-pack and a hundred huskies supply—and apply—the fangs in Jack London's "White Fang," which Laurence Trimble and Jane Murfin have been filming in Alberta all winter. Further good news for fans who thrilled over "Silent Call" and "Brawn of the North"—Trimble says these two were only intended as rehearsals for "White Fang." And if *they* were merely rehearsals—! Incidentally you'll see Canada's *grand-prix* dog teams in the 100-mile championship run on Lake Winnewanka.

Young Makes "Wandering Daughters"

James Young

ANOTHER director "reels his own." James Young, who directed "The Masquerader," is bossing himself around the studio these days as an independent producer, working on Dana Burnett's story, "Wandering Daughters," for his first. A record for consistently excellent work over a period of years wins Mr. Young his new honors. His personal production plans will be interrupted after "Wandering Daughters," however, when, it is reported, he will return temporarily to Richard Walton Tully to direct "Trilby."

Jackie Coogan Joins Circus

C'MON, SKINNY! Jackie Coogan, side-show freaks, circus champs, jumping horses, high-wire heroines, all in one picture! It's Coogan's "Toby Tyler, or Ten Weeks with a Circus." Acts from Ringling, Sells-Floto and other tent-shows hibernating in Los Angeles performed under the big-top at the studios. Thousands trooped there to fill the tents. They were really extras, men, women, children, but they paid for the privilege in bundles of old clothes and tins of milk which Jackie turned over to the Near East Relief Committee for distribution in Armenia. Batteries of cameras "shot" acts and applauding spectators [illegible] Jackie and the bareback riding stunts the story called for. The kiddies in Armenia got new pants; the movie-makers such scenes as would make Barnum fill "Toby Tyler" the Greatest Show on Earth. This follows "Daddy" in Jackie's super-feature. Meanwhile "Oliver Twist" earns special half-hour days for thousands of school kids—and whoops of gratitude for Jackie.

—*John Lincoln*

Dorothy Phillips' finest dramatic work is done in the witness-box in "Slander the Woman." Left: Jackie Coogan, the million-dollar street musician of "Daddy." Right: Charles Chaplin in "The Pilgrim."

(Continued from Page 62)

near his own. Then she found that he was looking at her out of Tommy Welles' eyes. That made it easier; he wasn't just a stranger. So she told him what had happened, what might happen to her father.

"The police!" she emphasized. "You must call them off, Mr. Martin."

"I?" He looked her over acidly.

A touch of spirit came into her eyes, her voice was keener.

"Yes, of course," she said; "who else? If you can't keep my father on the right side of things no one can. I know that. I suppose you picked him out, in the first place, or others for you. Why you do it I can't see—you have money enough."

His eyes froze over so that the likeness to his grandson was lost. There was a sort of grim humor in his tone.

"Don't you know the joy of the game?" he said.

"Then, if it's only a game, call it off!"

He laughed rather unpleasantly.

"My dear young lady, your father would not stop if I asked him; besides, how do you know I am responsible? It is only surmise; you don't really know."

She got up. I think she looked very small and rather alone then, but the eyes she lifted to Hopkinson Martin were full of courage.

"All right," she said, "if you won't help me I won't help you either. You'll never get Tommy to come to you, Mr. Martin; not now. I'd nearly persuaded him to come. I thought you were old and lonely; you needed him. Now I'll see he doesn't come, ever."

Telling me about it afterwards, she said that she expected him to stop her before she got to the door. But he didn't. He stood there staring at her grimly, sour, and she got into her car with a sinking heart. She'd played her last card and it had lost the game.

So she drove down the hill. At the green opposite Yoka Larssen's hotel she left her car and got out. She said she had to speak to someone. It has always made me glad that she was coming to me, even though I knew nothing about it until long after.

When Freda had left me I'd phoned Tommy Welles. I remembered that he'd said his grandfather wanted to see him. I felt that he might be able to help if Dorothy needed it. Because old Hopkinson Martin was a wolf—there was no doubt of that in my mind. I'd heard things about him for too many years.

So it just happened that when Dorothy crossed that dark patch of green before the station, and drunken Bear Ferguson jumped out at her, Tommy, in there listening to my story, heard her voice. She didn't scream; the man came at her too suddenly for that, so that the scream was smothered in her throat; but a sound came, something too faint for my ears, but it touched Tommy Welles with a frightful poignancy, if his face was anything to judge by. He threw open the door of my office and rushed out, shouting.

Bear Ferguson was liquor crazy. He'd been in and out of Larssen's hotel for days, soaking up poison. He wasn't a bad sort when he was sober, but at best he was ignorant, a low type. They called him Bear because, with his great hulking frame and his enormous arms, he had a sort of hugging grip in a fight that was more like a bear than a human being. I turned sick when I saw Tommy Welles rush at him.

The young fellow was slender, but strong enough; nothing, though, when compared with Bear's gigantic proportions. He hadn't a chance. For an instant I saw the two figures merge together in the dark, and I was shaking so with fright that my brain deserted me. Then I ran to the phone, told the operator to locate Doc Deere.

By the time I got out to the two men Yoka Larssen was there, and another man or two. They pulled Bear off Tommy Welles. Yoka had a gun and he knocked Bear senseless on the grass. We left him lay, all of us bending anxiouslike over the youngster. Dorrie had his head in her lap; I never want to see any other woman look like that.

He was senseless, of course. He'd got a bad jolt, and Bear had just about squeezed the breath out of his body. Another minute and he'd have been gone, I guess, even though Yoka Larssen said something about the boy fighting like a tiger. He'd do that—he was a man

Doc come and knelt down by the boy. There wasn't no bones broken, but you can't never tell what'll happen when there is concussion. Something that hadn't no words to it passed between Dorrie and doc; it was one of those times when words don't say nothing, seems like. I saw his old eyes look into hers, and then she gave a little sob, looking down at Tommy.

"Oh, my dear, my dear!"

Tommy Welles' eyes were open. She didn't care who knew she loved him, now.

His lips moved, but I wasn't close to hear what he said. Doc Amos repeated it, a sort of question.

"He says to take him to his grandfather's on the hill."

"Is that right, dearest?"

We all heard Dorrie's voice; I seen the boy nod.

"He wanted me," he whispered sort of grim; "now he can have me."

The words didn't say it, but just as plain we knew what he meant. Hopkinson was responsible for all this, Yoka Larssen, the state Bear was in, the insult heaped on Dorothy, and last, this boy. It was all in his words, like as if the old man himself lay there and spoke in his sardonic way through those young lips. I saw doc's teeth set, and he nodded. Dorothy rose sort of dazed and watched while they lifted her sweetheart. Well, I couldn't do nothing. When they drove off up the hill I went back to my office. Number Ten was near due.

Doc Amos told me all about it when he come back. They found Hopkinson Martin still sitting on his terrace, worshiping his roses. Or maybe he was thinking; I don't know. 'Twould make an old chap think, wouldn't it, to have a girl say what Dorrie had? And right out of his thoughts that were bitter, maybe, come that little procession driving slow, and Tommy Welles, the boy that was his flesh and blood and his own youth, almost, lying there grim and suffering.

Doc Deere said as Hopkinson rose and come to them in a hurry. He looked silent on Tommy Welles, and Tommy looked silent back again. And then something queer happened; something you'd never have guessed. Dorothy took one of Tommy's limp hands in hers and tears fell from her lovely eyes.

"Oh, it hurts him, Tommy!" she said. "It hurts him too!"

Well, they got the servants out, and the men carried Hopkinson Martin's grandson into the drawing-room and laid him down on the couch. No one paid any attention to the old man. Doc went to work and got Tommy comfortable. The poor chap was suffering, of course, you get that; but he'd be all right in time, Doc found. Presently he turned round; Hopkinson Martin was at his elbow.

I guess it didn't take Doc long to get his tongue loose then. He knowed nothing of what had gone before, but he did know that one of Yoka Larssen's reg'lars was responsible for this, and he knew where the blame lay too. He set it all down before Hopkinson; then he stalked out. He was so mad he forgot all about Dorrie.

But she'd have stayed for a bit anyway; Tommy Welles was there. She stood out on the terrace and the perfume of the roses came up on the freshening breeze. The lights of the village shone out silently. Dorothy turned, her ears caught by a sound. Hopkinson Martin had slumped down in a chair. He looked worn and old. He'd tried to speak; that was what she'd heard.

"The boy ——" he said, and he couldn't go on.

She gave a sob, caught it back on a sudden swift breath. Suddenly Hopkinson Martin was not an enemy; he was Tommy's grandfather and a friend.

"He's asleep," she said softly, and put her little hand on his arm. "He'll love you, Mr. Martin, now."

For an instant the old sarcastic gleam came back into his eyes.

"You're pretty confident," he said grimly.

"Yes; I saw your face when he came in. It—no game is worth that!"

There was a silence.

Dorothy turned, her eyes caught by the gleaming, shining globes down there in the drug-store window. She stood close to Tommy's grandfather, pointing down the hill

"I've been awfully silly about those globes," she said. "All the time I was away from home I thought about them every now and then. All the old-fashioned drug stores have them, I know that; and yet, somehow, they don't all mean the same thing. You see, dad—dad was always so splendid, so fine to everyone who needed help. I remember, often folks used to come in the night for medicines, and he never let anyone go away. Lots of the poor people couldn't pay much, but he'd give them expensive drugs just the same. I used to think—when I was little I first got the idea—that those bowls shining out from our window were something like eyes, the kind, clear eyes of Michael Frances. I used to call them Manisty's eyes, because they sort of seemed to keep watch upon the village, wait there faithfully to help it in need. Now"—she broke off, touching his sleeve with her little hand—"do you understand what I mean? I—I can hardly bear to see them; they seem to leer at me. They aren't my dear dad's eyes any more; they belong to a stranger, someone who doesn't mean much more to Manisty than—than Yoka Larssen."

The old man took her hand and pressed it. He understood, of course; he'd been born in Manisty. And then the boy was here and he might have lost him. He'd come in revenge, but Hopkinson Martin understood. The impulse might have sprung from his own brain. He shuddered at the thought that the boy despised him. He hungered to know his grandson; he sensed that the boy was his boy, underneath. He couldn't hand on a bootlegging heritage to Thomas Hopkinson Welles. From under his bushy brows he smiled at Dorothy kindly, stifling a sigh.

"I'll go and telephone, my child."

"Call your men off?"

"Yes."

He didn't ask her for any pledge about Tommy; she liked that. But later, when she was going, she turned to him with a laugh that had a little tremor in it.

"When he's better will you bring him down to our house? I think it would be nice if you'd come with him and meet me there, break the ice, you know. You see, he's just as shy as you are yourself, only you're older; you've had a longer time to cover it up"

Well, if I've given you any idea of Dorothy at all, you'll know that he promised. I looked out of my window a week later and there was Hopkinson, riding with Dorrie as friendly as you please, looking over the village as if he owned it. Dorrie waved her hand to me; he nodded and bowed. For the first time for twenty days or so I drew a free breath. I didn't know all this then, of course, but I guessed everything was all right. I got lots of pleasure figuring on going up to the drug store after supper, having a chat with Michael.

And I done it too. He was in a right good humor. He took me into his little office and gave me a fine cigar. Then he puffed out his chest, drew a long breath.

"Say, Hoddy," he said, and cleared his throat, "I got to hand it to you, old man, for knowing things. Dorrie didn't like the way I was making money; she told me outright. Said she'd rather be poor, and she don't care about building by the lake. What you think of that, hey? Says she'd rather stay here; says she loves the old place. What d'ye think of that?"

He was so happy he got tears in his eyes for a minute and had to pretend it was smoke. After a bit the smoke cleared away.

"Say," he said, "d'ye know who's upstairs?"

"Who?" said I, to humor him.

"The old man—Hopkinson Martin; and—and Tommy Welles.. They get on something grand. Hopkinson was telling Tommy when I come away that he'd build him and Dorothy a house when they get ready to want it. Not for a long time, I guess. That's news to you, hey?"

He didn't wait for me to answer, he was eager to tell me the rest. I let him go on, I was so mortal glad of it all.

"Yeh," he said, "a real big house, with windows out over the lake and a rose garden and all. He's got the name for it picked out already too. What do you think of that? Says he's going to call it Manisty's Eyes!"

His own eyes looked up and caught the gleam from the bowls of colored light in his own windows. I don't think he knew that there was any connection. He'd forgotten, if he did. That's a secret for me and Dorothy and Hopkinson Martin; or we can even leave Hopkinson out if we like—Dorothy and me. I guess we are the only two who know the whole inside and out of Manisty's eyes.

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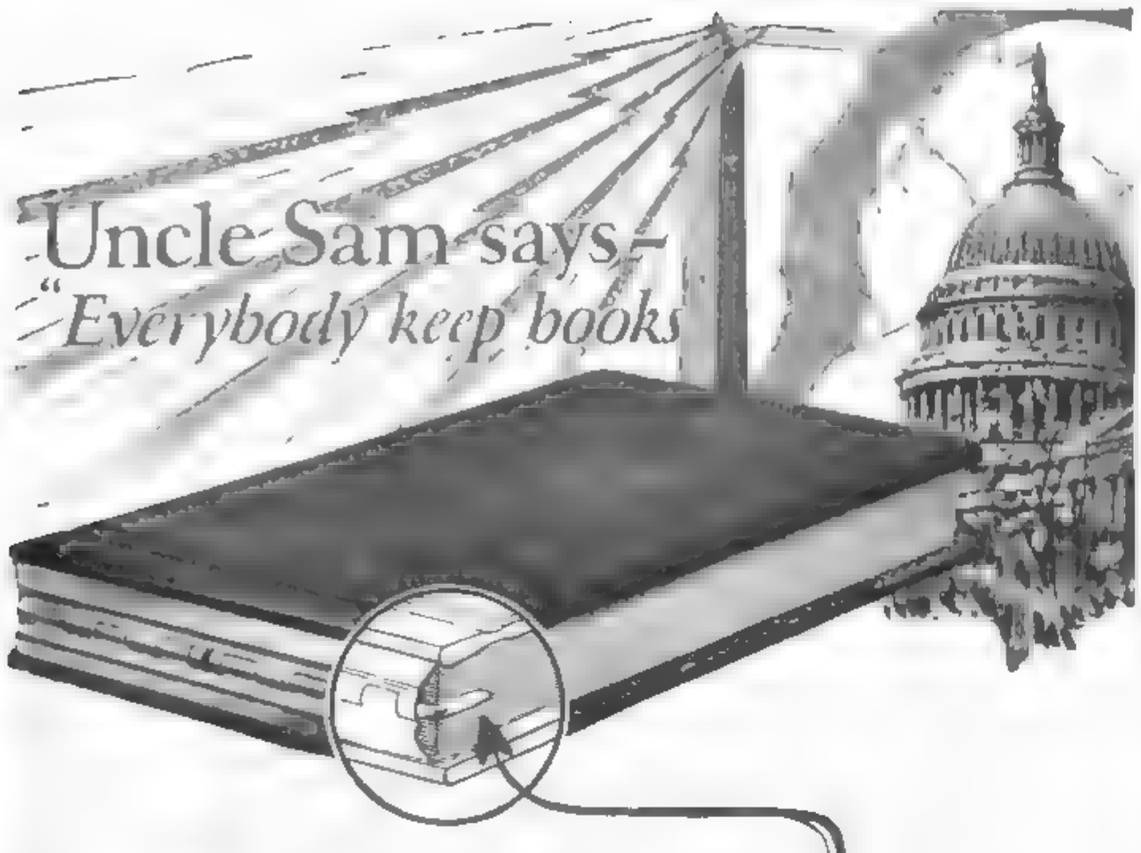

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Loose Leaf Week

See the special display of Radio Ledgers and other National loose leaf supplies by stationers all over the country April 9-14.

ROMEO JUNIOR

(Continued from Page 31)

which fell with a great noise like unto the sound of the thunder upon the victim's ears.

"Go on, Elmer! He said you."

The alto girl urged the nominee to his feet. He got up with the single and sudden movement of a jumping jack, and under the sudden stress both of the buttons on the aft bulwarks of the woolly pants carried away, the lashings cut by the hard leather prongs of his father's honeymoon suspenders.

The anguish of the moment was overcome by some practical reasoning. The bass singer sat down quickly and fumbled with the adjusting clamps on the front web of the suspenders. Leaning forward, he hauled heavily, starboard and port, and cinched the forking web tightly around the back of his neck. He got to his feet, slowly this time, and was in the center aisle of the church reaching for his corn popper before he realized that he was the victim of too much first aid. Now indeed the embroidered suspenders were suspending, but their owner's overzealous hand had shortened them to boy's size. Thereafter for hundreds of years, his mind darkened with the actuality of his predicament, the bass-voiced collection grabber marched down the long aisle of the church in the attitude of a hunchback, bound to the bent posture by the unyielding bonds of the flowered webs.

Twelve rows down, just forward of the zone of boys, bachelors and clove-eating professional backsliders, little Zena Hopkins, nine-year-old daughter of a grocer who used his Sundays for drinking purposes, asked her mother a question: "Is that poor man got a stummick ache?"

Elmer's impulse was to straighten up and answer in a loud voice. He restrained his reply, but he straightened up. He straightened in the anger of youth, surging erect. The poor old suspenders rolled over and died, and their requiem was a gentle ripping of the web fabric, punctuated by the sharper noises of buttons parting from woolly cloth under the sharp edges of time-hardened leather.

The sufferer held fast to his corn popper, clutching wildly at the sagging woolly pants with his free hand. By the time he had marched in review back along the aisle of the church, fearing to abscond with the collection, the right leg of the woolly pants had engulfed his foot and trailed along behind his shoe, concealing it from human gaze. He deposited the corn popper and the cash at the rail and leaped wildly into the sanctuary of the ferns that banked the southern hemisphere of the choir. Here, in the presence of the alto girl, the reg'lar tenor, an apprentice soprano and the old pillar of righteousness who pumped the organ bellows except on encores, being deaf, Elmer hauled the woolly pants north as far as they would go. He lifted like a man arguing with a wheelbarrow full of pig iron in a Pullman berth.

Now, the day being saved for decency, it was lost, prob'ly, as far as the family of six boys and a girl was concerned. Elmer hid his crimson face from Myra Hall.

Then his heart was suddenly flooded with new love for her when he heard her gentle whisper: "Here's two safety pins. Turn sideways. Hurry up. There."

By the time Reveren' Snead had concluded his announcements, dwelling heavily on the impending Christmas festivities, such as five hundred cheesecloth stockings filled with nuts, striped candy and two oranges, Elmer was on the road back to mental normalcy. "That wasn't anything so much. They go clear nekked in the Oriental countries such as China, Burma, and so forth."

III

DECEMBER winds howled a single question into Elmer's ears: "What did you do with your summer wages?"

By the middle of December tobacco was a financial problem, and then looming like a Gibraltar out of a sea of frozen troubles appeared the difficulty of accumulating enough money to buy a Christmas present for the alto girl. Other subjects failing on Tuesday and Friday evenings and Sunday afternoons spent with the girl, Elmer had leaned heavy on his river life, and not the least important in the data of adventure were his lurid recitals of open-handed expenditures. He realized that Christmas was fast bringing him a gilt-edge chance to make good on some of the elements of the cocoon of reputation which he had woven about himself.

He attempted a loan from his young brother, and was treated with the Shylock chill which is the meed of December supplicants. "Wait a minnit; don't be so positive," he argued. "You lend me half of them twelve dollars and I'll pay back int'rust at ten per cent. You know what int'rust is, don't you?"

All the young brother knew was what his twelve dollars amounted to.

"Int'rust is I give back the original loan and pay you money besides. Ten per cent is sixty cents." Thinking of the large but vanished wages, he hated himself just then for this picayune transaction.

"I got twelve dollars. I don't want sixty cents. I got a hundred dollars Uncle Ed give me in the bank f'r being named after him."

"Keep your damn twelve dollars. G'wan, git out of here. Leave me study. Only all I hope is some day you'll be hungry and have a broken leg or something and telegraph send me some money. That's all I hope."

When his brother left him the prodigal spent ten minutes in review of his family tree, searching among its branches for withered fruit which might fall off between then and December twentieth, at the very latest, and leave him a legacy of cash. No luck. Everybody either poor or healthy.

He sought solace in a pile of magazines, striving to forget his problem, and fell enmeshed into the net of advertising pages which prefaced a mechanical review of the nation's advance in perpetual motion, lock nuts, automobile impedimenta, folding ladders, wash-day helps and concrete lawn ornaments. On the next page a man pointed an accusing finger at Elmer and threatened to make a vulcanizer out of him in six days, no money down. Scenario writing, ventriloquism, finger-print experts and a cure for the tobacco habit from which Shillcrist of Nebraska had cleared sixteen hundred dollars in four days fluttered in review. All of 'em took too long to start.

Steeple jacks cleared big money; everybody needed the Skino Tattoo and Wart Remover, from which agents were reaping golcondas; transcontinental railroads were pleading for traffic managers; the Crispall pop-corn machine drew honey money from human flies; any four-cylinder automobile would hit on six if the Gasito attachment were carried in the driver's hip pocket; and Glugum held false teeth in place and prevented embarrassment.

All of them things was all right; but here it was December sixteenth, and there was nothing movable about Christmas. He turned a page and met Mr. Abe Kuhn, personal manager of The Gleamite Gem Company, who would attend to personal orders from the firm's de luxe catalogue, issued by Dept. 497-G for ten cents in stamps. Mr. Kuhn would send a genuine two-carat Gleamite solitaire in a costly setting for lady or gent, postpaid, for three dollars and ninety-eight cents. "Or else maybe a two-inch enameled wreath of forget-me-nots, genuine solid Congo Silver base, postpaid, one dollar!"

Elmer read the forget-me-not detail three times. Mr. Kuhn had saved the day. A dollar was only a dollar, but a forget-me-not broosh pin meant far more than words could convey.

He clattered downstairs and sought his mother. "Can I borrow a dollar from you until I get some change?"

He certainly could. The purse was in the top drawer of the dresser. "Is that all you want, dear?"

Elmer frowned at himself, but that was all he could consistently take, having committed himself with a specific amount. "Yes'm, thanks. Mebbe I'll need some more before Christmas."

An hour later the letter to Mr. Kuhn was mailed. On the strength of this accomplishment he negotiated the purchase on credit at the Racket Book Emporium of two volumes of Ralph Waldo Emerson's books in three-quarter leather and almost three-quarter red buckram.

"She'll like them essays and that other book. A broosh and two books is certainly—well—genteel, as Cap'n Jim would say."

Now, December wind, howl your head off. Miss Myra Hall's Christmas presents

(Continued on Page 69)

Your Car Reborn under a Painter's Skill!

Drive it into his shop—dull, checked and old; then roll out a new car—smooth and radiant as the day you bought it

THANKS to the professional painter, thousands of good cars that only a few months ago were obvious "has beens," are now gracing the highways in sleek, sparkling new finishes worthy of their real values.

Thousands of owners have discarded the old alibi—"all it needs is a new finish." They have turned their cars over to professional painters. They have invested in new finishes. Today they are driving new cars!

No matter how old your car may look—no matter how checked and wrinkled its finish may be, your professional painter will strip it down to the naked bone and build back a new surface that will glow with showroom radiance.

He'll fill in every crack and dent in its body, build up a new base, give you any new color you may wish and then with infinite care and supreme art he'll apply coat after coat of varnish until he gets a finish that outrivals the clear, reflective surface of a placid woodland pool.

Through the whole job he'll take plenty of time, he'll finish up in a dust-proof room, and if you want the supreme surface he'll use the identical Murphy materials that are used on many of America's finest cars. Murphy Varnishes have been standard for generations wherever the most beautiful surfaces are required.

The job will be worth every dollar it costs. You'll get back your investment in renewed pride of ownership—in the higher regard of your friends—in a higher "trade in" and selling value.

Ask us for samples of the Murphy 1923 colors and the name of the nearest painter who specializes in the Murphy Automobile Finish.

Murphy Varnish Company

NEWARK, N. J. CHICAGO, ILL

The Dougall Varnish Company, Limited, Montreal
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2,000,000 men have renewed their cars at home with

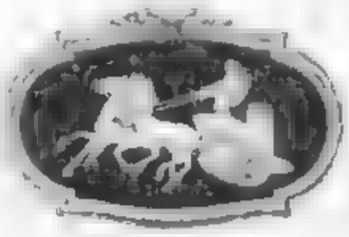
Murphy Da-cote

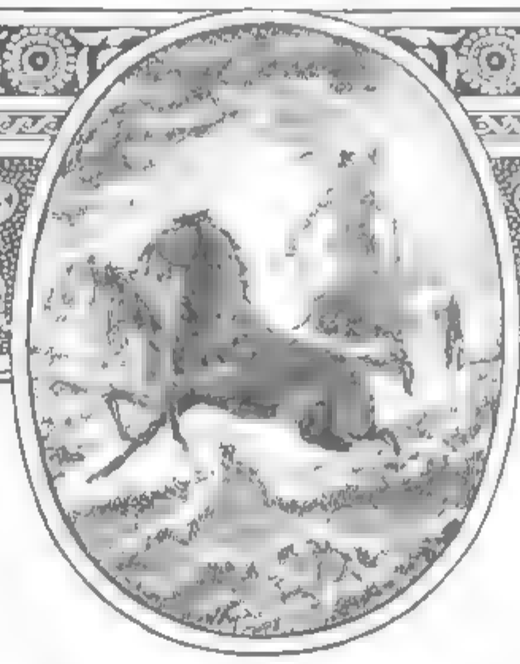
2,000,000 motorists say it makes a fine sparkling new car finish.

Da-cote is famous Murphy Varnish ground with finest pigments to the consistency of cream. It's so smooth and easy flowing that anyone can use it and get excellent results. Just wash the car and then—*paint!* Brush marks and laps melt like magic after each stroke. Dries overnight. Next day you have a new car!

Da-cote comes in black and white and ten popular colors. Ask your dealer for color card.

Save the surface and you save all





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Only a select few manufacturers are privileged to adopt this new and wonderfully superior electrical system.

They are the builders of the finer motor cars whose clientele demand and have the right to expect that which is unquestionably the best.

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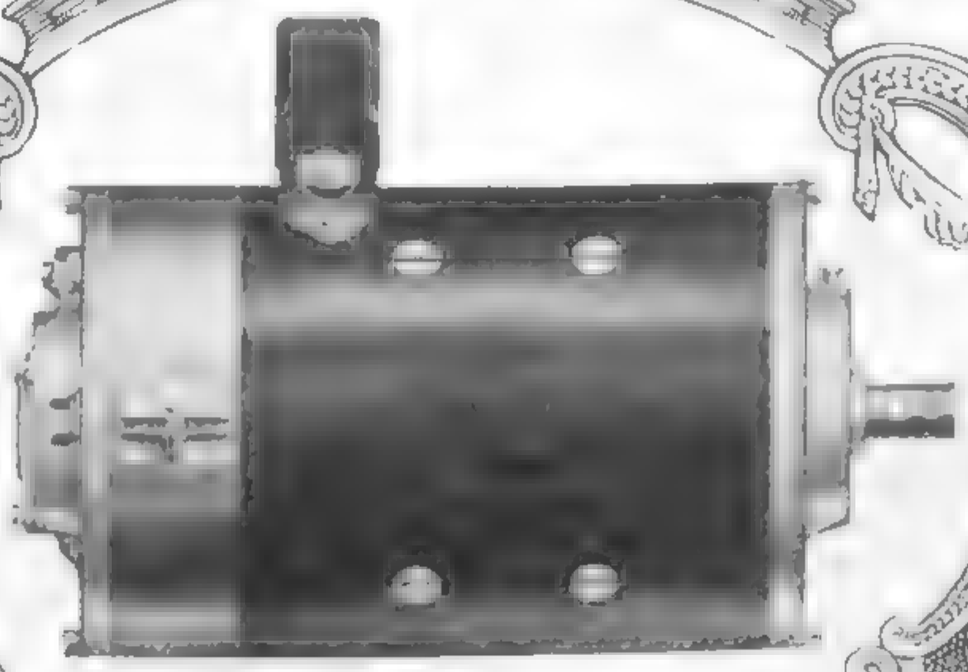
Builders Ignition Technique
POUGHKEEPSIE, NEW YORK



The GENERATOR

(Continued from Page 66)

were arranged, and the Racket Book Emporium bill wasn't due until January sixteenth. Anything could happen in a month.

Seven days later Elmer got the brooch. He bent it back into shape and chipped the petals off of one gleaming forget-me-not, but still she was certainly a peach of a piece of jewelery, and the attached sentiment was just as solid as the Congo Silver base, just as untarnished. "Nothing on earth could be more appropriate than a forget-me-not broosh."

IV

I've a longin' in mah heart fo' you, Louise,
An' fo' mah deah ol' sunny Suth-ern home.
Ah kin scent th' honeysuckle,
An' th' fray-grunt jass-a-mine.
I've a longin' in mah heart fo' you-oo-oo.

ON CHRISTMAS afternoon, late, Elmer hummed his way up the hill to the alto girl's house, bearing the offering of brooch and books. He didn't know a jass-a-mine from a silo, and his sunny Southern home had never been nearer the equator than Southern Illinois, but the song meant business and he meant the song.

Among other callers that Christmas afternoon the alto girl was entertaining Helen Edson, a girl pal two years older, home from a distant seminary. Where the alto girl was not bad looking, her guest ranged from pretty to middling beautiful, according to lights, make-up, mood, visibility and the personal preference of spectator or critic.

In the hall the bearer of gifts wriggled out of his overcoat and dropped his hat while unbuckling the snaps of his arctic overshoes. Then, ushered into the front room, he met—oh heaven!—the vision of his dreams. Alto stock dropped with the suddenness of a parachute accident. Five minutes later he came out of his trance long enough to feel like a houn' dog, but goodness gracious, you couldn't blame a man for having sense enough to change his mind. Talking rapidly and not knowing within forty miles of what he said, he subconsciously reviewed the gift motif of his present visit. Still dazed by the Edson loveliness he staggered into the hall and returned bearing the brooch and the books. He presented the books to the alto girl.

"Here is a Chris-mus gift I brought you, Myra—in memory of dear dead days that were!"

He looked pale.

"Elmer, are you sick?"

He waved his free hand, feebly but with a gesture of resignation. "Only my heart and lungs. The river life, you know. Sooner or later it gets a man."

He hesitated for a moment, head bowed, half trying to summon a hollow cough or a wan face, and then he turned toward the new and radiant village Venus. He handed the new girl the forget-me-not brooch.

"Here is a little remem-brunts, Helen, I got for you. An' merry, merry Chris-mus."

Five minutes later, marching home, he remembered a half-sensed chill that seemed to fall upon the glad throng immediately subsequent to the presentation of the forget-me-not brooch. Perhaps a social error had been included in the program. "If so, to hell with it. Whatever is, is right." He was only a river man. He fumbled in his overcoat pocket and hauled out a nubbin of plug chewing tobacco. He bit off half of it. A moment later he spit venomously, range 66, elevation 34, windage 32, halfway through a snowdrift.

Helen Edson had moved into his heart of hearts, tenanted until that hour by a girl who sang alto and who now would never be the mother of no six boys and a girl of his.

V

FROM the Christmas services that night Elmer was A. W. O. L., but the Reveren' Snead overlooked the absent member until it came time for the choir to perform. A bass-booming barber was hastily impressed, supplying in harmony what Elmer had delivered in noise and good will.

The victim of love's triangle was at home at the moment, shaping his course for the future. No more choir where he had to meet her every Sunday. Suppose he kept singing in the choir and the Edson girl should get jealous.

School was different. School was something to which the victim was elected no matter how his own ballot read. The more he thought of school the more he shuddered at having to face his love of yesterday, day by day, until graduation exercises should part them forever. Presently he felt something like a Chinese horse thief, chained to his plunder.

Throughout the week he learned the first letters of the alphabet of doubt and remorse. By New Year's Day, having seen the Edson girl but once during the week, and then but for a moment in a grocery store where he was having six bars of laun'ry soap wrapped up, he began to see where the old hair-shirt monks were wise in the technic of retreat from affairs of the heart.

At this meeting the girl invited him to attend a taffy pull on the following Tuesday night, and soul stock reacted for five points.

On Tuesday night while he was alternately slicking his hair down in preparation for the party and shining the front ends of a pair of pointed tan shoes his father spoke briefly: "Dig into the mathematics hard. I saw Mr. Conway in St. Louis yesterday. He'll take you on the survey running an instrument when the spring work starts if you're able to handle the figuring part. Trigonometry."

"I know trigonometry. Did he say that? Good gracious! That's over seventy-five and subsistence. When do you think the boats will go out, dad?"

"March or April. You'll have plenty of time; but be a little better than Mr. Conway expects. With the figures, I mean."

Yessir. Couldn't I work on the fleet until the boats go out? I could study harder there, an' Cap'n Jim would give me a job."

"You stay with the school shift."

"Yessir."

Well, here was something grand! En route to the party Elmer gave his ambition free rein. Seventy-five a month. Say fifty dollars a month saved for nine months. There was nearly five hundred dollars. Then he would get a good job with some mining company or with some railroad in China or India where the mail was uncertain, and after he had saved a thousand dollars and was resident engineer or superintendent the Edson girl could come to him, seasick and run down a lot, but still beautiful. She would be a mem-sahib in India, and British officers would attend receptions at his house and drink pegs and wear pith helmets; and Southern Illinois with Myra Hall and choir singing would be far far away.

At the taffy pull Elmer met the Edson girl's mother. He shook hands with a large lady, not quite understanding who she was until he had asked another guest some minutes later. Where the daughter was a slender hundred pounds of perfection, Mrs. Edson was the owner of enough superfluous fat to make the business of walking through the average doorway a good gambling proposition. She had not quite reached the side-show stage, but there was enough of her to make Elmer wonder what it was that he had read about in the laws of heredity that touched the subject of fat.

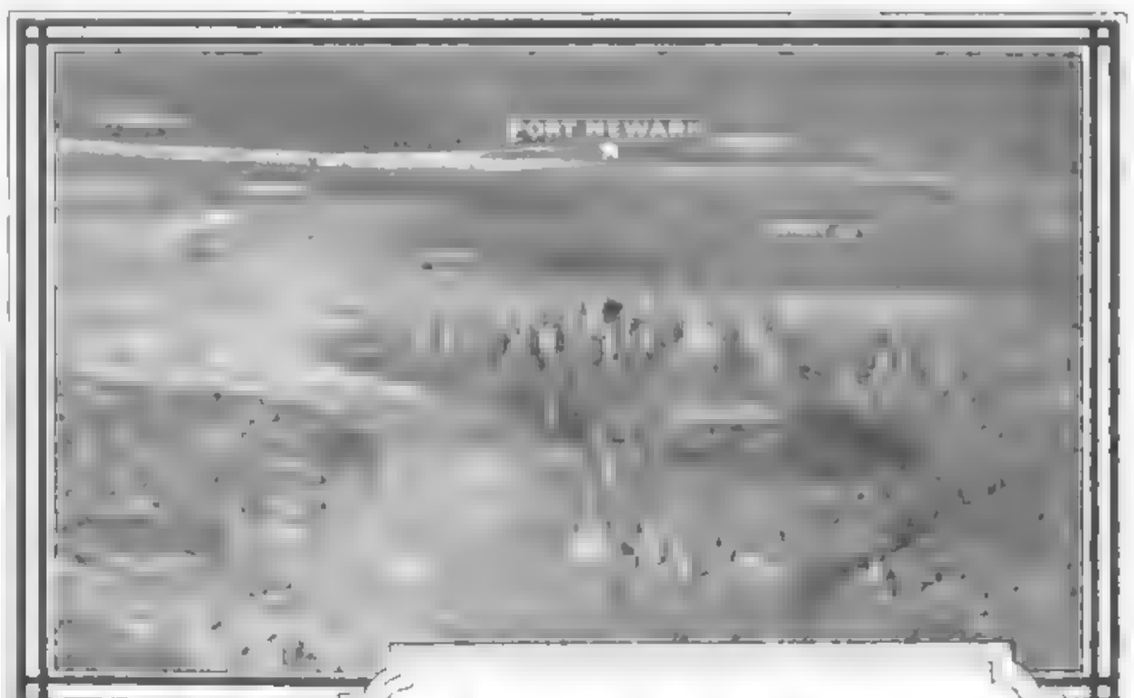
While he was still exploring his mind a gay announcer proclaimed that the candy was ready to be pulled. A moment later Elmer offered himself on the altar of utility. He buttered his hands copiously and was presently festooned with three pounds of hot molasses candy. The candy strung out into slick ropes that felt like a covey of lukewarm snakes. He dropped a strand of the drooping stuff on the parlor carpet and a second strand across the knee of the black woolly pants. A third strand was draped over the arm of a haircloth chair, and it was then that Mrs. Edson suggested with thinly veiled venom, that Elmer complete his orgy of destruction in the kitchen, which had been furnished on a less vulnerable scale than the plushed and veloured parlor.

With most of the candy eaten, young jaws loosened and fastened on the one social subject just then uppermost in the minds of the junior elect. The inner circle had organized, it seemed, and now their set had arranged for a dancing teacher to make one trip each week from St. Louis, so that they might keep pace with the intricate details of the fancy dances of the hour.

Elmer didn't dance, so far as he knew, but when Helen Edson asked if he didn't just love it he trampled the crowd until he got a good place to say yes.

"If there is one thing above all others that I love, Helen, it is to waltz and two step and mazurka." That was all the socially possible dances he had ever heard of.

"They're all dead ones. Wait until Professor De Voy gets here Thursday night.



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I've heard of him in St. Louis when I visited there."

A long pause. Then: "Can I take you Thursday night, Helen?"

"I should be charmed." The words were out of a book, but the girl's acceptance came from her heart. "Very happy to accompany you."

That was that. Elmer lingered after the company had left, drawing on his credit as a preferred customer until Mrs. Edson wedged her way into the parlor and asked her daughter, for the third time, if she knew what time it was. This time Elmer answered.

"Quarter to twelve, Mrs. Edson. Well, I certainly have enjoyed this evening. I'll say good-by now until Thursday night."

"Good night. And—Elmer, papa's going to use his rig Thursday night and Brother Jim is taking the other horse to call on his girl with, so I guess maybe you'd better ——"

"Say no more." The boy's brain had quickened. "I'll have a horse and buggy at 7:30. And I certainly have enjoyed this evening."

All the way home he kept figuring the horse-and-buggy deal. Where to get one, whether to have him wait or to have him come back, and how much would it cost if the horse and buggy waited? How long could a horse wait in cold weather—with ear muffs? There might be big money in that idea. They wore straw hats. His side-tracked mind returned to the cost of a horse and buggy, and stayed there. There always seemed to be some fly in the amber of young love.

VI

SOMEWHERE in his mental miscellany Elmer remembered a bar or two from the Blue Danube and the Merry Widow, both of which were associated in memory with the waltz business. At home he barred the door between himself and the world, except at mealtimes, and wore out his shoes with a whistled one-two-three, one-two-three, reverse! The reverse meant what it said. To reverse, you reversed. Elmer reversed with the technic of a whirling dervish setting the pace for the Russian Ballet until centrifugal force and tangential throw stepped in and proved that any hundred-pound party to his waltz would leave the perimeter of action at a velocity of something over eighty feet a second. He perspired in his perplexity until the horse problem came again to his mind to add variety to his anguish.

The intensified course in waltzing was abandoned and he climbed the hill to the center of town, seeking a horse with the usual appendages of human pilot and four-wheeled annex. He inquired at the livery stable, but it seemed that all they did there was buy and sell horses, livestock, hay, grain and feed. The butcher, the baker, the grocer and the smaller tradesmen in the town were unable to suggest anything. He halted a hobbling old negro landmark and repeated his inquiry.

"Uncle, do you know where I can hire a horse an' buggy?"

"Naw, suh; not 'lessen Misteh Cal Giddings is tremblin'. Gin'ally he works at de likker bizness; dat's his failin'. 'Bout time fo' him to git his Jan'wary trembles now. You finds him on the spittoon side of de Eagle Bar, down by de riveh. Like as not he drive you whah you craves to git—'specially if de trembles is begun."

Elmer streaked it for Mr. Cal Giddings and the Eagle Bar, praying to the smiling gods that Mr. Cal Giddings' trembles might beat him to the victim. Luck traveled with him. Mr. Giddings was located, and as he proudly referred to the one-horse surrey, of which he was sole owner except for a forty-dollar whisky mortgage held by the proprietor of the Eagle Bar, his hand trembled through an arc of six degrees. Six degrees of trembles was the saturation point. In his youth Mr. Giddings had achieved a sweep of ten degrees without either losing his equilibrium or entertaining the private and trackless menagerie which occasionally visited him, but now, with the years upon him, and with likker so damn lousy with foosil oil an' the rest of them pizens, six degrees was a souse.

"Whatcha want horsenbuggy? Yeow! Boy, tell me truth an' fear not. 'Moanly ol' man. Whatcha want ol' man's horsen-buggy?"

Mr. Giddings draped self and breath about Elmer. The boy looked out across the Mississip' where the air was crisp and fresh. "I want to go to a party tonight, Mr. Giddings, and I need a horse and buggy and a good driver."

"Bes' driver in the worl'. Ain't no better'n me. Boy, I'll haul you! Deader 'live, drunker sober, Dem'crat 'r 'Publican, me an' that there horse'll git you there an' back f'r dollar! Put 'er there, pardner! Ol' man's all right."

Thus was the contract accomplished. Elmer drew a map of the town, verbally, furrowing the details deep in Mr. Giddings' brain. On the third repetition the bartender interrupted him.

"Let it soak in a while. I'll steer him out of here when it's time. He's just begun soberin' up an' you'd better not strain his brain with too much directions. He'll be there."

Up the hill again. Supper from the home plate. No appetite. The loan of a dollar from his father. Then the business of dressing.

"Can I have those sort of lavender-gray pants of yours, dad, tonight? And that yellah vest with the black stripes Uncle Ed said was too loud for a respectable prize fight?"

"You can. You better not let the constable see you in those clothes—or Reveren' Snead. You'd be out of church and into jail as a suspicious character before a cat could wink his eye if they saw you."

"Yessir. I guess neither one of 'em 'll be at the dancing class tonight. Can I use your hairbrush?"

"Reveren' Snead won't. He's calling on us here tonight."

"Yessir."

At seven o'clock, having conquered his hair, Elmer began to itch and wonder if anything serious could have happened to Mr. Cal Giddings. At 7:10 he was beginning the first stages of a nervous breakdown. "Goodness gracious, it's two miles to her house, and that old man looked awful feeble. I'll bet his damn ol' horse is feebler than him, and probably she'll be mad or else ——"

His ravings were interrupted by a hearty vocal volley from outdoors. "Whoa, dern you! H'up thar. Whoa, beauty. Stan' still!"

Ten seconds later Elmer was in the back seat of Mr. Giddings' sagging surrey. "We got to drive out to Miss Helen Edson's house first."

"Giddap! Dern cold night. You mean ol' Crock Edson's place? Giddap, thar. I knowed him 'fore he got money enough to git his wife a washboard. 'Fore he got his nickname f'r lushin' his likker outen a crock. Made his money gradin' the railroad. Vinegar Valley an' Hosswced Central we called it in them days. His wife run a boardin' house in a gradin' camp. She sho trapped Edson. Now he's rich an' that girl of hisn too proud to go to a reg'lar school. Got to go to boardin' school, an' so fur as I know her mother ain't never learned to read or write. Like to died a while back in Saint Looie. Swallied a mess of these here ripe oliver seeds at dinner in a restaurant, not knowin' enough t' spit 'em out."

Over the two miles to the Edson house old Cal Giddings retailed pertinent personalities with the regularity of a taximeter. Elmer writhed in silence until the house was reached.

"I'll get Miss Helen Edson an' be back in a minute, Mr. Giddings. And please don't tell no more about early days on the way back. I'll be right out."

"No hurry, boy. I ain't cold." Mr. Giddings fumbled with his right foot and found a two-gallon jug. "Wisht I was. Almost a gallon of likker left an' it pleadin' f'r a refuge.

"I had a gal an' her name was Lil,
She run off with Bronco Bill,
Fell in love with Saas'fras Hill,
With all her faults I loves her still,
'Cause I ain't got no place else
To lay my weary head."

He sang softly until the doorway of the Edson house brightened and revealed Elmer and his companion.

The end of the song trailed off into a misery moan. Mr. Giddings took a hearty pull at the two-gallon jug and set it down in time to hear Elmer announce that they would be late if they didn't hurry.

"Giddap! Whereabouts we headed f'r now? Turn roun' thar!"

"Down to Odd Fellows' Hall over the Valley City Emporium."

"I know the place. I know it well. Helped build it in '84; same year your dad

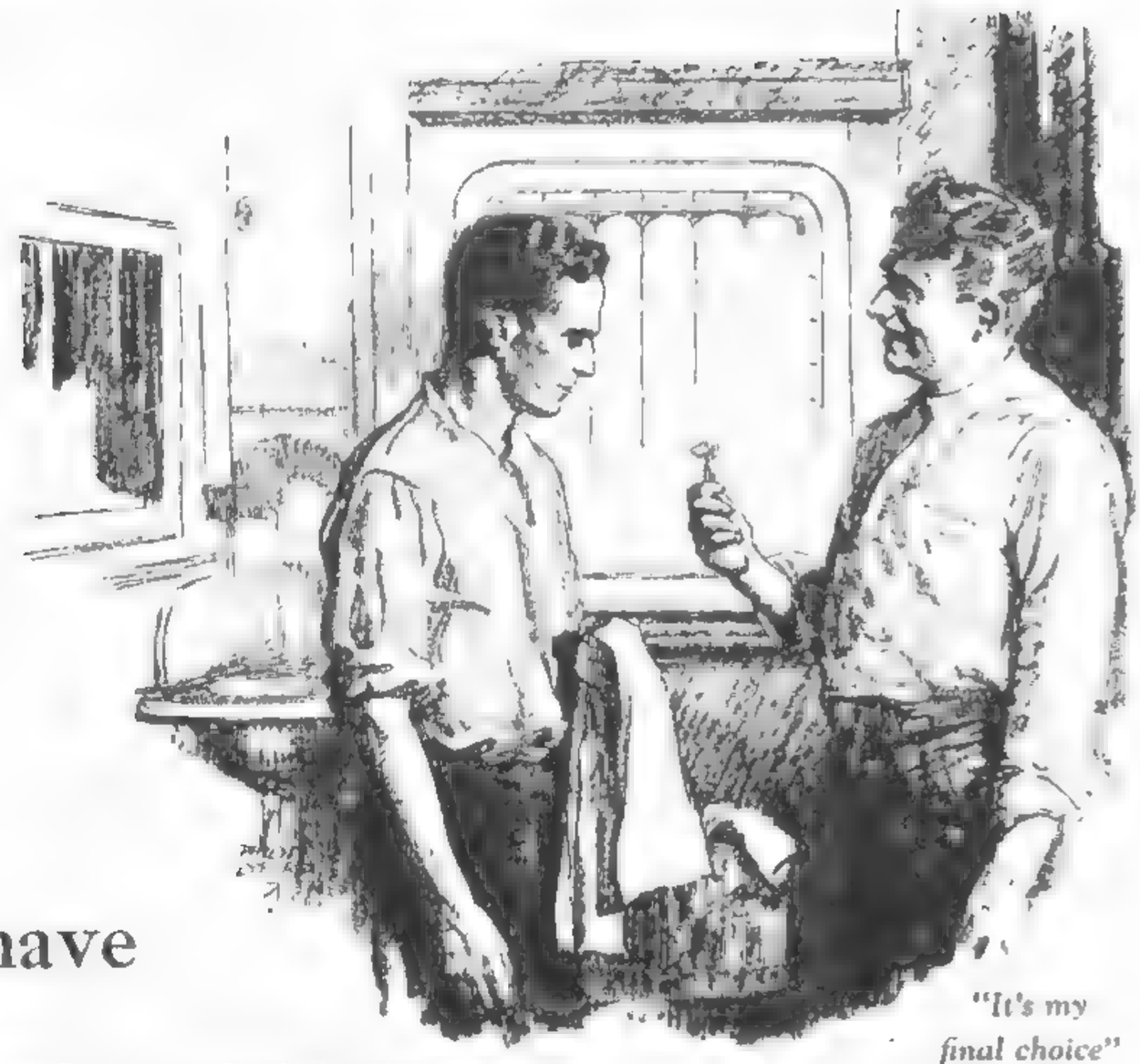
(Continued on Page 73)

3 *things*
in a shave, you've never had before

First—a super-velvet shave, going over the face *one time*. No scraping. Real comfort

Second—a quick shave. 78 seconds from lather to towel. Only a super-keen blade can do it

Third—a 78 seconds velvet shave every day. The strop keeps up the edge of the blade.



"It's my final choice"

A Face Saver
—the world's fastest shave

78 Seconds from Lather to Towel. And the Skin Smooth as a Baby's. A New Delight for Men

78 seconds from lather to towel! It takes a super-keen blade to do it.

That's the whole story. Here are the facts.

We've processed a barber's edge—the keenest cutting edge known—on a safety razor blade.

It took us years to perfect it. The result is the greatest shaving delight men have ever known.

Over the face—once

No scraping. No after-smart. No shaving lotion needed to protect the face.

Once over the face—that is all.

Thus you reduce shaving time one-half. And save your face, for dull-edged blades are harmful to the skin.

This new blade saves the face. Changes the whole shaving situation. It marks a new era in home shaving. Already millions of men are enjoying it.

Sharpens itself—quick

We recommend your using our famous strop for the same reason a barber strops his razor. It keeps up the keenness. It works as a part of each razor. There, if you care to use it, or if you choose, you can just insert new blades as you feel the need.

Self-stropping is a patented Valet AutoStrop feature. It helps to give you the world's fastest shave every day.

"Strops its own blades"—Shaves, cleans, strops without removing the blade

Make the test

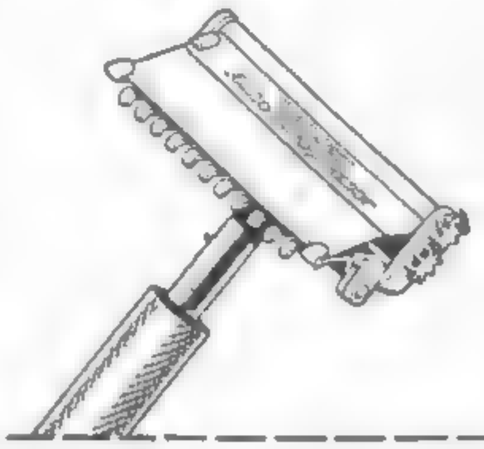
78 seconds for a velvet shave—that's our proposition.

Pick up a Valet AutoStrop Razor at your dealer's today.

You can obtain a Valet AutoStrop at any dealer's, $1 and $5. The difference in price is marked by the superlative finish, the better case and the greater number of blades. Gold and silver-plated fitted sets—ideal for gifts—are priced up to $25.

Whichever one you choose will do the work—the world's fastest shave.

Make the test. It will amaze you.



Valet AutoStrop Razor
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Sharpens its own blades—quick, economical
78 seconds from lather to towel

Mail This *If your dealer cannot supply you*

AutoStrop Safety Razor Co.
641 First Avenue, New York City

Enclosed is [illegible] for which send me one set of the Model C Valet AutoStrop Razor in sets complete

Name

Street Address

City and State

STYLEPLUS CLOTHES

Look for this label
—a big name in clothes

Styleplus Clothes

Trade Mark Reg.

Copyright 1923
Henry Sonneborn & Co.
Baltimore

Good clothes—every way!

Examine Styleplus Clothes for *style*. Notice how well the fashionable all-wool fabrics are tailored, how new and striking the young men's models are, how substantial and correct the suits designed for more conservative tastes.

Styleplus Clothes measure up to the high standards required by men who know good clothes. Quality, style and price are always right. Ask the Styleplus clothier to show them to you.

"Styleplus—good clothes—every way."

Henry Sonneborn & Co., Inc., Baltimore, Md.

(Continued from Page 70)

got drunk on Wizard Spine Remedy, Helen, an' dove off the boiler deck of the Stacker Lee below Clearyville, yellin' an' claimin ——

"F'r heaven's sakes, Mr. Giddings, kindly refrain from those personalities" Elmer sought to quench the light of other days.

"Wazzat? Yellin' and claimin' he was bein' trompled by a herd of pink-colored rang'tangs an'"

Elmer leaned forward and jabbed Mr. Giddings gently in the back of the neck. Then, having attracted the old man's attention, the boy whispered a few select phrases culled from a choice list collected on the river. In a voice too low to be heard by the girl he named some name and promised Mr. Giddings some hig[illegible]

[illegible] on the reins. "Wow!" [illegible] tears crowded his eyes. "Boy, put her thar! Them words brings back my airly days on the river." He dashed the tear from his eyes and shook hands long and gratefully with Elmer. "Kinda makes me cry. Nobody I ever knowed could cuss like that 'ceptin' ol' Lafe. He was my pardner afore the grim reaper lugged him outen this vale of tears. Th' ol' man thanks you f'r them words. Mind what I tells you, some day you're bound to be Pres'dent or guv'nor with the start you've got."

"Yessir. Now kindly leave go shaking hands and get started for Odd Fellows' Hall, Mr. Giddings."

"All gone, sir! Full ahead, stabboard an' port. Giddap!"

Elmer leaned back. His companion questioned him. "What was it you whispered that stopped him talking?"

"Nothing; we was just speaking of the river. He used to be a riverman too. That's where he learned his heavy drinking. They all do. Whisky and quinine against the malaria. Hasn't been enough quinine to go 'round, though, the last few years. Here's Odd Fellows' Hall corner."

The pair got out of the surrey and Mr. Giddings received his orders. With Helen at his side Elmer began the ascent of the long outside stairway which led to the hall, from which at the moment the strains of a tuning four-piece orchestra could be heard. The music reacted on the boy, and suddenly his nerves were again quivering.

"Helen, if I can't waltz real good at first, or two step, will you ——"

"Nobody's going to waltz. Just new dances."

Just new dances! Elmer straightened his necktie and pulled at the yellah vest with the black stripes. He leaned down, going upstairs, and encouraged the creases in the lavender-gray pants. His hand was trembling.

They arrived at the outer door and entered. His feet, incased in the long pumpkin-colored pointed-toed shoes, got crossed up as he swung hard to starboard where the gents' overcoats were piled on a long table. He took off his coat, and in a tall mirror a glimpse of his gaudy ensemble gave him the first message of reassurance. "I'm glad I got these pants of dad's on instead of the black ones."

He clutched again at Helen's arm and shoved a swinging door open with one of the yellow shoes. Then, in the bright lights, they were on the edge of the dancing floor. On the instant the four-piece orchestra blared the opening bar of a forgotten tango, and Helen whispered gently: "We're a little late. There's Professor De Voy."

There indeed was Professor De Voy in his beetle-backed raiment, and there were the glittering lights, and sounding low beneath the blatant music was the voice of his companion, but Elmer's eyes were suddenly blind to the lights and beauty and his ears were deaf to the voice and music, for there before him, ranged in whirling platoons, were the male elect of the young élite—and each youth was clad, not in festive raiment, but in evening clothes and crisp white linen and black dancing pumps! Elmer looked at the prancing males, then down at his lavender pants, the yellah vest and the pointed tan shoes. His voice returned for the moment and he mumbled ten low words to his companion.

"I got to speak to Mr. Giddings a minute, Helen."

He backed through the swinging doors and fumbled into his black overcoat. He marched down the long stairway with the slow cadence of a sleepwalker. He approached Mr. Giddings.

When she comes out, when the dance is finished, you haul Miss Helen Edson home, Mr. Giddings. Haul her home and say—say my heart and lungs—tell her I almost died of heart and lung trouble. Here's the dollar. You tell her, Mr. Giddings, and haul her home. Tell her hereditary heart an' lung trouble."

Down the long hill, away from the world's mad whirl and the refining influences of holy love, Elmer headed homeward, marching the while up to his waist in hell and lavender pants.

VII

AT HIS home, encountering the Reveren' Snead, Elmer was half inclined to seek the solace of religion. He framed an inquiry concerning the way a young man went about the business of apprenticing himself in the monk trade, where about all you did was to wear hair shirts and prune the grapevines from which the monks made wines. With the appearance of a heaped platter of cold fried chicken, cocoa and quince preserves the question was tabled for the time being.

Elmer wondered at the cocoa until the Reveren' Snead slacked up long enough to issue a blast against coffee. During this oration Elmer's father looked onward and upward, his gaze directed at a lithograph of a lady by the name of Rebecca with a cracked pitcher leaning against a well curbing in an intoxicated attitude.

"No young man, especially, should poison himself with coffee," the orator concluded.

He directed his benevolent gaze at Elmer and engulfed an oozing cone of quince preserves. When the preserves had made the base and while the hearty eater was accepting more chicken he fixed Elmer with a glittering eye. "The subject of coffee, Elmer, reminds me that you have been absent from attendance several times since your cold forced you to discontinue your good work in the choir."

Reveren' Snead droned on, sneaking up on his subject until Elmer was ready to shriek that only over his dead body would coffee ever touch his lips. Then the orator landed on his subject and surprised the boy by announcing a one-night camping trip of the Young Men's Club into the winter woods across the river.

"Outdoors, in the glorious vital freedom of Nature's wilderness. And on this trip which begins tomorrow morning, no coffee shall pollute the boon of health which derives from life in the open."

"Yessir." That was all Elmer could think of, but his mother amplified his acceptance. "I packed up an extra suit of woolen underwear, Elmer, and you can roll up the six extra blankets from the spare room."

"Yessum. Do we go by the guv'ment fleet, Reveren' Snead?"

"It is a little off our line of march, but I plan to make our camp about three miles up the river from it."

"Yessir."

Elmer cleaved to the knowledge that there were steaming urns of coffee always on tap at the fleet, and prayed heavy that he would get a few golden moments with Cap'n Jim.

He slept pretty fair in spite of the cares which had infested the week, but in the gray dawn, with the tangled web of love affairs and school and church tightening around his heart, he writhed again in the black tar of distress. Ever recurring to his vision was the picture of the dancing throng in rented dress suits, and the deserted Helen Edson waiting and wondering and finally being hauled home by old Mr. Cal Giddings.

With each marching hour approached the inevitable moment of his next meeting with the girl. He shivered when he thought of the critical glances of the young males of the town, the veiled compact of indifference of the girls at school.

Only by getting busy and keeping that way did he maintain his tottering intellect. "Gosh, a man could easy go clear bug-house worrying like I have to worry about things. I wish there was some human soul I could tell it all to and get ad-[illegible]"

The camping party formed at a rendezvous and was ferried across [illegible] They began their march over the frozen ground. Halfway to the objective Elmer detoured a mile alone, and a little before noon he walked aboard the quarterboat inhabited by the winter crew of the somnolent dredging fleet.

In the welcome which greeted him his troubles came to the surface three times and sank beneath the overwhelming waves of old friendships. Captain Jim caught sight of him, and a moment later there was a wrasthng collision that lifted Elmer clear of the deck. Captain Jim handed him over to a pair of engineers.

"Get a tow line run out! Make fast! Haul him for'd there to that seat 'longside

"Here is a Little Remembrance, Helen, I Got for You"

Going Barefoot with Shoes On!

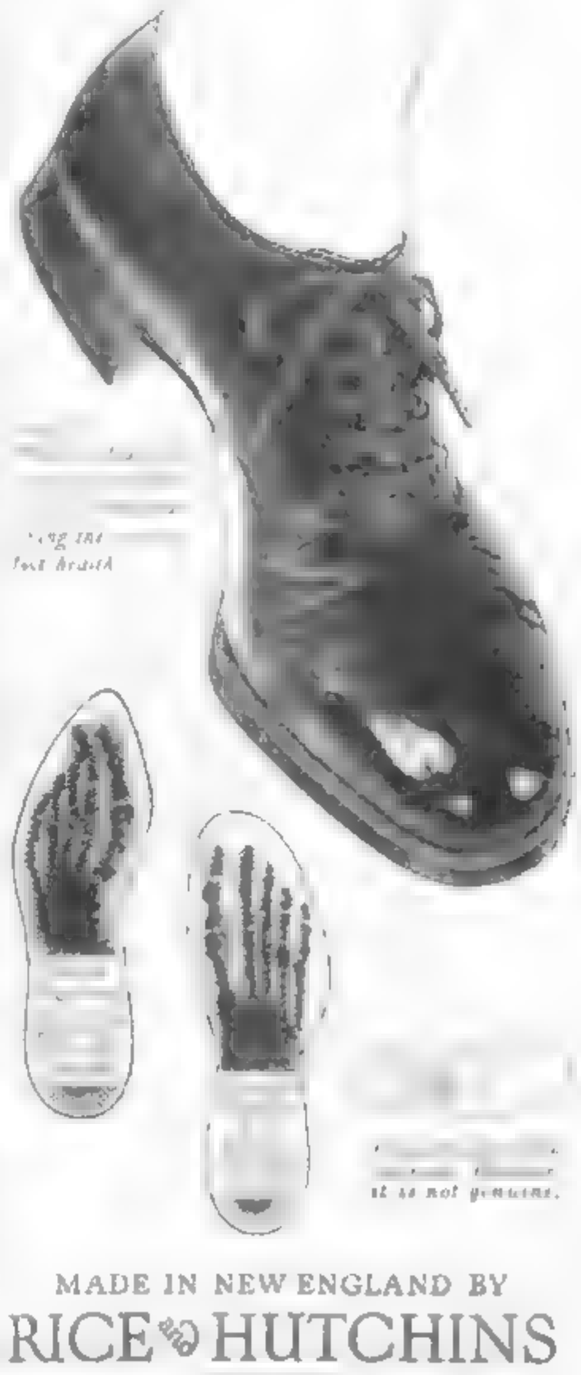
REMEMBER the joy that your feet used to feel when Summer turned them loose on the cool soft grass?

Now you can have foot freedom again—in Modified Educator Shoes.

Shaped to the bare foot, these shoes give play to muscles and bones, but give no quarter to foot ills. And they look as well as they feel.

MODIFIED EDUCATOR SHOE

FOR MEN



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RICE & HUTCHINS

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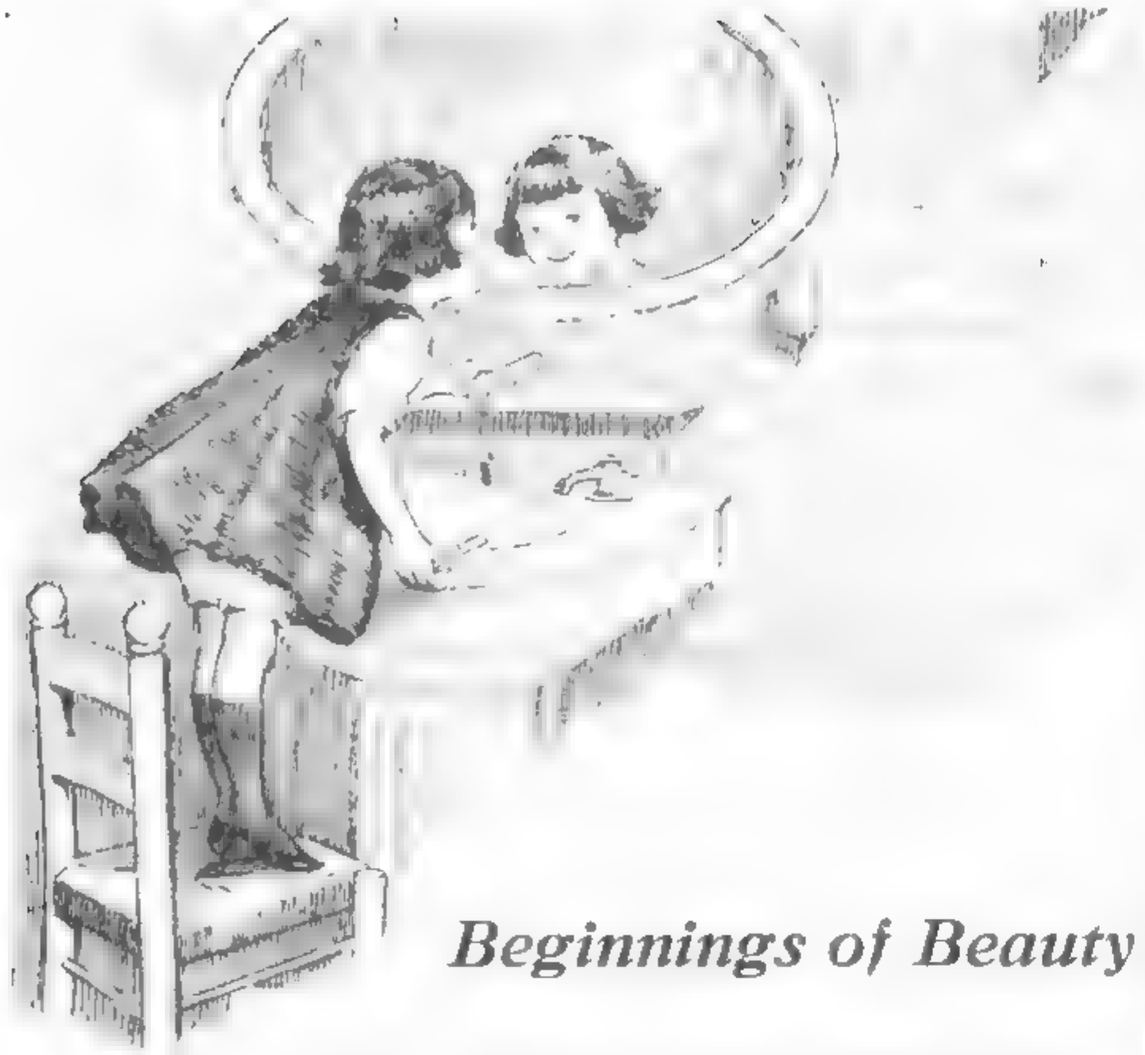


Beginnings of Beauty

Such a precious little thing—you almost wish she never would grow up.

But deep in your heart you've a picture.

That same little daughter—at eighteen. Radiant with the breath-taking beauty that seems to come as a miracle. One day—a sturdy schoolgirl. The next—as delicately beautiful as a rose.

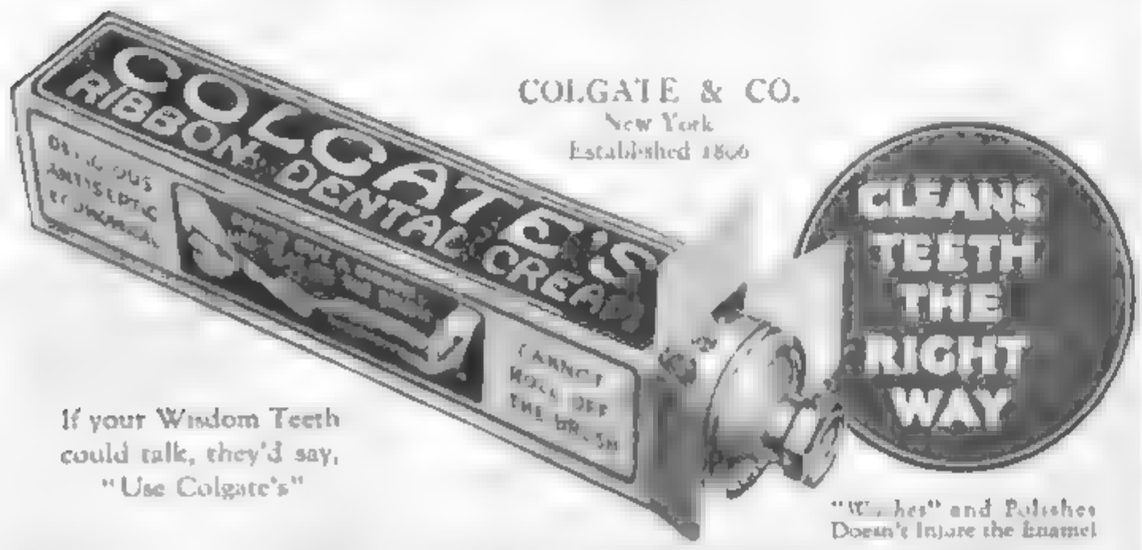
That unfolding of beauty is not the miracle it seems. Beginnings of beauty are laid in a childhood of proper care. Bright eyes, the clear coloring of health, even lovely facial contours, depend much upon care of teeth in early years.

So save young teeth from grit. Choose a safe, non-gritty dental cream. Children use Colgate's willingly and regularly because of its delicious flavor.

Colgate's cleans teeth thoroughly—no dentifrice should do more.

For the sake of the future buy Colgate's today. A LARGE tube costs 25c.

COLGATE & CO.
New York
Established 1806



If your Wisdom Teeth could talk, they'd say, "Use Colgate's"

"Whitens" and Polishes Doesn't Injure the Enamel

AN OFFER

1—Buy a tube of Ribbon Dental Cream in its cardboard box.
2—Attach this coupon to the cardboard box. Slip both into an envelope and mail to Colgate & Co., Dept. P, Box 645, City Hall Station, New York City.
3—We will then send you a generous sample of Colgate's Cashmere Bouquet Soap

*Your Name*_____

Address

Truth in Advertising Implies Honesty in Manufacture

of me! Set him down. Now, you dog-gone desertin' young plow pilot, set there an' siphon some coffee into your hull an' tell us all about it."

The meal was finished long before Elmer had begun to tell all about it. Captain Jim, sensing the unfinished story, piloted his pal to the sanctuary of his stateroom.

"Now come across. What in hell is eatin' on you? Has this shore life rooned you with wine, wimmin an' song? Are you top-heavy with book learnin' from this school shift or is fear of a hard-shell hereafter got to your vitals? Spit her out."

"I didn't tell all the church part," Elmer began. "They made me go to church, an' my voice took cold so I sung bass good an' ol' Snead snagged me into the choir, an' the day a deacon was gone I took up the collection, stabboard side, an' my pants damn near fell off. There was a young girl in the choir an' we fell in love till Christmas, and there was another girl that I gave the first one's Christmas gift to and yesterday night I took her to a dance. I couldn't bear to go in when I got there, Cap'n Jim, all of 'em dressed up in [illegible] and black shoes and a [illegible], and me in a yellah vest and everything. I can't bear to think of going back and looking her in the eye, let alone that one I don't love, either."

"What become of the yesterday one, the one you took to the dance?

"I told Mr. Cal Giddings to haul her home, an' give him a dollar. There's another thing. All the time there ain't no pay day like there is on the river every month. An' to make it worse, here I am on a cruise with a lot of young men, and none of 'em mind ol' Snead's rule about cocoa because ——"

"Cocoa?"

"He said it run down your health to drink coffee, and all of us are pledged to drink cocoa on this trip. I wasn't on this trip when I was drinking that coffee downstairs. That's only part of his rules. There's one that ——"

"How long is this shore cruise?"

"Tonight, and then tomorrow we start back."

"You comin' 'longside to say howdy on the back trip?"

"I certainly am, Cap'n Jim. I got to be goin' now or else they'll all start singin' Where is My Wanderin' Boy probably."

"You be sure to stop in on the way back. You'll be needing some coffee by tomorrow afternoon."

"I'll certainly stop in tomorrow. Good-by, Cap'n Jim."

"So long, boy. An' give her the backin' bell when you come abreast of us tomorrow. Here, take my mosquito bar with you. They durstn't fang me anyway—no health-cravin' mosquito. Good-by, boy."

After Elmer had left him Captain Jim sought the mail messenger. "I'll make the trip to town with you this afternoon," he said. "I've got to see a man in Hillburg an hour or two. You wait at the Eagle Bar for me. An' don't try to drink up all your credit. Just hang there under a slow bell an' give the other customers a chance."

About the time Elmer and his health-seeking associates were sitting down on the snow to devour a hearty repast of cold beans and warm cocoa, Captain Jim and the mailman returned to the quarterboat. Captain Jim was carrying the mail sack and the mailman was lugging some excess baggage, which was presently stowed away in the stateroom adjoining Captain Jim's.

Throughout the night, with his head or his feet alternately protruding from his six-blanket cocoon, Elmer slept a sleep whose visions were peopled by polar bears, Eskimos, a bass-voiced preacher who claimed to be the North Pole and dancing groups of beetle-coated devils wearing forget-me-not wreaths and hurling copies of Emerson's essays at a blazing Christmas tree.

Next day, after two more filling meals of cocoa and beans, the band of young men began their homeward journey. As they marched onward more than half of them sneezed or shivered, accelerando, until their shivers synchronized with their chattering teeth.

Opposite the government fleet, with a large and steaming cup of coffee as his goal, Elmer detoured to the river trail, and presently his frozen nose was half thawed out by the vapors of the forbidden drink.

"Wrap yourself around another cup an' then come on up into the cabin."

Captain Jim issued his invitation and disappeared. Outside he spoke briefly with a deck hand, and immediately thereafter the man went ashore bearing a verbal message and headed down the river trail where he might presently overtake the marching band of shivering sneezers.

Alone, Captain Jim mounted the companionway that led to the cabin. In the cabin, miling around and laboring under the stress of an assumed indifference to whatever might be in the cards, were half a hundred engineers and mates and deckhands and pilots.

Elmer, having conquered his third cup of coffee, presently climbed up the stairs and sat on the long table in the cabin and gossiped along, sixty miles an hour, with this company of river pals. After a time he looked about him at his old gang. "I got to let go the lines now. Three gongs; stan' by. Goo-by, Cap-tun Jim. Goo-by, Mr. Robbins. Goo-by, Danny. (Dog-gone this voice-changin' business.) Goo-by, Fat Paddy. Thanks f'r the coffee."

"Good-by, boy." Captain Jim held out his hand. "Light up a stogy before you go." Captain Jim fumbled through his vest pockets. "Dog-gone it, I ain't got no more. Git a handful f'r yourself out of that box there in that stateroom next to mine."

Elmer set down his blanket roll and opened the door of the stateroom. On the little table against the wall was a full box of stogies. Beside the stogies lay a familiar-looking hairbrush, and on the floor, sagging like a slung horse, sat his rope-lashed canvas telescope with the end stained where the ripe Bartlett pears had broken from their pasteboard box.

He hesitated for three seconds and then made a rush for Captain Jim.

"That's mine, Cap'n Jim! Am I—did you ——"

"You are an' I did! I talked to your dad this afternoon. Hurry up an' sign the pay roll."

Elmer turned and faced the sudden riot behind him. "Gangway f'r a deck hand!" he boomed in a rich bass. Then his voice skidded to a croak. "Gangway f'r a river-man!"

OUT-OF-DOORS

Mallard, Inc.

A GREAT many people make themselves unhappy and other folks uncomfortable by trying to keep the world the way it used to be. It cannot be did. Each generation, each decade, is obliged to take the world as it finds it and make the best of it, even on a half-loaf basis. Of course, if you never had a whole loaf, so much the better.

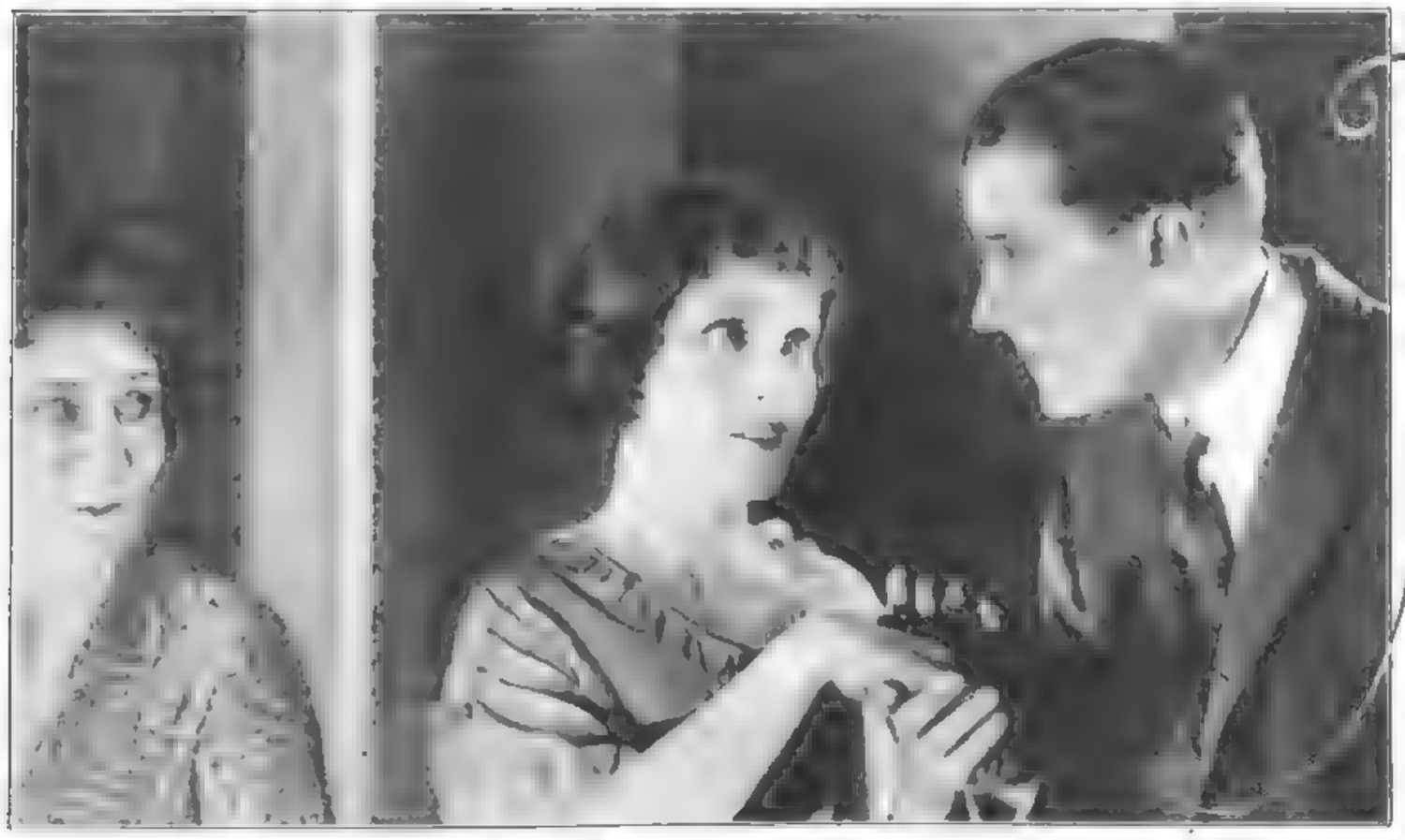
The fact needs no reassertion that within the past few years the sportsmen of America have awakened to the conviction that our sports of the open are in danger. We have had all sorts of panaceas offered for the lessening game supply. The great truth remains that about the only way to keep a bird is not to shoot it.

It seems likely that upland shooting in our country gradually will lessen, with good years and bad, but with general diminution. It is not very likely that the attempts to establish public game refuges ever will prove to be an adequate answer to the question of our ultra demand and our ultra equipment.

We could have game if we would give it a chance, but no thinking man imagines that we are going to give it a chance. I myself think that the future bulwark of shooting will be the law of private trespass and not the hope of public shooting refuges. That is to say, the rich man who can afford a preserve is about the only man who is going to have much upland shooting in the future.

As to wild fowl, there is no doubt on earth that they are more numerous in the United States today than they have been for fifteen or twenty years. The increase is

(Continued on Page 77)



Must she lose him forever because her ambitious mother treats him as a "great catch"?
To see Florence Vidor, — Alice, will ever remain a pre— memory to you

Tell us, Tarkington, about Alice Adams!

Tell us, Tarkington—did you write Alice Adams to show us how foolish a mother is who sets her heart on having her daughter go in the best society?

Or—to show that family happiness will be destroyed if a wife is dropped by her girlhood friends because their husbands had spunk and forged ahead of her husband?

Was it to show how gauzy are the ruses and pretenses of a social climber?

Or to show that the false standards of society people force girls to tawdry, lying imitations?

Tarkington, tell us, was it to show girls that romance evaporates—that all prosaic fathers and mothers once wrote ardent love letters, now hidden away in attic trunks?

Or—to show every daughter of poor parents that she should stop dreaming romantic [illegible] and go to work?

Did you want to show that millions of young male scamps are beyond the control of parents; and to make these young men see on the screen what they really are like?

Alice Adams won the Pulitzer Prize as the greatest American novel of the year, and now King W. Vidor, producer, with artistic fidelity makes every moment of the play true to life

Encore Pictures

ENCORE PICTURES are [illegible] from hundreds [illegible] the pictures that [illegible] this city.

[illegible] tures. It [illegible] success of "Brewster [illegible] Woman Who Fooled Herself"; Harold Lloyd in "Grandma's Boy" and "A Sailor-Made Man."

"The Tents of Allah"—a superb [illegible] of the desert.

"Bought and Paid For"—a thrilling story [illegible] human motives.

"Hearts Asleep"—a [illegible] stirring picture.

We will send you a list of the new plays for the asking.

Write Associated Exhibitors, Inc., Arthur S. Kane, President, 35 West 45th Street, New York.

HAS a Committee of Ten been started in your city? That is the way to bring all the really fine motion pictures to your town.

To bring not Encore Pictures, alone, but all the best pictures. Those plays that great directors and great actors are really proud of will be shown regularly if you start a Committee of Ten

It is a revolutionary plan which enables anyone who joins the movement to get the leading motion picture Review Service (unbiased descriptions of *all* new pictures) and have shown at your local theatres the photo plays you want to see

Picture theatres are encouraging this plan because it fills the houses with the best class of people in town. Why not take an interest yourself, be the live spirited citizen to send us names of people who ought to favor the idea? Turn and address an envelope now. Our book, "Getting Better Pictures," will start your organization. When you get *your* copy you'll say, "How I wish I'd had this book months ago." Write me personally. Arthur S. Kane, 35 West 45th St., New York.

Drudgery . . . or Dreams-come-True
Once to every woman comes the moment to decide which world she will live in—

YOU know the average photo play. You like this part—you dislike that part. And your friends disagree with you, quickly. But other plays—when you've seen them, there is no thought about what was [illegible] You talk, talk, talk over situations and argue about the characters as if you knew them *personally*.

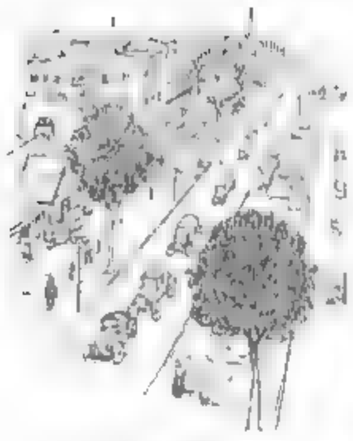
Because you saw live-minded people living their lives, not actors rushed into one coincidence after another.

Can Booth [illegible] do it? He leads the world. [illegible]

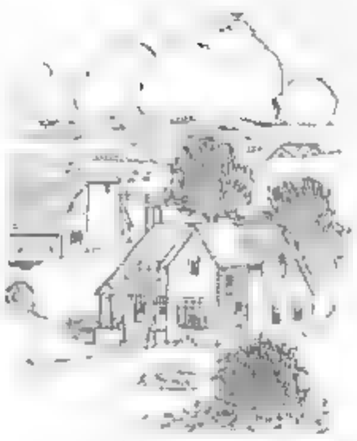
That young scamp—brother! You would like to get your hands on him. You would like to tell him a few bitter truths that nobody has ever told him before

That mother! And that wonderful daughter! How you would like to help her win out. But she wins out [illegible] her—or do [illegible] Florence Vidor, the [illegible] goes to your heart every time.

Ask your exhibitor when he plans to show Alice Adams. And if you want to see more such pictures—not only Encore Pictures but the best of all photo plays produced [illegible] Committee of Ten can be started in your town and really bring this about.



City



Farm

Camp

Town

A Nesco Perfect will serve perfectly in every capacity

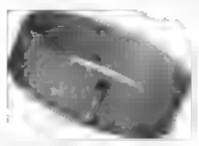
Any Time — Any Place

No matter where you live—North, East, South, West—in city, town, farm or summer camp, there is a Nesco Perfect Oil Cook Stove that will give you a reliable and unfaltering service *three times a day for three hundred and sixty-five days a year.*

Whether you want to prepare a hasty breakfast; or just a warm bite at noon for yourself and the children; a sumptuous dinner with guests attending; or mayhap three big meals to satisfy hungry farm-hand appetites—you will find a Nesco Perfect capable and willing to do its part.

With a Nesco Perfect you will be able to fry a steak speedily so that all of its juicy flavor is retained in the meat, while in an efficient Nesco Perfect Oven you can roast meat or fowl perfectly and bake creamy, light, golden-brown biscuits or fluffy cakes. This is made possible by the clean, blue flame which is always ready to serve you—an intense, heat-giving flame best suited for all kinds of cooking.

Go to your hardware, house furnishing or department store and witness a practical demonstration of this cooking wonder. See how easy it is to operate. Examine the Nesco Rockweave Wick that never requires cutting. It is woven of asbestos fibre spun around fine wires. The genuine has "Rockweave" printed on it. But most emphatically insist upon seeing a Nesco Perfect. No other oil cook stove has these helpful features.



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NESCO PERFECT OIL COOK STOVE

(Continued from Page 74)

marked everywhere. The wiping out of spring shooting gave the birds a chance and they have made good on it.

But what percentage of this increase in wild fowl does the average man get, provided he does not have a preserve of his own? Where is he going to get a little open shooting? The truth seems to be that the rich chap, with a private or club preserve, is still the one who holds the edge.

Some new modifications of our old open shooting on wild fowl have become noticeable within recent times. It is astonishing how quickly the American shooter accepts conditions as he finds them and sets about beating the game as it offers on the board. Thus, the other day, a clerk in a sporting-goods store told me he was going out duck shooting that afternoon on his preserve.

"I have got a couple of ponds hired from a farmer a few miles north of here," he explained. "It's right out in an open pasture and there's only about four or five acres of water, but I have put shelled corn in there right along and somehow the birds find it. Of course, I don't have heavy shooting—I have never killed my limit any day—but I am pretty safe to get six or eight mallards this afternoon. Not so bad, eh?"

Well, there, in short, was the whole principle of club preserves and private preserves. If you can put it over, do so. That seems to be about the answer.

Throughout the past fall season there was an astonishing abundance of mallards for more than one hundred miles up and down the Illinois River Valley, which naturally is one of the best duck regions in the United States, although a few years ago it was accounted pretty much shot out. Continually reports came up of heavy shooting. This friend or that would tell you of someone who had brought back his limit for one day, two days, or who had shipped his limit of birds for the whole season. This does not sound so bad in a day of discontent and apprehension.

The truth is that we are the world's greatest little go-getters. I thought it might be well to look into that truth under the duck-shooting conditions of today. I did not have to investigate very far before I found that the business of mallard shooting nowadays is a highly specialized industry, systematized to the last detail. And in this system, whether applied to closed preserves or otherwise, lies the only chance the average man has for a bit of open or semi-open shooting. I do not know where a man could get a foot of shooting room on the Illinois River today without paying for it, but if he has the price he does not actually have to belong to a ducking club.

The Limit Guaranteed

Wishing to make my investigations as a reporter and a private citizen, I did not take any invitation to any of the numerous clubs that cover the best shooting grounds of the Illinois River. I was concerned to learn what chance the average fellow has who does not belong to a club. An expert friend, who always knows where to go, helped me out by a dive into his card cabinet.

"Here you are," said he. "Here is a man down on the Mississippi River in lower Illinois who will guarantee you your limit every day. He charges twelve dollars a day and boards you well—furnishes everything. He guarantees at least one hundred decoys for each blind and has oil stoves in his blinds so you can be comfortable. Can you beat that?"

It did not seem as though one could well beat that. The only trouble was, how to get a date when that man would not be signed up, and also how to get that twelve dollars. I thought I would have a look at that country, but also suggested I would not mind a day or so of quail shooting, such as we used to have.

"All right about that. Here you are," said my friend, with another visit to his card indexes. "Here is a man in lower Illinois, not far from your duck man, who will guarantee you your limit of quail every day. He has five thousand acres of preserved quail land, eight good bird dogs and sets a good table. Understand, he guarantees you your limit. Can you beat that?"

With this opening, a friend and I started out of Chicago in a motor car and slipped down into the state a couple of hundred miles just before Thanksgiving. I wanted to get over to see a certain old friend with whom I had shot quail for thirty years always with good dogs and always with plenty of sport. But now we found that country posted, and my friend had quit quail hunting. A heavy snow broke up our quail shoot, anyhow, so we contented ourselves with a few rabbits ahead of the beagles one afternoon.

Meantime a local friend told us that we could get all kinds of duck shooting over at Beardstown, on the Illinois River, without belonging to any club. Two or three men had been over in that country and come back with the limit of two or three days' shooting. This gentleman agreed to make all arrangements by telephone with a professional proprietor of some pen shooting, as it is called, who takes in shooters at so much a day.

To make it short, we started over to Beardstown. En route, we met a young man who lives at Virginia, and he also talked to us of his preserve.

"There are six of us who own twenty-five acres," he said. "It's on an island out in the Illinois River. There wasn't any water on it, so we dynamited our mallard holes out in the dry ground and then let in the water. The holes are not very big and they would be better if the banks were lower, but we get birds enough to make it worth while. Of course, we bait the holes with shelled corn just as they do in the clubs. If you put out corn the ducks will find it."

Shooting Made Comfortable

Again, the business of mallard hunting appeared to be something of a system. That impression gathered force. We were met at Beardstown station by our guide—not in the least one of the old-time Kankakee or Illinois river rats, but a well-dressed, good-looking, clean-cut young business man, who explained that he was waiting for us. With him were two of the leading business men of the town. The town itself was a handsome, modern little city, electric lighted and paved—not in the least the sort of place where you would think there would be mallard ducks. Yet this was the capital of perhaps the greatest mallard-duck shooting in the world today.

We were taken to a comfortable hotel and we passed a comfortable evening with our local friends. When our guide left us he explained that he would call at the hotel at eight o'clock sharp in the morning, at which time we must be ready to start. Think of it! Eight o'clock for old-time duck hunters who used to get up at four o'clock and pole six miles up the river!

This sort of duck shooting has much to commend it and it had the virtue of novelty to me. We had a good night's rest and a comfortable breakfast, and in broad daylight walked down the few blocks of cement sidewalk that lay between us and our boat landing. On the way we passed the old Beardstown courthouse, where Abraham Lincoln tried one of his most famous lawsuits. But we were not allowed to stop and investigate this. Our schedule was arranged to the dot. At 8:30 we found a trig little power boat, which was to pull the two long and comfortable scows that served as passenger craft and as transports for the several sacks of shelled corn that make a part of this kind of holiday trip.

We were right in the edge of a busy little city and factory smoke was visible, as well as that of homes. In the distance, the bare timber-lined banks of the great river did not seem to indicate any shooting at all. There were no birds to be seen in the air, not a flock. We did not have to pole a ducking skiff across marsh for five miles, scanning the heavens anxiously to see where the birds were feeding and which way the wind was going to blow. It made no difference where the birds were, no matter which way the wind might blow. We did not have to work; gasoline did the work for us. We sat down on comfortable seats, some six or eight of us in all, for our proprietor had other customers besides ourselves, and so were off for a ride of four or five miles up the river. It looked more like a Sunday picnic than a duck-shooting proposition.

From the very edge of town we began to see signs of No Trespass; No Shooting; Private Property, Keep Off. Every little bit of standing room was taken. There was no place for a man in search of open shooting, not a foot of it.

In less than half an hour we landed at the timbered shore of a long island out in

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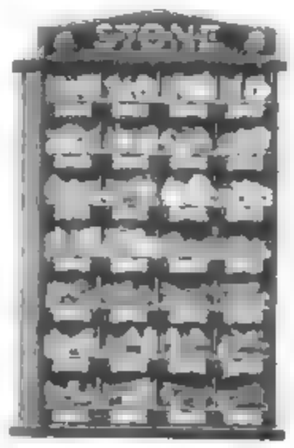

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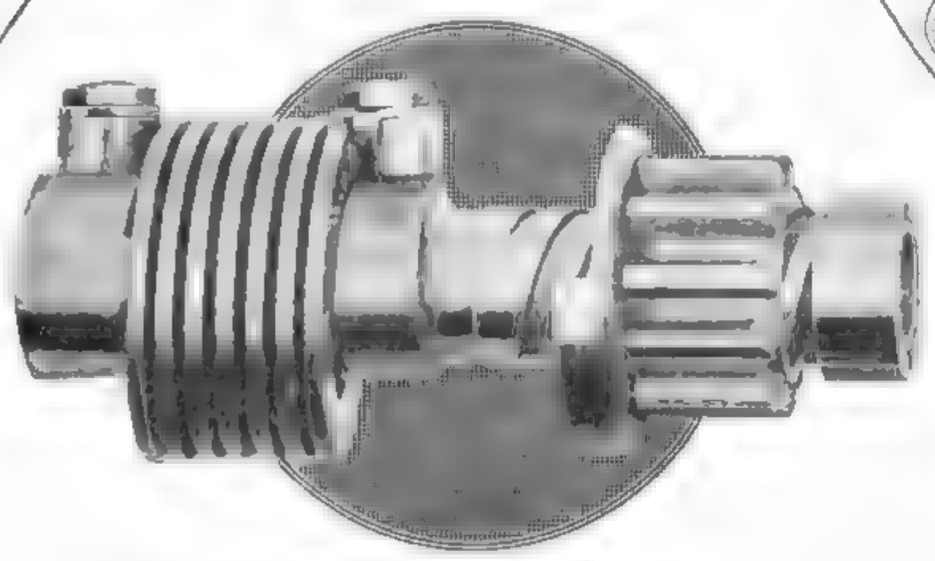

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midstream. Here was the tent occupied by one or two helpers of our proprietor—staying on the ground to keep thieves from stealing the valuable mallard decoys, which make one of the most important parts of the duck system today.

We walked about one hundred yards through the woods to the edge of a long slough, perhaps three or four hundred yards in extent, with a shooting blind at each end. Another slough offered yet another blind. I think our guide had out six or eight men that day. You always have to shoot two men to the blind. The rate is ten dollars a day per gun, with fifty cents each way for your boat transport. Of course, this does not include your hotel bill or your ammunition, and in this case there was no guaranty that you would get your limit. Neither was there any oil stove. Still, in all, it looked to us old-timers as about the softest duck-shooting snap ever yet invented. My friend and I got over to our blind—a shoulder-high affair of heavy willows and other young stuff, big enough for three shooters and very comfortable. It was on perfectly dry ground and not even rubber boots were absolutely needed, although, of course, we all wore them.

As we approached we began to get further details of the system. Before our blind, and entirely across the slough, stretched a pen of chicken wire. It went down into the mud, so that no duck could get under it, and reached three or four feet above the water, so that no wing-clipped duck could get over it. This was the pen, so called, which gives the type and name to this kind of shooting.

Inside the pen there were about fifty splendid mallard decoys. This strain of decoys is bred all along the Illinois River. At the close of the season each owner will farm out his flock among local men in the country, on one or another basis, usually a percentage of increase to go to the owner of the farm, who keeps them through the summer season. A good decoy is worth from two to five dollars. There is some death among them, due to lead poisoning, as they eat a certain amount of shot found in the mud of the pen. I counted forty-four decoys in our pen, and usually there are something like fifty put out before each blind. Of course, it is the hens that do most of the calling, but the allotment was about the same in drakes and ducks. They were usually on the move, squattering and squawking and hustling and diving for food, so that any flock passing over must certainly have been attracted.

Your guide at a pen will shoot if you want him to, or will only call if you prefer it. As he is apt to see a duck flock quicker than the decoys, he begins to call at once. Once he does so, the decoys also begin to call. Between the sight of the moving birds, apparently feeding, and their invitations to come down, it is pretty hard for a bunch of mallards not to take notice, especially if they have personal cognizance of the fact that there is or was a lot of sound shelled corn right at the edge of the water hole.

Hours for Shooting

Well, the system now began to line itself out pretty well to us. Our pen owner went on to explain further details.

"We don't begin shooting before nine o'clock," said he. "That gives the birds that have held over all night a chance to get out without being scared. You saw that we did not put out very many when we came in. That does not mean that they won't be in during the day, especially toward night.

"We never shoot at flocks. If more than a dozen birds come in, we let them go by. It breaks them up much less to shoot at singles and doubles and little bunches of two or three. We have to remember that we are shooting in the same blind every day.

"Again, we never shoot after four o'clock in the afternoon. The law allows us to shoot until sundown, but if we did we would soon burn out our blinds and have no sport to give you. Some of the clubs may shoot later than we do, but we open-pen men stick to the four-o'clock hour, every one of us. And my rules are the same for every man that is letting shooting along the river, as far as I know. We have a very good understanding about that."

I suggested that there must be quite an investment in the mallard industry along the Illinois River these days. My informant nodded.

"You are right. The corn alone cuts considerable of a figure. The owners of our biggest mill in Beardstown sell about fifteen thousand dollars' worth of shelled corn for the duck pens. A man was counting up with me not long ago and he thinks there is a market of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars each year now in shelled corn for mallard bait in the state of Illinois. I don't know whether that is true or not, but I do know we use an awful lot of corn. I am feeding about two bushels each day now, as you see. I want them to eat it up pretty clean. It costs money, at that."

He began to count up the different preserves and public pen blinds along the river.

"I can count about twenty-seven preserves owned by clubs in the Beardstown district," said he. "There are about eight men like myself who offer shooting to the public."

I asked him what chance a man would have for shooting in that country if he could not get the place in any of the public blinds and did not belong to a club.

"No chance at all," he replied. "I don't know where there is a foot of open shooting now. Land is worth money in here—fifty, eighty, one hundred or two hundred dollars an acre—for the mallard privileges it carries. Some farmers may not have turned their land into preserves, but most of them will. There is no open shooting. I have had a man come down to Beardstown and lie there for a straight week, waiting for a chance to shoot. I could not place him in my blinds, for I was all signed up ahead. I tried my best to get him in with some of my other friends along the river, but I couldn't find a place."

Shipping Restrictions

"And everybody has been having shooting," said he—an assertion that I could well believe from what I had seen. "I'm afraid we may not do well today, because last night was full moonlight and the ducks probably fed all night. There have been only two days this season when my shooters have not all got their limit. It's going to be bright and warm, and perhaps we will not; but wait till evening."

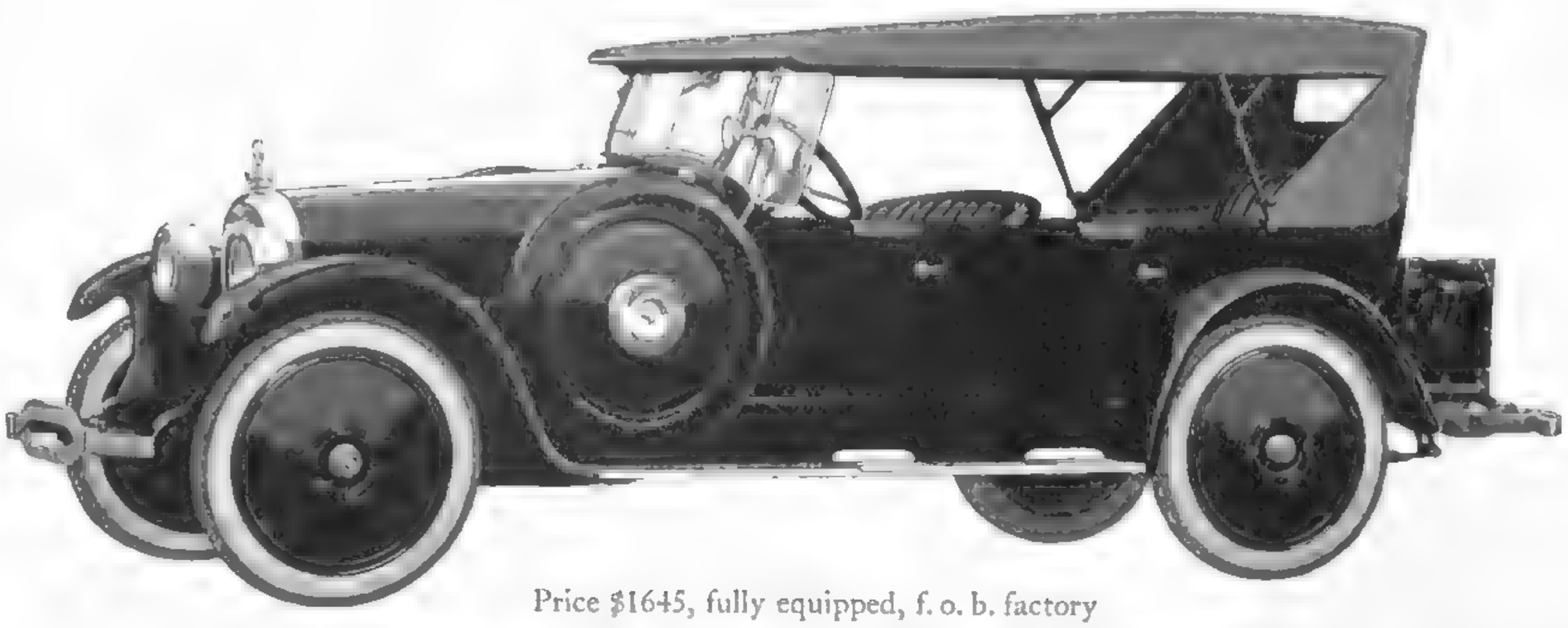
I learned that the former usual practice among the clubs, of shooting on the pusher's license, is not tolerated at all in the public pen blinds. When you kill fifteen birds you are done. You begin at nine and you stop at four. On the whole, I thought the arrangement even more sportsmanlike, or more businesslike, than that which for a long time did bring the sportsmanship of the Illinois River clubs much into question. One thing is absolutely sure—the mallard crop of the Illinois River for 1922 was one of tremendous abundance. Everybody got mallards.

How many actually were killed it would be impossible to tell, but it must have run up into very many thousands. I suppose three hundred or four hundred mallards went north on our train. Under the law a man may make a certain number of shipments of a certain number of birds. He may carry home with him two days' limit, or thirty birds in all. He may not ship these or put them in the baggage car, and cannot check them. The custom usually is to have the birds picked and dressed and sacked compactly. They are piled up waist high in the passageway between the cars—but that is the law. At the step of your train there will be a game warden who will ask to see your license, and you must have it or he will take your birds. But you cannot check them or ship them, except as otherwise specified. From all of which you may begin to discover that the problem of shooting wild mallards has been solved pretty thoroughly under the conditions of today.

I was more interested in all these matters than I was in the actual shooting. The latter did not prove to be anything great on that day. We wandered along the banks, studying the duck game as it was played. The mud was packed solid and cut up with the toe marks of wild mallards. There was not a kernel of corn left on the shore, and it was to be inferred that the wild birds had eaten all the corn, which is thrown into the water for them. A mallard will dive to some extent for corn bait used in this way, but most of it is in water so shallow that the bird does not have to submerge altogether. The decoys have their corn thrown in to them each evening. Every time their master stands up in his

(Continued on Page 81)

The New Nash Six Sport Model



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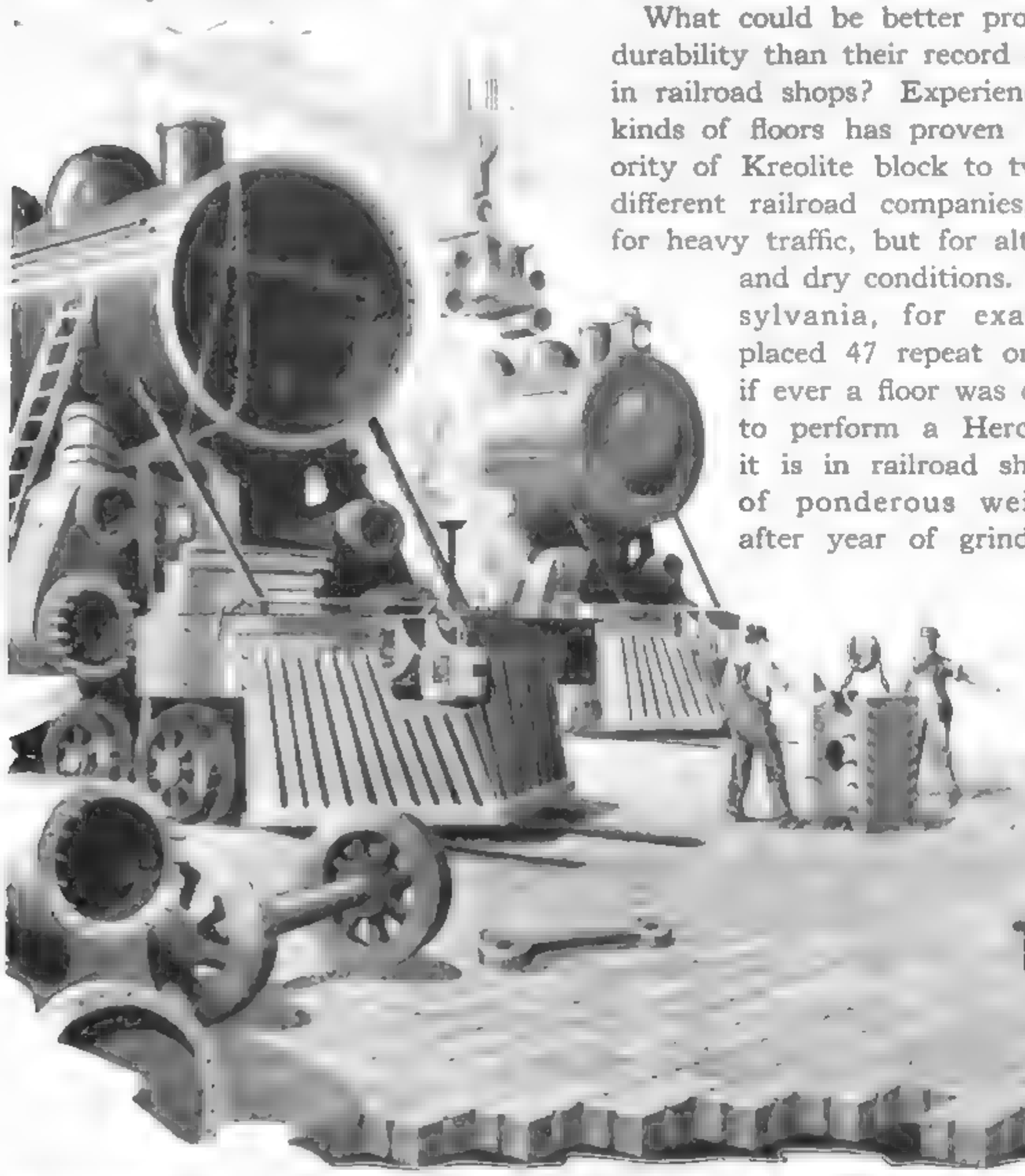

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KREOLITE WOOD BLOCK FLOORS

(Continued from Page 78)

blind or moves along the shore, they break out in loud vociferations, begging him for more corn. It is a sort of sociable, pleasant, family shooting game, full of interest to the beginner at least; and certainly it is practical.

I think our blind that day produced only about a dozen birds to the three guns. The weather was warm and there were few birds moving anywhere. My recollection is, that of the three parties out under our man that day one got nothing at all and the other no very great bag. But at four o'clock we all quit.

At half past three the pen owners throw in their feed for the decoys and for the wild ducks. Then everyone must get away from the blinds and out of sight, so that the wild birds may not be disturbed when they come in

"Every one has got on a wrist watch, you see," said our friend and instructor. "Just as soon as they know we are done shooting they will come in."

That was the truth—there were scores and hundreds of hovering mallards darting this way and that, with much hissing of wings, in the twilight. Our guide had almost to drag me away from the edge of the water, so absorbed was I in watching the beautiful sight of the flying birds. I suppose I saw fifty shots that evening, but, of course, no one broke the pen law, so that the birds came in undisturbed. I should have been glad at least to sit and view them afar, for I had performed very much to my own disgust in what few shots I had had; but such is the rigid system of the pen, so we all smiled and went home, chugging down the river in our scows, for a good, warm supper at the hotel. Barring the lack of oil stoves, I don't see how the system could be improved.

Since the little city of Beardstown is pleasant and comfortable in every way and hospitable to the last degree, we had no wish to hurry away, so put in a second day at the same blind with our friend and leader. Still the weather was not very good and, although we put out a couple of hundred mallards in the morning, there was no flight of consequence. Such shooting as offered was not the easiest in the world. Sometimes this pen shooting is much like slaughter—you can pick your shots and kill your birds just as they hover if you like. But where there is a permanent blind you have to take the wind as you find it, and that means that your shooting may be difficult or easy. Most of our shots were high cross shots that day and I should not call it anything but rather sporty shooting. That day I saw our guide kill fourteen mallards straight, by no means easy shots, and with several doubles—about as classy a performance in a blind as I have seen for many a year—perhaps not since I shot with Billy Griggs, the king of the duck shooters, who in the older days came from Browning, Illinois, not far from Beardstown. I think Griggs was the most finished duck shot I ever saw. He was a market shooter who followed the flight from Minnesota to the Gulf of Mexico, and has long since gone to his reward

The Last Quarter Hour

Our guide was doing his best to give all his customers some sport; and, indeed, there was more shooting that day, for one blind besides our own brought in a limit of fifteen birds. Our proprietor was rather glum.

"I'll tell you what I'm going to do tonight, boys," said he. "You have all had hard luck. I'll fudge the time limit a little bit. We will shoot fifteen minutes after quitting time."

That was a very extraordinary courtesy, which we appreciated, and which I think we did not abuse. Once more the cloud of mallards came in, well before sundown, in long strings and bands—a beautiful, beautiful sight! We killed a few of them, and I suppose could have shot into the dusk and killed many more; but at length our leader called out, "That's all, boys! Stop now! If we don't get out of here I won't have any ducks at all tomorrow."

So we all went back to the boat and called it a day. Our net results of these two singularly quiet, pleasant days at the business of mallard shooting did not equal some of the crack days on the Kankakee marshes, where I have known one shooter to come in with one hundred mallards. But, for one, I did not care. Surely my friend and I took home abundance of ducks to satisfy our home demand. Surely, also, we learned something about the sport of mallard shooting as it is practiced today. The club shooting, though a little more convenient and comfortable, is conducted, I think, on practically the same lines as those above indicated. I understand that there is an observation tower on one of the better club preserves so that a watcher can look out over the different blinds and tell when a good body of birds is coming in.

I observed that our manager shot an automatic twelve-gauge gun—not a repeater but an automatic. During our little trip I suppose we saw twenty or thirty shotguns, and there were only two double guns in the lot—both owned by myself. Our manager thought that a sixteen-gauge automatic would be fine for this pen shooting. He spoke with much praise of our friend who had directed us to him, saying that he shot a twenty-gauge gun with 7½ shot, and killed his limit clean and beautifully.

In the old timber shooting for mallards along the Illinois and Mississippi rivers there was developed a very expert sort of marksmanship. In those times the best of the duck shooters used very heavy ten-gauge guns, with black powder, of course. The shooter sat out on a log or up against a tree on the acorn flat or near the smartweed slough he had selected for his day's work. He used no decoys at all, but depended on his duck caller. It is thought that no country in the world ever produced more expert duck callers or a better article of the duck call itself. You will find the Illinois River duck call, as it is called, on sale locally—price five dollars each. That does not mean that you can blow it skillfully after you own it, for duck calling is an art *sui generis*.

A Well-Managed Industry

The ease and comfort and safety of this sort of mallard proposition might lead some to scoff at it. What would be the use of that? Granted that it is not as hardy a way of getting a bag as we used to employ twenty years ago or more, what are you going to do about it today? Out of the conditions actually existing the system of today has been evolved and it probably is here to stay. On the whole, provided that the daily bag limit be religiously observed by all shooters of all clubs and blinds—as it surely ought to be—this system, so long as the migratory wild fowl law remains, ought to assure certainty of success to any shooter with the entrée. I could not speak absolutely for a country more than one hundred miles in extent, but think I am pretty accurate in saying that it would be difficult, not to say impossible, to find any open shooting; although, if one accepts the system of public pen shooting as it ought to be accepted, there is a fair though rather expensive opportunity of bringing home the bacon.

I heard that somewhat north of Beardstown there is a farmer who has set up a goose ranch on the same lines as those described for the public pen shooters. On his farm he has wire pens that contain a number of wild-goose decoys, good callers. His blinds are made with collapsible tops, flush with the surface of the earth. He allows shooting, as I understand it, only two days—perhaps only one day—each week. His honorarium is twenty-five dollars a day per gun. Sometimes his customers get the goose limit—just as nearly always the duck customers get their limit in the better-handled blinds.

Well, I don't know where I could take twenty-five dollars a day, plus car fare and other expenses, and go out and get a goose shoot worth while. Neither do I happen to know where I could take ten dollars a day, plus other expenses, and have anything like a cinch for getting fifteen fat mallards a day. As for the comfort of it—well, today is today.

Yes, on the whole, one would call this mallard industry well managed, well organized and well planned as a business—not so very wild, but still cold and rough enough in bad weather. What better are you going to do? For one, I could not answer that question. There may be some who do not believe in shooting over baited blinds. If it were not for the baited blinds there would not be one mallard killed where now there are ten brought to bag in the Illinois River country.

The day has worked out its own problems. I presume we may leave that privilege and that duty to tomorrow also.

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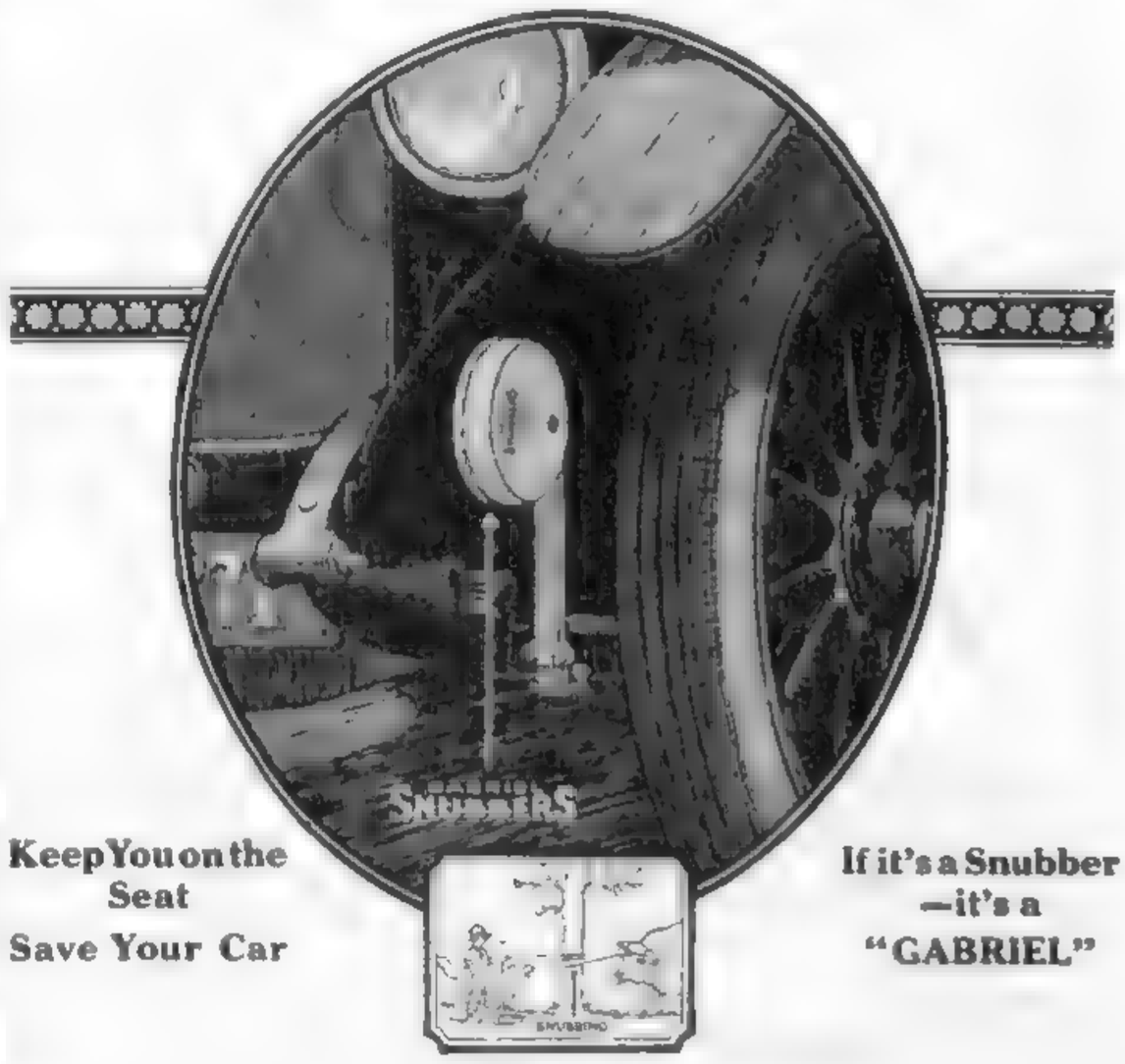

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MURDOCK RADIO

STANDARD APPARATUS SINCE 1904

LUCY, INC.

Continued from Page 10)

"Ah, that's the point! I've no chance to use them to any advantage as things are now. I haven't been trained for anything. No one who has the power to help me ever sees me. Day after day I go from a little hole of a flat to a dingy hole of an office."

"But your mother!" Sumner put in gently.

"My mother," said Lucy with perfect candor, "is no help to me and never will be. She has always let circumstances beat her. It's because of my mother that I'm talking like this. I won't be cheated the way my mother has been. I'll die first." The expression of passionate hardness came into her face. "And there's more I'm afraid of. Some day when I can't stand the monotony of everything any more I'll marry someone out of desperation, and I'll live like my mother, genteelly poor, with too many children and a smell of cooking and nothing beautiful ever, ever happening." Her eyes, full of despair, looked over their heads as if truly she saw this vista. "I can't bear it! I should do something wicked if that happened."

The shocked and distressed eyes of Sumner Lowell averted themselves from the crude candor of her unhappiness. Toby Meadows moved uneasily.

"Good gracious, child," he attempted heartily, "don't you want to marry—sometime?"

Lucy swallowed her emotion sternly. The perfect, crystal-clear coolness came back into her eyes.

"Yes, of course, I want to marry. But I'm not going to marry a poor man. I want to marry someone as nice as possible and as rich as possible. Then I want to have a lovely home, lots of space and things and servants and dresses to make me beautiful—and three children; and then I want to be a power." She looked at them calmly. "I could be, and you know that too."

Toby Meadows studied her for an instant very shrewdly. "By the Lord Harry, I believe you could be!" he cried.

"Don't you want an education?" This from Sumner, a trifle wistfully.

"Oh, I do, I do! Don't you see, that's part of it. I must know so much more. I shall never get anywhere, half educated as I am."

Sumner Lowell looked at Toby with an expression oddly triumphant, as if Lucy had successfully met a test.

That night as they both sat in front of the fire smoking the last pipe of the evening Lowell suddenly cleared his throat and said, "Toby, you know a great deal more about these things than I do. How much would you say it would cost to give Lucy a chance at the things she wants?"

Toby gathered himself to the attack, as if he had been waiting only for this signal. He pointed out to his old friend that he was an impractical sentimentalist; that he didn't know how devilish hard girls were to manage, or what havoc a girl like Lucy might cause in his studious life.

"You and I can't let ourselves in for responsibility of that sort, Sumner. We've managed to keep ourselves free and clear all these years, and ——"

"Then I shall have to subscribe all the stock myself." Sumner Lowell looked into the fire with a whimsical but obstinate smile on his face. "Lucy, Incorporated," he murmured.

"But, good Lord, Sumner, look at it as a joke ——"

"It's no joke, Toby. That girl needs help. Look here! Time and again in your life you've put money into something you only half believed in, because some friend asked you to or because you were too lazy to say no. But when it's a case of investing in a human life you draw back. Here's a human being. She's got fine qualities, beauty, intelligence, and she's buried alive under poverty. And I spend enough money every year on books I don't get around to read to give her at least a fighting chance. By heaven, I'm ashamed of myself!"

"You always did have too much heart, Sumner."

Lowell smiled serenely.

"I have some theories about education that I shall have a fine chance to try out. Lucy has an unusually clear, fresh mind ——"

"All nonsense! Overeducate her and she'll lose all her charm. What she ought to have now is a chance to meet eligible young chaps. I believe in early marriage for girls like Lucy. Plenty of social training, heaps of pretty frocks, a clever woman to steer her right—by George, there wouldn't be any stopping her! She'd become a real beauty, let me tell you, Sumner. I've always thought that if I had a daughter ——"

"Education," murmured Lowell stubbornly, "is what Lucy needs. I shall go about it this way ——"

"You don't know anything about girls, Sumner! You spend ten months of the year with your nose in a book, and then you try to tell me how to bring up a girl. By Henry, you're certainly exasperating!"

"It seems to me"—Sumner's tone was slightly edged—"it seems to me that since I'm the sole subscriber to stock in this concern I should be allowed sole voice in the management of its affairs. As I was saying when you interrupted, education ——"

"But I tell you, you poor nut, marriage for a girl like that is the best thing!"

"Am I going to manage this business or are you? Since I'm financing it ——"

There was a pause, during which Toby glared into the obstinate eyes of his friend. Then he whacked the arm of his chair.

"Who said you're financing it? I've got to save that girl from your nutty ideas! Save you, too, from doing something you can't afford. By Henry, if I have to I'll subscribe 60 per cent of the stock in Lucy, Incorporated."

A sly smile was in Sumner's eyes.

"Fifty per cent is all there is on the market, Toby."

Then they both laughed. Toby Meadows having protested, now became animated with ideas on the proper launching of Lucy, Inc. He was a rich man, always on the edge of a slight boredom, catching at anything new, anything that promised a fresh interest. And the more he talked about his ideas on the upbringing of a girl, the more engaging he found himself in this new rôle. Sumner Lowell found it necessary to cling tightly to his pet theory. While Toby sang of frocks and social opportunities and the right background Sumner kept on edging in a tutor and at least a year of college. They came very near to quarreling, but at last a sort of compromise was reached: They would put it up to Lucy and see whether she chose a training course in making a good match, or a classical education.

"In the meantime I'll save time by writing a letter so Connors can take it out to meet the mail carrier first thing in the morning," said Toby. He looked his most cocksure.

"Think I'll do the same thing myself," said Sumner, quietly obstinate, and he wrote:

PROF. ANDREW TOWER,
Cambridge, Mass.

My dear Andrew: It has been some time since I have seen you; but I have not been completely out of touch with you, since I have followed with interest the brilliant record your boy has made at the university. I suppose there will some day be a second Andrew Tower on the faculty. But in the meantime I hope you and he will not be offended if I ask whether young Andrew could be persuaded to turn an honest penny as a tutor during the remainder of the summer. The surroundings will be ideal, with, I imagine, plenty of leisure for sports if he is so inclined—I hope he uses the dry fly—and his pupil will not be, I think I may promise, too uninteresting. . . .

And at the same time Toby's pen was dashing and stabbing out the following:

Dear Sister Sally: I've decided to open up the camp for the rest of the season if I can get you to come up and be hostess. In fact you've got to, for Sumner and I have undertaken to look after a girl. Nineteen years old. Lovely and as promising as any girl you ever saw. [No, my dear, I'm not! Neither is Sumner. We shall die in our present state, thank God!] Eventually we mean to launch her in society, marry her off brilliantly if possible. [Sumner, poor old nut, thinks he's going to have her tutored, but we'll see.] So I want you to look about and book up six or eight of the most eligible young fellows in the market. For instance, Laurie Calhoun. . . . And bring your maid, with a lot of frocks, and things to go with 'em. The child appears to have nothing but a pair of khaki breeches with a grease spot on the knee. . . .

P. S. I remember when I was young I liked 'em best in pale blue.

"There!" breathed Toby when he had finished. "Now we'll see what's what!"

"We shall, indeed," said Sumner Lowell.

When the matter was put up to Lucy, and there was spread out before her the bewildering possibilities of the summer, she looked from Toby to Sumner with eyes that had grown enormous with awe and astonishment.

"It's like a fairy stepping out and—and handing you a magic wand! Do you mean to say that the big camp over on Lake Rosalie is yours, and that I can have new frocks and lovely people and ——"

"—— and a tutor," put in Sumner, looking at her pleadingly.

"No! Not really? Oh, Mr. Sumner, the very thing I've wanted!"

The two benefactors looked at each other a bit bewildered. Which of them had won out? There was no time to decide; for Lucy, under the startled eye of Mrs. Hemingway, in whose presence it had been thought proper to make their proposal, straightway flew at them and before they could savor to the full the pleasant thing that was happening, each of them had been kissed on the right cheek.

"Lucy! Really!" Mrs. Hemingway fairly froze the air about her.

"I don't care!" cried Lucy, wildly dancing. "They're such old darlings! Look at them, Mrs. Hemingway! They're my rescuers. They're going to give me my chance. My chance! It's all I need. You'll see, darlings! I'll try so hard to be worthy. I'll study my head off, Mr. Sumner. And I'll be so charming—you'll see, Mr. Toby! I'll make somebody ——"

She stopped here, while the expression of passionate hardness added a year or two to her face.

"I intend to have a proposal from a man with money," she added calmly.

Sumner Lowell winced. He felt that Mrs. Hemingway's cry of disapproval was partially justified. But Toby, although he blinked once, laughed outrageously. And they came away, having extracted a promise from Mrs. Hemingway to let Lucy come to them when the camp was ready and Toby's sister had arrived.

Toby Meadows' camp was an elaborate collection of buildings designed to accommodate a battalion of guests and servants. Little guest cabins, guides' houses, ice houses, carpenter shop, boathouse, garage, storehouse and spring house clustered about the main building, which was almost as large as an ocean-going steamer, and was built of logs. The living room was charming in spite of its hugeness, for its walls were a soft brown, and on cool evenings the great fireplaces flooded the room with a leaping ruddy light. There were innumerable nooks and Nantucket hammocks and cushions of habitant weaving, and a rustic stairway most becoming to descend.

In short, it was an ideal setting for the business in hand. Toby Meadows had built the place some years before, and it had been filled with guests perhaps four times since it was finished. He had never found any great amount of pleasure in it. But when he opened the camp this time he suddenly discovered what he had missed before—a point to his activities. He had thrown his heart into a new game. He recognized all at once what a marvelous background the place was—for youth.

He waved the wand of his wealth, threw all his executive ability into gear, and in a few days servants were arriving, guides were flocking, the whole place was polished, bedecked, larders were filled from hampers that came in from Montreal and Boston, canoes were overhauled, the telephone was connected, a man came up from Montreal posthaste with a radio set, and Mrs. Sally arrived with a maid and three trunks.

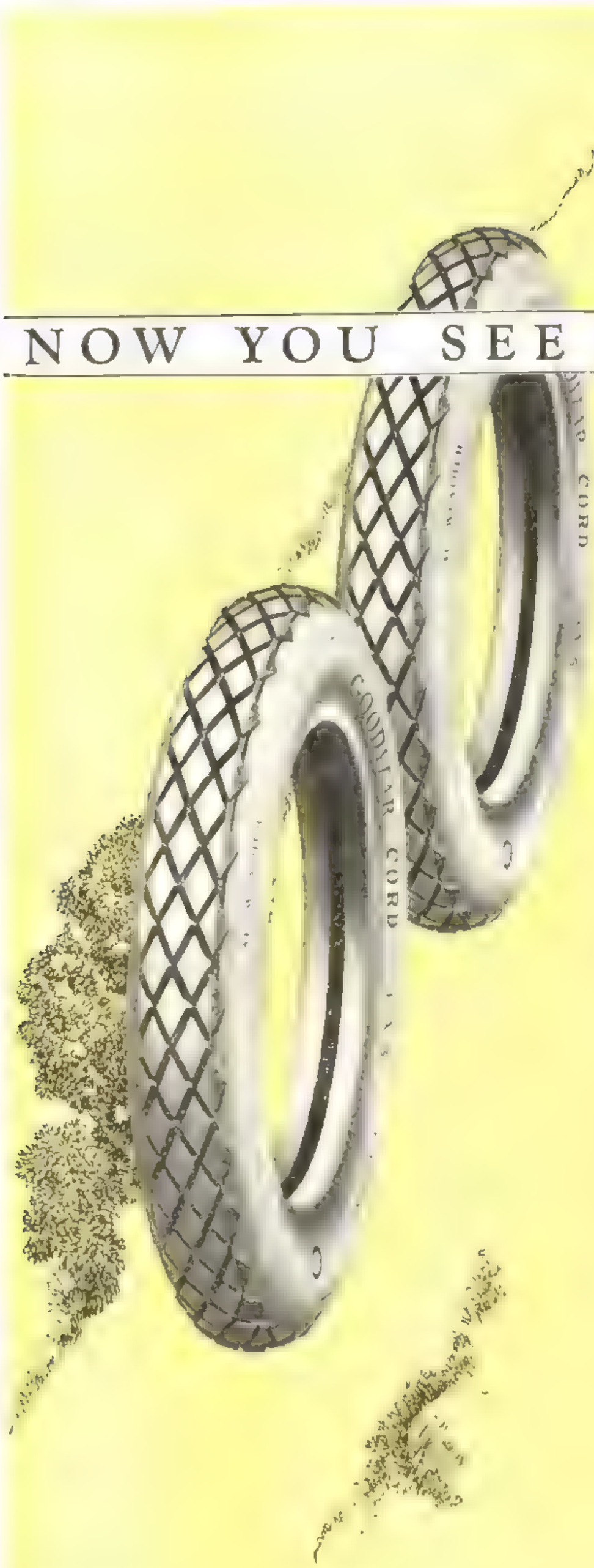
Mrs. Sally Morse was rather like her brother: large and blond, and with a jolly laugh but shrewd eyes. Having successfully married two daughters, she now found the world an amusing place to experiment in. It was partly to keep Lucy from the moment she met her, although she admitted you couldn't tell right off about any girl, especially a girl with gray eyes.

"But she's very ambitious, which helps," she confided to Toby and Sumner as they sat on the veranda the afternoon of her arrival; "and clear-headed, and the frocks are exactly her type, which is a miracle."

"No miracle, considering the money you cost me in telegrams!"

"My dear Toby, I had to know her coloring and measurements and type, didn't I?

(Continued on Page 85)



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You have heard, of course, the good things now being said everywhere of the new Goodyear Cord Tire with the beveled All-Weather Tread.

These are reflected to us in the enthusiastic reports of our dealers, and in the flourishing condition of our sales.

If you look about you, you will see with what swiftness these new Goodyear Cords are finding favor; you see them everywhere, today, on cars of all types.

Behind this instant popularity, and the keen appreciation which underlies it, are these definite improvements in the tire itself:

1 The new All-Weather Tread is made from an extraordinarily efficient rubber compound, by far the most serviceable that Goodyear engineers have ever devised.

2 Being semi-flat, instead of round as formerly, this new tread affords broader road contact, which also offers greatly increased resistance to wear.

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You want this *improved* Goodyear Cord which other motorists are finding so superior—you can get your size now from your Goodyear Service Station Dealer at no extra price.

Quieter, smoother-running, longer-lived and more economical, it embodies that same high quality that has made more people ride on Goodyear Tires than on any other kind.

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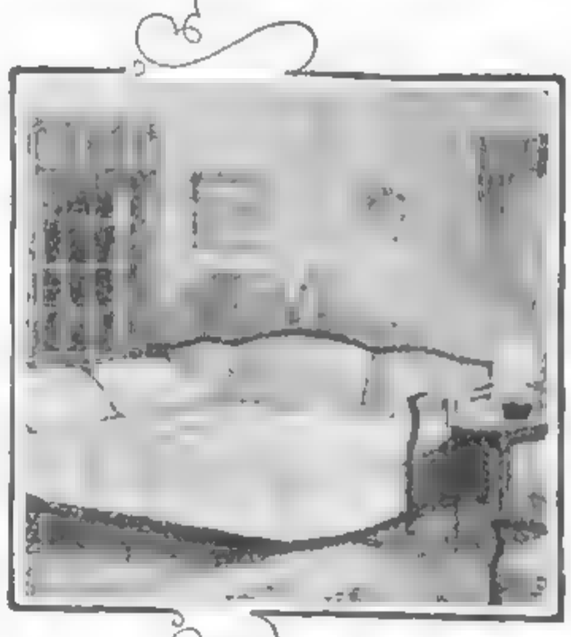

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The DAVENPORT BED

SERVES BY DAY AND BY NIGHT

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(Continued from Page 82)

I guessed English sport things and straight little chiffon things for evening, and I was right. She's quite the opposite of the Colgrove twins. That's why I asked them."

Toby shouted, "You didn't!"

"Why not? You foolish Toby, there has to be a foil for Lucy, don't you see? And the Colgrove twins, now that they've gone in for sophistication ——"

"I won't have 'em! They called me old fruit!"

Mrs. Sally remained calm. She explained that the Colgrove twins had changed. And besides, was this his party or Lucy's? Besides Posie and Rosie, she had asked the Dickson boy and Ted Maynard and, of course, Laurie Calhoun.

"I'm glad you suggested him, Toby," she said. "I should have considered him for my Sally, but he was a bit young for her. I really believe he's the one for Lucy. Plenty of money and a good family, and not looking for a spectacular match."

Sumner Lowell moved uneasily in his chair. The contentment in his face gave way to a rather wistful expression.

"It seems rather—er—cold-blooded, doesn't it, Sally?" he interposed. "Don't they ever arrange these things nowadays with some regard to the purely romantic side of it?"

She laughed frankly.

"Girls don't muddle along the way they used to, Sumner. I assure you Lucy knows what she wants and she'll go after it in a well-bred but perfectly cool and competent way."

"Dear me," said Sumner Lowell, and it was his only comment. But presently he said, "Come and see how we've fixed up the gun room for Lucy to study in."

Sally and her brother exchanged glances over his head that said, "Poor deluded dreamer!" And Sally murmured something about where would Lucy ever find the time. And why, anyway

Lowell suddenly turned stern.

"Lucy needs an education. I've engaged a tutor and I'm going to see that she takes time out of this—this matrimonial scramble to study." And he left the room sturdily

Sally's eyebrows went up.

"Who is this tutor?" she whispered.

"Son of one of Sumner's old college chums; one of these young brain prodigies."

"Won't he be horribly in the way?"

Toby sighed.

"I'll probably have to hitch one of the guides to him permanently to keep him from getting lost in the woods. But you know Sumner! Set, no end!"

And at this instant the telephone rang. Toby answered it: "Yes, this is the Meadows camp. . . . Mr. Lowell is out for the moment. Shall I take your message? . . . Oh, er, how do do! . . . What! In a few minutes? Well, where in thunder are you? Saguenay! We're seven miles from there, my boy. If you'll stay where you are we'll send for you. . . . What's that? A flag? Yes, we've a flag. I believe it's up now. But —— What say? A clearing? Why, yes, several acres. Why? . . . Say, look here, don't start over alone. You'll get lost—get that? Lost! Stay where - -"

He dropped the receiver and turned a face of disgust to Sally.

"The poor nut rang off!"

"Who was it, Toby?"

Toby stood at the foot of the stairway. "Lucy! Your tutor's at Saguenay and the poor fish is starting to walk over alone!"

A door above opened. Lucy came to the top of the stairs. But it was evident that she scarcely heard what he said, for she had on one of her new frocks. It floated about her, pale chiffon with a silver girdle about her slim waist. She came down the stairs like a sleepwalker in an ineffable dream.

"I never thought I would have anything so marvelous!" she cried. "Aren't I beautiful, Toby dear? Oh, Mrs. Morse, the things are simply creamy! They're what I've dreamed about all my life"

Mrs. Sally gave an expert twitch here and there to Lucy.

"Are the sport things all right? Isn't that little English hunting jacket cunning?"

Toby threw his hands above his head.

"Lucy, didn't you hear me say your tutor is trying to get here from Saguenay? He'll be lost like a shot when he leaves the main road, the poor egg!"

Lucy came down from her chiffon cloud.

"Oh, bother!" Then with a moment's reflection she laid down the sterling comment that the sooner her tutor learned not to be cocksure about the woods the better. If by dark he hadn't turned up they'd better send the guides out. But in the meantime they wouldn't hurt Mr. Sumner's feelings by criticizing his friend's son, would they? Maybe he wouldn't be so bad. Probably when he wasn't tutoring her he'd just be studying stones or beetles or something around the camp.

"Yeh!" said Toby skeptically.

It was less than half an hour later, and Lucy was still parading before them like a happy peacock, going through all the new frocks in succession, when there came a queer sound, like the distant droning of a giant bee.

"Forest ranger going over," Toby offered.

Then two guides ran past the windows, staring upward. Everybody streamed out onto the veranda. The primrose light of early evening, which sometimes seems brighter than any sunlight, lay over everything. Behind the camp the forest climbed up, full of smoke-blue shadows; but the level meadows that lay to the south were a vivid emerald. And it was this emerald patch that absorbed the attention of an airplane directly overhead.

In the still evening air it passed over slowly, turned, came back on a lower plane, glided down almost to the tops of the silverbirch grove at the edge of the lake, appeared to hang there as if studying the landing place with an effect of entire self-possession, then nonchalantly climbed back up again.

"Oh, he's going away!" Lucy exclaimed disappointedly.

"No, he's getting ready to land. By gad, that's pretty! Look at that spiral! Perfect, eh?"

It was indeed as controlled as a sure-footed lady coming down a winding stairway. The plane appeared to float, gossamer winged, over the top of the meadow grasses, seeking critically exactly the right spot to settle. Then it touched the earth, deftly, without a perceptible bump, and a wiry young man leaped out, removed his goggles and bent over the engine. His attitude was absorbed; he paid no attention to the group streaming down the slope toward him. All he required was a stethoscope to complete his resemblance to a doctor listening to a wealthy patient's heart.

Sumner Lowell made a sound of astonishment.

"It's your tutor, Lucy!"

Lucy's reply was a gurgle and a sidewise glance at Toby.

"It's an anchor you'll have to tie to him instead of a guide," she murmured.

Young Mr. Tower did not turn from listening to his patient's heart until he had assured himself of its rhythm. Then he briskly stepped toward them, cap in hand. He was now disclosed as sandy-haired, with alert brown eyes and a slow, engaging smile. His self-possession was complete as introductions were made. His handshake was firm and friendly; but his glance did not linger even on Lucy, who looked unusually lovely in that primrose light. Instead he looked back at his plane, which rested like a bird in the meadow, its wings in the deep meadow grass.

"I'm glad to see you have a good place to land and take off from," he remarked cordially. "I wasn't certain, of course. That's why I stopped at the club down the river. Otherwise I'd have made it in one jump."

One jump, they learned, was from his father's farm near Boston. He had no time to waste on trains. Besides, this was a bully chance to try out the new motor in a long flight. The summer, it appeared from his brief sentences, was to afford him opportunity to do a good deal of work on other mechanical problems he was working out.

"I dare say you have an empty shack or barn I could use as a workshop, sir?" he said to Toby.

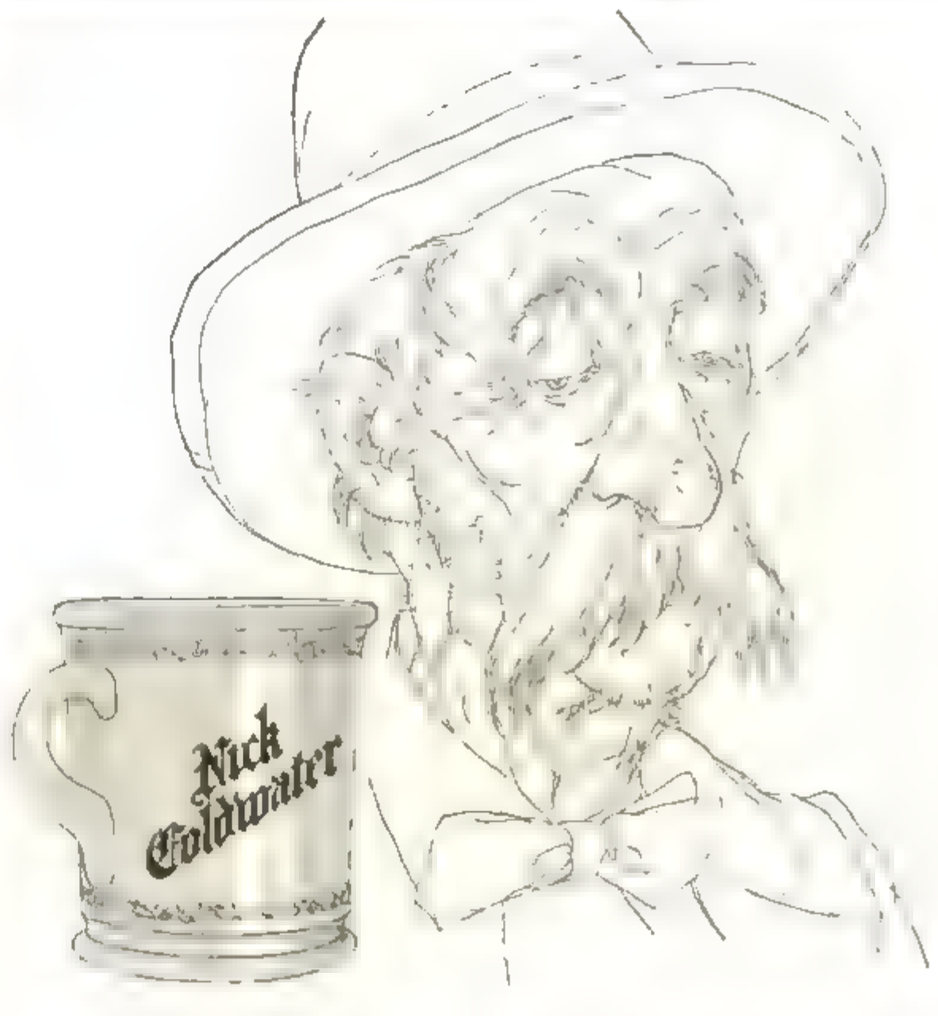
"Say, I thought you were an honor man at the university. Intellectual nut, y'know." Toby could not restrain a mocking glance at Sumner.

"Oh, that!" Andrew Tower dismissed his honors with a casual gesture. "I had to satisfy father, you see. But my real work"—he turned back toward the resting plane, and his expression strikingly resembled Lucy's passionate hardness—"my real work is the air."

"Indeed? All right," returned Toby rather dryly, "so long as you never take Lucy up in it."

Young Tower laughed pleasantly.

"No fear!" There was something faintly uncomplimentary in his emphasis, and Lucy's eyebrows were seen to go up.



The Shaving Mug Anthology

Of all the mugs in the dusty rack, none was more refined than that of Nick Coldwater, delicately banded, as it was, with blue forget-me-nots. Seldom did Nick use it, for a dime, the price of a shave, also bought a shot of red-eye over at Al Newton's. The mug was a Christmas gift to Nick from his wife, who held out enough of her washing money to buy it, though Shad Loder never could figure how she did it with Nick out of work and full of forty rod seven days a week.

Catch up to *now* with Barbasol

You don't wash your collar with a sponge or drive a cross-bar buggy, and you've moved the old melodeon out of the parlor.

So why not shave the modern way—with Barbasol—without shaving soap, or shaving brush, or lather rub-in?

Just wash your face in hot or cold water, spread a film of Barbasol on your moistened beard, and shave.

Barbasol holds each hair erect for a smooth, clean stroke of the razor, and it softens the beard as well.

Be done with tedious, time-wasting shaving methods, and start clocking your morning shave with a stop watch.

Get a close, clean shave but a "pull-less" one, and have a cool, soft skin when you put your razor away.

Just say "Barbasol" to your druggist, and tell him whether you want a 35-cent or a 65-cent tube.

Or if you can wait a few days for your first Barbasol shave, fill out the skeptic's coupon below and send it to us with a dime. It's good for our generous trial tube—enough for six shaves at least—and a face-to-face meeting with genuine shaving comfort.

Barbasol

no soap no brush no rub-in

The Barbasol Co.
Indianapolis, Ind.

I want to give Barbasol a fair trial. Herewith find ten cents (stamps or coin). Send your one week's trial tube.

Name

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S. E. P., 4-7-23

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It's up off the floor

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The handiest kind of a safeguard for your car

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TRANSMISSION LOCK

But it was evident next morning that the relation of pupil and tutor was to work itself out satisfactorily all around. Young Andrew, in an interview with Sumner Lowell, restored that gentleman's somewhat shaken belief in his scholarship.

They agreed entirely on the course of study best for a young woman who was to have at least one year of college. And Lucy and Andrew agreed on hours—an hour before breakfast and two after, an extra hour whenever the day's doings would permit.

"That will give you time to go fishing or hunting, if you like," she said kindly. Her tutor gave her a patient look.

"When I'm not teaching you I shall be working, thanks. Life is too short to be wasted."

Lucy offered up to him her eyes full of genuine admiration.

"That's exactly the way I feel," she cried. "In this life it's everybody for himself, isn't it? I'm like you. I mean to let nothing, absolutely nothing, stand in my way." And she added, with what to him naturally was feminine irrelevance, "There'll be several men up next week."

"Cake eaters," he murmured. "Shall we get on? By the way, you may as well call me Andy. Everyone does. I don't believe in mister and miss. Silly excrescences, handles like that. I don't believe in excrescences of any sort, do you?"

"No! No, indeed! The way I feel"—she looked at him, glowing eagerly—"is, think things out calmly and clearly, make up your mind what you want, and then never waver." She made a slashing gesture. "Just cut everything else away and go for it!"

"Right you are! Well, shall we begin? Economics. Um-m—I wonder if economics isn't wasted on a girl?"

"How can you say such a thing? Take me, for instance. Frankly, I intend to marry a man powerful either politically or financially. Don't you see I've got to know economics in order to be a real partner? I think a marriage should be regarded as a partnership, don't you?"

"Um-m—possibly, if a man needs a partner. Can't say I've ever thought much about it."

"But you intend to marry sometime, don't you?"

He shook his head, pleasantly scornful.

"It would interfere too much. It would cost money I need to put into experiments."

"But you could marry a girl who would help you—a rich girl. Have you thought of that?"

"Don't know any."

"Ah!" Lucy kindled with an idea. "I believe I can help you. There are two girls coming up next week, awfully rich, twins ——"

He gave a shout of laughter.

"I can't marry twins!"

"You silly! I mean one of them may suit you perfectly."

Sumner Lowell, who had sat forgotten in a corner, rose at this point and softly left the room. He looked bewildered. He felt dreary. What had happened to the human race since he was young? No reticences, no sense of real values, no illusions; only an appalling frankness and a number of crude ambitions. Even Lucy! Lucy, with the deep soft eyes and that look she had sometimes of mysteriously waiting! He recalled that he had never heard her use the word "love" or "romance."

"But she is so young," he told himself.

"She is hard," a voice within him answered.

And when their guests began to arrive he found himself watching her with a growing sense of bafflement. He did not seem to have the key to these young persons. Most of them were extremely fit physically, but the fashionable note evidently was a bored languor. And their vocabulary—about twenty words, he decided. An air of ancient exhaustion sat upon them. He dreaded to see the disease beginning to manifest itself in Lucy, but he soon saw that Lucy never imitated. Under Mrs. Sally's hand she took on the appearance of an exquisitely finished but perfectly natural product, and he told himself that essentially she did not change.

But at the bottom of his heart he knew this was a dangerous experiment they were making. They had taken an unspoiled but highly ambitious and impressionable girl and exposed her to the most insidious of all influences—the constant reminder of what money can do. The sight of these young persons no older than herself arriving and departing in expensive cars, their constant talk of country clubs and French watering places, of costly sports, of parties he would have called wild—these things must inevitably change her. Where before she had been candidly outspoken in her determination to make for herself a place in the sun, it seemed to him that now she was no longer crudely candid—and therefore safe. She was quickly learning not to show the whole of her heart.

When young Mr. Calhoun arrived Sumner made a distinct effort to approve of him, and succeeded partially. Laurie Calhoun was distinctly likable, clean and handsome in appearance, and with the caressing pleasantness of the South in his manner. He was somewhat older than Ted Maynard and the Dickson boy, and had the authority of one who has already done more than inherit a fortune. It was plain that he was pleased with Lucy, with her beauty, her spirit and her cool gray eyes; and it was plain that he added for Lucy the crowning thrill to this absorbing dream she was living. Not that she by any means pinned her heart on her sleeve. But there was a faint accenting of all her charm that told the sharpened eyes of Sumner Lowell that she knew as well as if they had discussed it with her that here was the Prince, if not exactly the fairy Prince, at least something just as good.

The Colgrove twins were to arrive at the same time, on the same train as Laurie Calhoun; but only one twin put in an appearance. Posie Colgrove explained that at the last moment Rosie had decided to go to Deauville. But in sheer decorative pervasiveness Posie made up for the lack of her twin.

"If she calls me old fruit I shall take her across my knee," said Toby to Sumner as, returning from a day's fishing, they saw the young person getting out of the motor car.

But when later they came down to dinner the lilylike creature who offered them a hand melting as a snowflake looked as if she had never heard the vulgar words. She was tightly wound about in a cocoon of rusty gold from which floated wings of mauve and coral chiffon. She wore esoteric earrings, and her eyes were forever mysteriously narrowing, as if she withdrew herself and looked within. She almost never spoke, and then in a weary but elegant drawl.

"It's her new phase," Mrs. Sally explained to Toby and Sumner, who were bewildered beyond words by Posie. "She's just recovering from being in love with a swami. But, do you know, she seems to be quite taken by Andrew."

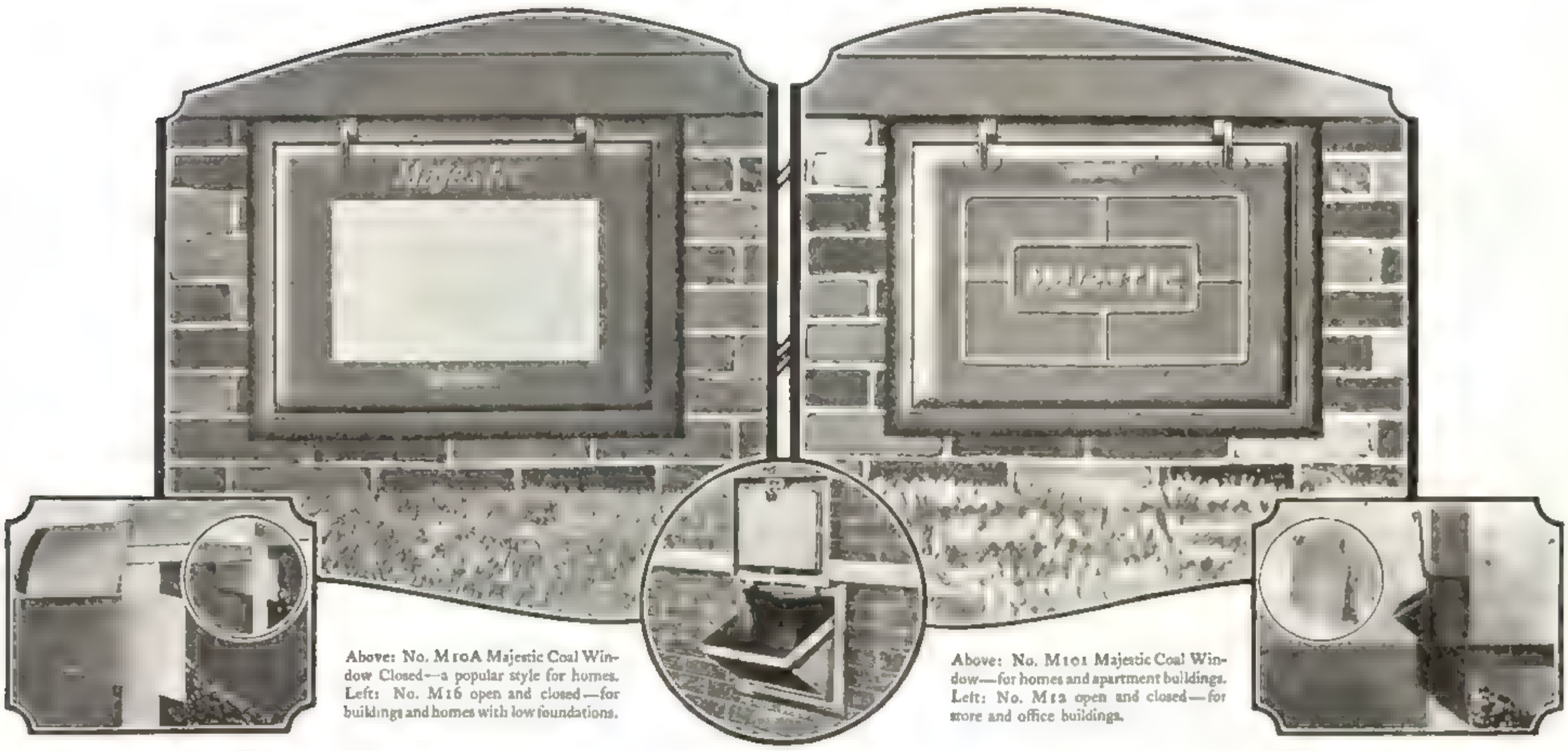
Whether Andrew was taken by her no one could tell. Andrew had his own ivory tower—Posie's favorite phrase. It developed that he had charming manners so long as no one interfered with his hours over his blue prints or his motor. He was also an exemplary tutor, keeping his pupil firmly up to her hours of study. The guides leaped to help him. They would twirl a propeller or crank an engine by the half hour for him. The other young men exhibited something almost like admiration for him, and Posie was forever maneuvering him out onto the moonlit veranda. But it was hard to tell exactly what Andrew thought of any member of the party.

It was only to Sumner Lowell that he ever talked about his dream of an engine as light as a bird and as strong as any fabled god, with a small appetite for oil and gasoline, and an immense capacity for work. The perfect airplane engine—it was enough for him; and the fun of experimenting, feeling his way, failing and trying again—it was all the excitement he wanted. So he said.

But one day Sumner saw something—it was only the flicker of an expression on Andrew's face—that made him wonder whether Andrew consciously or unconsciously was beginning to feel lonely in his intense absorption. It was Andrew's habit of an evening to excuse himself to Mrs. Sally, after he had amiably danced a little or played bridge for an hour, and go out to the cabin assigned to him; and there until midnight he could be seen bending over a vast litter of blue prints, drawings or technical books.

But on this particular evening he appeared to be restless. Sumner, smoking a pipe in the darkness of the veranda—it was an unusually warm evening—saw him come out of his cabin, stroll after a moment down to the lake and stand there motionless, staring into the dark water in

(Continued on Page 88)



Above: No. M10A Majestic Coal Window Closed—a popular style for homes. Left: No. M16 open and closed—for buildings and homes with low foundations.

Above: No. M101 Majestic Coal Window—for homes and apartment buildings. Left: No. M12 open and closed—for store and office buildings.

All Majestics—All Break-Proof

THE Majestic Coal Window is made in eight different styles—styles with wire glass panel doors—styles with solid doors—styles with hoppers to catch the coal—styles and sizes for every type of house or building. They are all *break-proof!* And they all prevent costly, unsightly damage that always occurs when an ordinary basement window is used as a coal window.

The Majestic Coal Window withstands the shattering blows of the heaviest lumps of coal. All frames and hinges are of certified malleable iron—the strongest and most satisfactory material for this particular purpose—*break-proof!* The doors of the glass panel windows are of certified malleable iron—*break-proof!* The solid doors are of heavy pressed copper steel—*break-proof!* Copper steel is also used in the bodies and hoppers. A *break-proof* construction throughout!

Builders who are wise always include the Majestic Coal Window in their specifications—because it enhances the value of their property, lessens depreciation and increases salability. Specify the Majestic when you build. And should you buy a home already built, a Majestic Coal Window indicates the value you may expect throughout.

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BURY your garbage can—in a Majestic Underground Garbage Receiver illustrated at left. Out of sight, odorless, dog-proof, sanitary! And in addition to all its advantages, the Majestic will save you money. Made in sizes from 5 to 20 gallons capacity. Comes complete with can. Write for catalog describing Majestic Coal Windows, Garbage Receivers and other building specialties.

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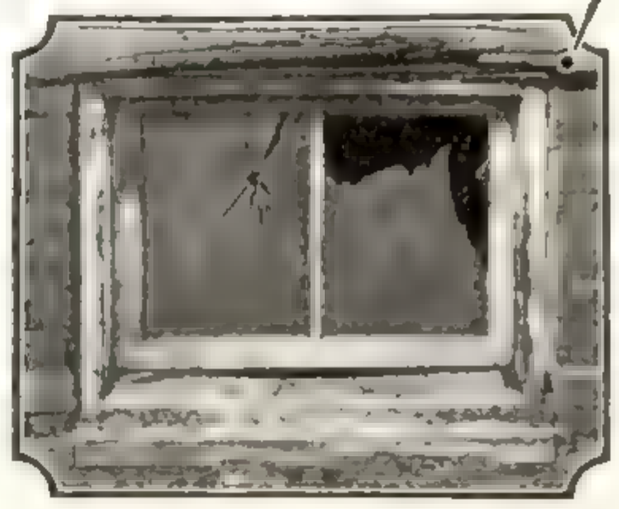

THE ORDINARY basement window as it usually looks when used as a coal window. Wall, sash, and frame battered, broken and disfigured when coal was delivered. The *break-proof* Majestic Coal Window eliminates this.

Majestic Coal Window

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(Continued from Page 86)

which the stars were reflected. There was something dejected about the lonely figure. After a long time Sumner saw him make a sudden angry gesture toward the world of reflected stars. Then he turned and came up to the house. Almost as if he drove himself he stepped up to one of the open windows and looked in. Someone had started the phonograph for a good-night dance, and Laurie Calhoun held out his hand to Lucy. They drifted out to the center of the floor. In Lucy's face there was a dreamy happiness, her eyes were dark and still. Her bright bobbed hair rayed out against Calhoun's shoulder, and for an instant he rested his cheek lightly against it.

Andrew Tower moved away from the window slowly. But Sumner had caught a certain tightening of his jaw, a certain bleak control of his mouth that took the youth out of his face. The next instant he had turned and gone back to his cabin. Sumner saw his lamp lighted and once more his hands moving over a blue print under the yellow light.

But a few days later, when Sumner happened to overhear a conversation between Lucy and her tutor, it seemed to him that he must have imagined this little scene. He was sitting just outside the gun-room window beyond which Lucy was having her morning lessons. But she seemed to have strayed somewhat afield, for presently her voice came out to him: "Didn't Posie look simply creamy last night, Andy?"

"Stunning, I'll say."

"You're beginning to like her, aren't you, Andy?"

"Oh, I like her well enough."

"Well enough to marry her, do you mean?"

A pause.

"I don't believe all that soppy stuff about folks having to be wildly in love in order to make a happy marriage, do you, Lucy?"

"Gracious, no!" Her voice was indignant. "But I do think there must be money—plenty of it. It seems to me that if you have money you can get most anything else. I am determined to have money, aren't you, Andy?"

"You bet I am!"

"Andy, I'll find out from Toby just what Posie's father is worth if you like."

"Lord, no! I can find out for myself when I get ready."

A pause.

Then Lucy's voice again, somewhat dreamily: "Of course, with money there must be good blood—you know, *savoir-faire*. Andy, you know when Laurie and I tipped over in the canoe yesterday? Well, I did it. It was a test. I wanted to know how he would act. Not even money would make up to me for a man's being a coward or losing his head, you know."

"Of course not! How did he behave?"

"He was perfect! He didn't shout or swear or get rattled or anything he shouldn't."

"Naturally not. He knew you could swim. An airplane's a better test, especially if the engine isn't working well."

"Oh, Andy, that's an idea! Would you take him up some day?"

"Well, I don't like to ——"

"For my sake, Andy? He's never been up, and I heard him ask you to take him. So he'd go like a shot. Andy, take him tomorrow morning, will you? For my sake, Andy?"

At this point Sumner took his book to another spot. But the next morning, when he heard the whir of the propeller, he hastily climbed out of bed and went to the window. He had told himself the day before that he washed his hands of these young persons; but he found that he wanted to know whether Andrew had a passenger; and he saw that Laurie Calhoun was with him. When he went down to breakfast Lucy was standing at the edge of the meadows, staring up at the sky. He strolled down to join her.

"Looking for someone, my dear?" he inquired, with his wintry smile.

She turned toward him with a start and he saw that her face was anxious.

"They've been up forty minutes. Andy has almost never stayed up so long—and Laurie's with him. I wish they'd come back."

"You're looking the wrong way," he observed. "They went north."

"North?"

She flashed him a startled glance, and then looked up at the dark green wall of wooded hill that began at the back of the camp. She knew that behind this mountain was another, and behind that others—mile after mile of them. Nothing much between the camp and the north pole save a fishing club or two, a few acres cleared by some habitant, one or two lumber camps lost in the green ocean of forest. The shadow of fear began to darken in her eyes.

Sumner took her arm.

"Come, let's go in to breakfast. They'll be back before we've finished."

At breakfast Toby commented freely on the foolhardiness of anyone's flying north when to the south he had open country and scattered villages. Lucy rose from the table and in a moment they heard her speaking over the telephone. She was talking to a small private fishing club a few miles to the north of them.

"They said a plane went over them, headed north, about half an hour ago," she reported, coming back very soberly.

"If they're not here before we've finished breakfast I'll call up the forest ranger's airplane station and ask them to send someone up," Toby reassured her. "But nothing's happened to Andy. Trust that boy! Look at his record during the war, flying all the time! And his cross-the-continent experience! Nothing to it! He'll be back before I've had my second cup of coffee."

They all agreed with him that Andrew knew his way about, and when there came the sound of a faint whirring overhead they looked at one another with triumphant relief and streamed out to the veranda. But they saw only a plane flying high over the camp like a leisurely gray bird—a forest ranger on the lookout for fires.

It was less than half an hour later that Toby was called to the telephone. It was someone from the fishing club speaking, and when Toby turned away from the telephone his face was frightened.

"He says the ranger reports the wreck of a plane at Lake Narcisse. It was evidently forced to land and dropped into the water. It was half submerged, with one wing sticking up. Jules!" He walked quickly to the door and beckoned one of the waiting guides. "How far is Lake Narcisse from here, and what's the quickest way to get there?"

Lucy sprang to his elbow, her face white. "I'm going with you!"

But Toby with unexpected sternness said no. She would only slow them up. The two guides, being able to make the quickest time, would start ahead in one canoe and he and Ted Maynard would follow in another. There would be two carries and some rough walking, but it was the shortest way. She must not borrow trouble. The ranger had seen nothing of Andrew and Laurie; the chances were they were already walking toward home.

But while he was talking he could see the deep blue cup of Lake Narcisse, ringed about with the forest, remote and lonely; and out of the water the twisted wing of a plane sticking up.

"Let's get off," he said gruffly.

Lucy watched them go in silence. Then she went indoors and found a map and on it Lake Narcisse. After a moment's study she called Sumner into the room. She reminded him that they had once fished on Narcisse, and that there was an abandoned lumber camp near by, with an old road leading out to a point near the little fishing club. Wasn't there a good chance that Andrew may have observed this road before they were forced to land, and that he and Laurie would naturally try to get out by way of this same road? And if they did so wouldn't they miss Toby and the guides, who would be coming up to Narcisse by way of the long lake to the south?

"Yes, there's a chance of that," he admitted. "But they'll eventually reach the club all right if they come out by that road."

"If they're able to walk the distance," she returned, her lips suddenly quivering; "if they're not hurt."

He tried to reassure her, but she was full of a plan of her own. She was going to drive up to the little club, taking the horse and light buggy, because the recent heavy rains had made the road to the club dangerous for a heavy car; and from the club she meant to walk along the old road to the lumber camp. If he cared to come with her she would like to have him. Otherwise she meant to go alone.

In the end he gave in to her, realizing that she could not bear to sit still, waiting.

Their horse, trained by some habitant, took the down grades at a wild run in order to get a start on the next hill. The wind blew Lucy's hair back from her white face as she leaned forward, pushing on the reins. Her profile was set sternly, and yet she had

(Continued on Page 91)

Sunset on McDermott Lake, Montana, Sixty Miles From Glacier Park Station and the Railroad

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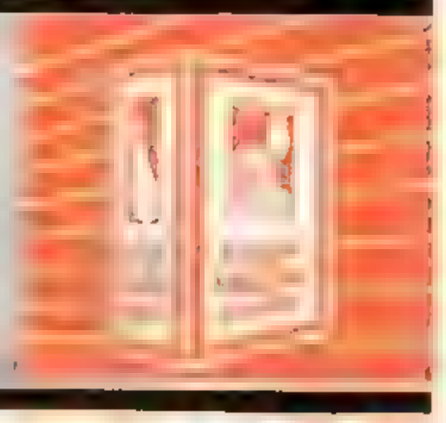

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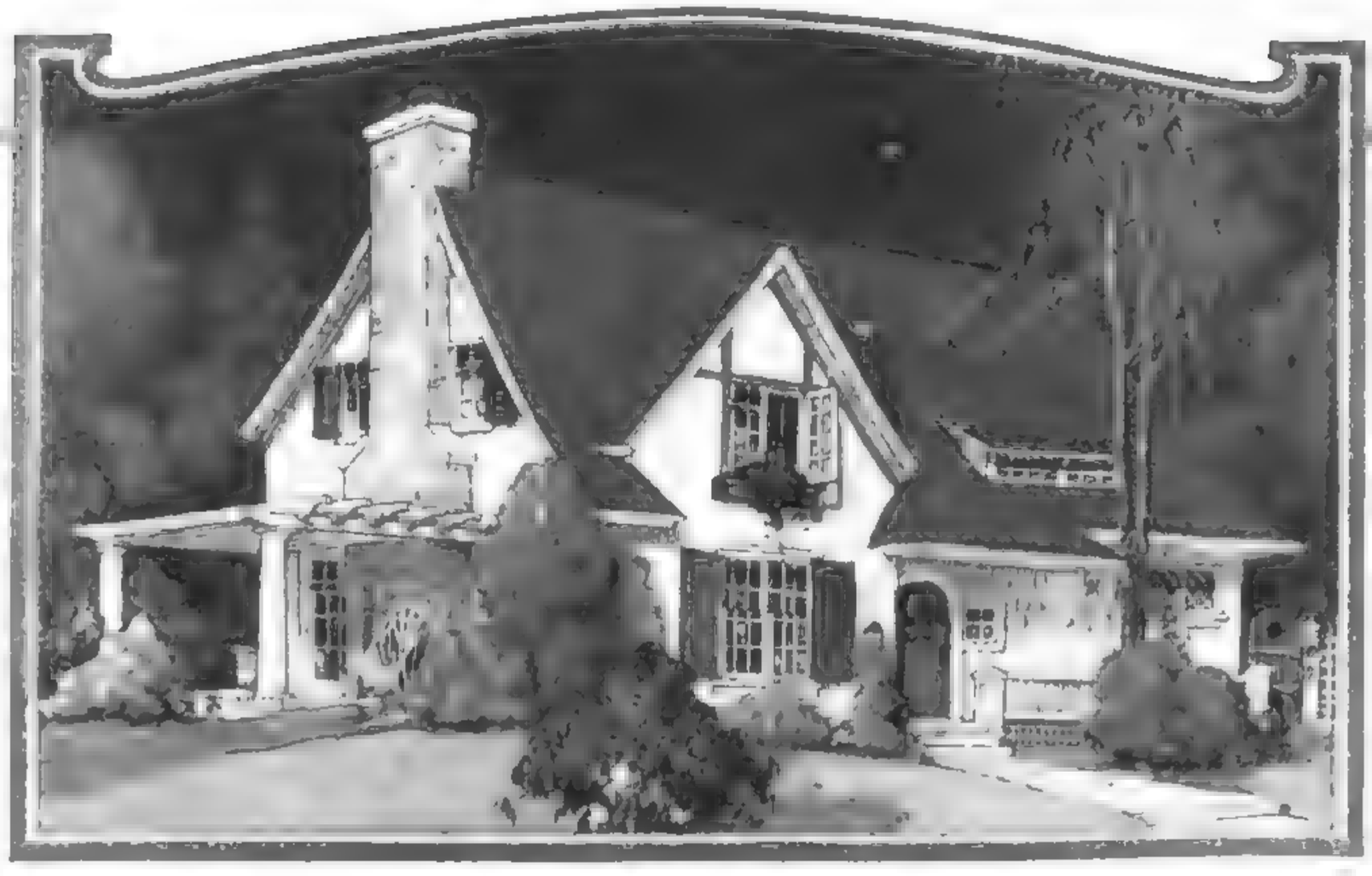

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(Continued from Page 88)

never looked so young. Sumner Lowell's heart grew tight with pity and dread. He touched her arm gently.

"Don't worry, my dear. Many a plane comes down with nobody hurt. Andrew is very skillful."

She interrupted him by turning and meeting his eyes. He saw that they were mature with fear.

"If anything has happened I shall never feel the same again. I made him take up Laurie when he didn't want to. I shall never be able to forget that."

Sumner could have groaned with unhappiness. He knew that he was witnessing the death of a girl and the birth of a woman, and the thought that persisted underneath his pity was that if this accident had not happened perhaps Lucy would not have awakened to a love for Laurie Calhoun. And he recognized that at the bottom of his mind had rested the hope that by some miracle Lucy could be saved from love until she had grown wiser in her judgment of men. Laurie Calhoun was undoubtedly a decent enough young fellow, a distinctly brilliant match for Lucy; but ——

"Hang it all, I've never liked him," he thought.

They left the horse at the club, for the road was badly overgrown. Lucy made an effort at walking with a brisk hopefulness; but as they got farther along into the woods it was plain that the strain of an emotion he could only guess at was telling on her. Twice she stopped and stood staring down at the ground, and Sumner had to take her by the arm.

"It's like a bad dream," she said faintly.

He saw that she was suddenly very weary, and he made her sit down on a log by the roadside.

"I'm going around this next turn," he said. "If I don't see anyone coming we'll go back to the club and wait."

She acquiesced silently, and he left her sitting there, her shoulders bowed and her head drooping. He was glad to be alone a moment, not to see her strained face with the dread in her eyes. He walked along slowly, with no particular hope. He had had little since Toby repeated to him the message. But he moved along mechanically, now and then pausing to listen to the myriad tiny sounds of the woods. And suddenly above these sounds he heard voices. The road bent to the right slightly, and before he could definitely locate the voices, around the corner, walking briskly, came Andrew and his passenger.

They were both engaged in conversation, and except that they were very wet and Andrew had torn a sleeve, they were apparently sound and serene. In his relief Sumner Lowell felt outraged at their calmness. Then they saw him, and their concern and chagrin when they learned of the anxiety they had caused appeased him somewhat.

They had flown first south and then north, because Calhoun wanted to see the forest from above. From the moment they turned to come back the engine had begun to behave badly and suddenly had died. The plane had side-slipped, but they were able to volplane down in good order, and all would have been well if they could have found a decent landing place.

"The only thing that looked good to me," said Andrew, "was a little lake with a bit of clearing at one edge. I made for the clearing, struck it all right, but bounce! We went off into the water. We hoped this road would lead us to a couple of horses and some stout rope. I've got to get the old ship out of that water."

Sumner suddenly remembered Lucy. He was about to call out to her a warning of their approach, when she appeared around the bend in the road. They saw her white and haggard face before she saw them. And they saw, too, the sudden light that transfigured it as, looking up, she caught sight of them.

In that instant she flamed into a woman, touched divinely to a radiance that had something of awe in it.

She started toward them with a movement too light and too flashing to be described as running. It was more like the swift flight of a swallow. And Sumner Lowell knew that he would never again see anything so beautiful as her face in that instant. She made no sound, but her arms went out—and Sumner turned away his eyes. The idealist deep within him winced away from seeing her offer that flaming tribute to Laurie Calhoun.

But in turning away from Laurie he looked at Andrew, and in his face he saw a sort of dawning, a light that was like a reflection from the radiance in Lucy's face. He saw him take a step forward as if on an irresistible impulse. And then to his profound astonishment he saw that Lucy's swallow flight had for its objective not Laurie but Andrew. She flashed straight to him, and with a gesture completely beautiful in its lack of self-consciousness she went into his arms.

"Andy, Andy, I thought I had lost you!"

Over this low cry Andrew bent his lips to hers. His face was full of an incredulous happiness; but his eyes, when he looked at the others over Lucy's head, were defiant. His glance commanded them to go on like gentlemen. And like gentlemen they did so, Laurie Calhoun recovering himself gallantly, tactfully mentioning that he was enormously hungry. And arriving at the club, they carried their tact still farther by leaving the horse and buggy to Andrew and Lucy, while they went on in the club station wagon. As they drove off they saw these two just emerging from the wood road, walking snail-like, and completely enveloped in a cloud of glory. Their eyes kept turning to each other.

On their jogging way homeward Sumner had time to recover and to do some thinking, and when he had got the upper hand of a wild sense of exultation he thought of Toby.

Toby would be dreadfully angry. He had elaborately set the stage for Lucy to make a conquest, and she had conquered the wrong young man. Toby would feel that he had been done; in spite of his affection for Lucy he would not be able to forgive her. It would be an extremely unhappy business all around.

It was at about this stage of his reflections that the idea occurred to him to buy Toby out, pay him for his share of the expense he had been to, and become sole stockholder in Lucy, Inc. His eyes brightened. He felt happier than he had done in a long time. A warmth and glow came into his heart. He would not only have Lucy but Andrew to finance now. But he could manage it somehow. There were certain first editions he could sell, and he recalled that he had been offered a very good price for the house in the Back Bay. These were sacrifices, but it was strange how little they weighed against the thought of having Lucy and Andy looking to him for aid and comfort.

"Like having a son and a daughter," was his very secret thought.

He was glad to see that Lucy and Andrew had come back to some degree of sanity when they arrived. They looked secretive and demure, and they still wore their shining look; but Toby was too exasperated and weary when he got back to take notice of subtle details. And directly after luncheon Sumner maneuvered him to a bench in the quiet of the white-birch grove. As soon as Toby's pipe was well started Sumner began. His opening was rather sly:

"Lucy was pretty much upset by the accident this morning, wasn't she, Toby?"

"Uh-huh. Girls are that way."

"You know, Toby, I've been thinking maybe you'd like to sell out your share in Lucy, Incorporated."

"Me? Why?"

"Well, you may find she won't be quite the kind of success you expect, and then you'll feel you've been done a bit, eh?"

"Darned if I know why you should think that, Sumner! Seems to me Lucy's getting better all the time. She's growing prettier every day, and she's got a real flair for handling people and situations. I don't know why ——"

"You don't think that maybe she—she has been growing a little hard, a little too determined to get material success at whatever cost?"

Toby cast a quick glance at his old friend, and then he looked away.

"She's got a good head, if that's what you mean. And common sense. Suits me, all right."

He sounded so truculent that it almost seemed as if he were denying some uneasiness in his own mind. Sumner sighed. This business was not easy, trying to break it to Toby that Lucy was about to fail him. He inched a little nearer the bad tidings.

"You think young Calhoun will make Lucy a good husband, Toby?"

"Absolutely." Toby was almost snappishly prompt. "Fine young fellow, good family, money-maker—er—Lucy seems to take to him, doesn't she?"

Sumner opened his mouth, hesitated, though he knew that here was the opening he had been waiting for, and in this instant something happened that saved him from further speech. Around the corner of the house came Lucy and Andrew. Sumner saw them from the corner of an eye, and he recognized purpose in the somewhat defiant set of their heads as they drew nearer. They were coming to confess, and, poor darlings, he would not be able to save them from Toby after all. He put his shoulders between Toby and the advancing pair.

"Toby"—he began hastily.

Then he stopped, for as Toby turned his face toward him he saw a sudden change of expression come over it. Toby was staring with startled eyes past him, and Sumner involuntarily turned around. Andrew and Lucy had reached the upper edge of the grove. Perhaps in their bemused state they thought that slim white birches could hide two human beings if they stood close enough together. Perhaps they were overtaken by a sudden ecstatic recklessness. At any rate they had stopped, they had looked deeply and happily into each other's eyes, and now for a moment they clung together, oblivious and rapt, caught up into some shimmering ether old Toby and old Sumner had never breathed.

Toby made a curious sound, hard to analyze, but it did not sound like anger.

"So that's what you were getting at?" he whispered fiercely. "How long have you known it?"

"Since this morning."

"How long have they known it?"

"I don't believe they knew it until they met on that road this morning; at least I don't believe Lucy was sure until ——"

"You think Andy's known how he felt right along?"

Sumner thought this over an instant.

"I think he's been in love with Lucy for some time."

"But he's kept quiet about it, you think?"

"I'm certain he has. No one could help knowing you were trying to make a match between Lucy and Calhoun, Toby ——"

Toby made an impatient, denying gesture; and Sumner, hastily casting a glance over his shoulder to make sure the lovers were not within earshot, put a hand on his arm.

"Listen, Toby! I know this is a disappointment to you, but don't be hasty with them. It's the real thing, Toby, I do honestly believe. It's for their whole lives. We've got no right to interfere. Remember what I said"—he smiled at his old friend whimsically—"I'm ready to take over your stock in Lucy, Incorporated."

Toby glared around at him.

"You poor dreamer! You can't afford to take on two orphans like that! Do you mean to tell me you'd undertake a couple like that, father 'em and finance 'em out of your small fortune? Remember, I know just what you've got, Sumner."

"I do! I mean to! And you can't stop me, Toby. I believe in those two. I believe in them as if they were—my own children. I believe in them more now because they're brave enough to follow their hearts. All I ask of you, Toby, is to let me pay you back what Lucy has cost you."

"You can't do it!" hissed Toby in his ear. "You needn't think you can freeze me out! I guess I can believe in 'em too. I've liked that boy Andy from the very start. I like the way he sticks to his work, and I like his not trying to cut in on Laurie Calhoun. And by gad, Sumner, it's an almighty relief to know there's a little—a little"—he paused, reddening, shamefaced before an unaccustomed word; then he brought it out defiantly—"a little romance left in the world." Then he hurried on: "But listen now! We'll be pretty gruff with 'em; make young Andy show us before we offer to give him a leg up, y'know. Got to be stiff with these modern young upstarts."

Sumner Lowell nodded, smiling gratefully. His heart felt warmed, young and reassured. Modern young upstarts, he thought, in clothes and manners. But at the core of them was the imperishable fuel of romance, waiting only for the flame. It had depressed him unspeakably to think that the heart of youth had changed. But now, as he looked at the two advancing side by side through the white-birch grove, he said to himself that someone had been frightening him with a bogy.

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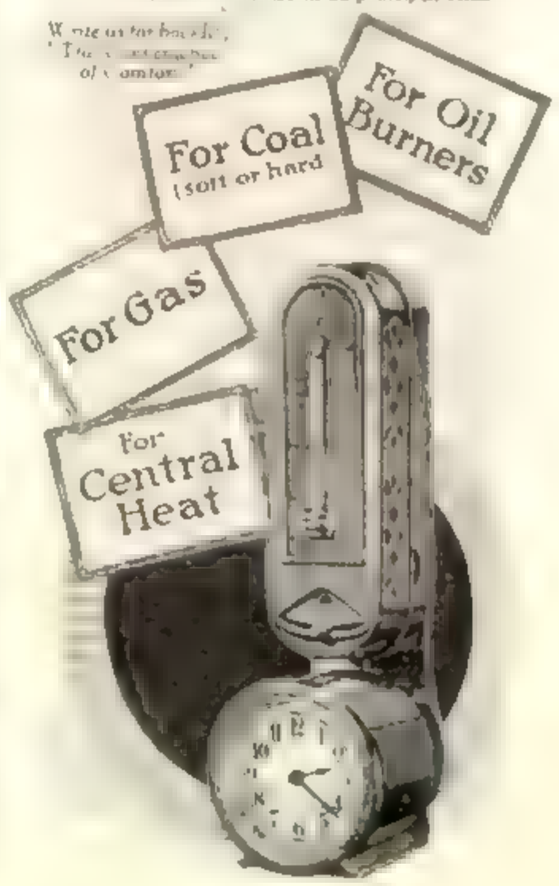

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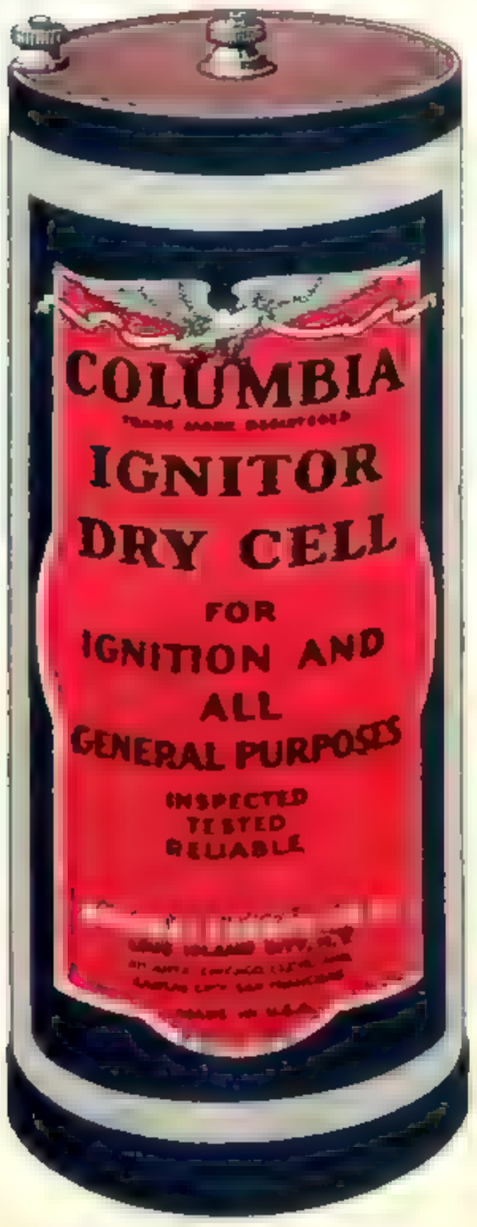

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JOHN CITIZEN'S JOB

(Continued from Page 7)

John Citizen—not so you could notice him—not enough to make a noise like an epidemic. He mostly leaves it to Big Bill.

Yet we understand from the Constitution that our people make our politics, that our politics make our government, and that our government means good sense or bad sense or anything else we want it to mean. And that it's our own affair. We see to that ourselves; for we're Americans, and take no orders. Anyhow that's the theory. We hear about it every Fourth of July, and it sounds good. We're inclined to fling it ashore ahead of us as we step down the gangplank in Liverpool, or Cherbourg, or Titipu, or any place that we know is effete. Oh, yes—uh-huh—we're a republic, and a democracy, and a representative government; and a pretty good sort of governmental lamp-post for all you fellows to get a little light from and maybe lean up against when you're tired of scrapping among yourselves.

But is it true—that Fourth of July oratory?

Well, there's sure to be one fellow who says, "That's all very well. I get you. We've been so busy putting America on the map—and first on the map—in business that we've left politics to Big Bill and his cronies. I vote myself, but that's all—no time for anything more—too busy making a living. And most of my friends are the same—let politics worry along the best they can, between elections. We're not in the game. And that means that we haven't really got a representative government, because we're not represented. All true."

Then he comes to the point.

"But give me an item by way of result," he demands, "one sample of cause and effect that I can tell Hi Jones at the office. Because if I take a hand in this game he's got to sit in too. I'm not going to be the goat. And Hi's hard-boiled. If you yell 'Fire!' he's the kind that sits tight and says, 'Show me the flame.' Tough baby. So get busy now—gimme something new, something real. Not some measly inspector grafting an apple off a pushcart, to prove the breakdown of government because Hi and I haven't been watching out. Nothing like that. My bean's worth more than one apple. So is Hi's—though it's not up to mine."

All right, friend! We'll say nothing about graft or waste or favoritism or good administration, or any other aspect of the routine of government—city, state or nation—big or little—for better, for worse. It's all canned for the moment—though it's tremendously and vitally important. This is for your hard-boiled friend Hi Jones. We hope he will listen. It may be new—a new angle.

New York's Back Door

We'll take a look at New York, my own native city, that I know a bit about and think a lot more of than I can quite explain.

There is the richest, the biggest, the most populous of all our American cities; leader in so many things that it would take too long to tell about them; laggard in so many more that comedy and tragedy struggle for description; an old, old city as America goes; a brand-new one as goes the world; a giant stripling that stands at the gate where the old continent pours into the new, crazy-quilted in golden towers and ugly old elevated-road posts, in glistening palaces and little dark rooms, in clean sunshine and dirty rivers—a product of American government.

You will understand that this particular look at my own city has nothing to do with any one, two or three city administrations, past or present. So far as this article is concerned all that sort of contention is left behind in a deep, dusty pigeonhole, and there it is going to stay. Furthermore New York is no affair of any one, two or three administrations. It is a growth of three hundred years, with an astounding spurt in the last half century; a mixture of every ingredient in the world—political, racial, religious, economic, sociological—and yet possessed of similarities, in one way and another, to every other city in the United States. If New York is any index of certain aspects of American politics it is not an index to itself alone.

There are twenty different ways of traveling to New York: by boat, train or trolley; by aëroplane, automobile or farm wagon; by any one of mankind's many modes of transportation. There are forty different paths of approach, from the air lanes above to the old roads below, and they are diabolically sprinkled with all the hazards of hills and swamps, rivers, bridges, ferries and tunnels that the worst enemy of a temperamental golfer could devise. Most often you will bear down on the metropolis by train, and you will like New York none the more for that. As you near your goal the Jersey hills flatten out into a dreary stretch of cat-tailed swamps, oozing oily black mud and dotted with devil's imprecations of dirty sprawling factories. Or you swap the blue waters of the Sound for the bristling billboards of the Bronx. Or, worst of all, you turn your back on the pillowed Highlands of the Hudson, the stark grandeur of the Palisades, the age-old beauty of the river itself, and deliberately dive into the litter of chimneys, shacks and garbage dumps that mark the sorrowful windings of the sewage-filled Harlem. New York is not an endearing object to approach by train; you slip in through a dirty back door, furtively and fretfully.

A Study in Contrasts

If I had my choice I should take the one path of approach that is still wholly Nature's; I should ride into port on the dancing path of the great high seas. There the ocean roars and rollicks and defies pollution by mankind; there rest the silent fathoms that bore our fathers to the strange new shores; there gleams the blue field that flicked its whitecaps of welcome in the eyes of 2,000,000 American soldiers, homeward bound from the France of Château-Thierry and the Argonne.

That is a way to come to New York! That is the front door, the way of history, beauty and hope!

When you come by that path, and the sand spits and dunes have converged and blossomed into the green banks that flank the Narrows; when the prow of your ship points straight up the bay, toward the ample grace that is the Statue of Liberty, and beyond, toward the clustered towers, rising straight from the water like snow-clad reeds, that mark the Battery—then, if the sun be shining, you may see New York as she should be seen. As you churn your way gently up the broad bay there is still beauty ahead at every hand. The dotted blue of the rivers, the pure lines of the Brooklyn Bridge, and still the creamy cathedral-like upreaching of the towers of Manhattan as they merge and fade, then spring to view again from each new angle as you near them—there is a dash of brilliance to it that carries the traveler in on tiptoe. Most unaccountable of all, the myriad plumes of silvery steam, that rise and dip and wave in the wind above the dark mass of the city's buildings as far as the eye can see, give a welcome of their own—a welcome to New York City, city of towers and silver plumes.

A little while ago a small girl in New York who didn't know any better touched her teacher on the arm and pointed with wide eyes toward the sky. She had dark hair, bare feet, a short red slip of a dress, and she came from Mulberry Street. Her name was probably Marianina. She stood at a corner where suddenly, if you look through a gap in the dark tenements, there rises beyond the gold-tipped tower of white that is the Woolworth Building. It comes in a flash, like a vision of something different—just the far-away tower, silent and beautiful against the blue sky. When the teacher said "Yes?" in inquiry, the mite from Mulberry Street hesitated, then asked a foolish little question.

"Is that—God's house?" she lisped, still looking.

Then, later, Marianina went back to her own house that is not a house. It is two small rooms in the waist of a five-floor tenement. One opens on the twilight of an air shaft. The other does not open at all; it is just back of the door between the two. The father and mother sleep in one room, the four children in the other. Two of the children are babies. The front porch is two flights of dark, ill-smelling stairs; the back porch is the fire escape. The heating apparatus is a few lumps of coal burned in a small grate, or perhaps a few sticks of wood—when the children can salvage the wood from the rubbish of the street. Often there is neither. There is a little gas light—just a little, for gas is expensive. There is no electricity. The water pipes give cold water only. There are no baths.

In the summer there is the fire escape, for outings. When the rooms are stifling beyond bearing, the babies sleep on the fire escape. They are anchored so that they will not often fall off. The children are skilled in pulling in the babies and their ragged bedding with great speed when the advent of the city's inspector is noised through the building; for sleeping babies on a fire escape block the avenue of exit that must be free and open when the fire comes. If the inspector is quick enough the mother will go to court next day. She handles the family's court work; if the father took time off for that lesson in Americanization he would lose his job. They take no chances on the job, those two; but the fire escape is a fair gamble, for the babies are more likely to die than live, inside; and—outside? Well, a chance is a chance, and the judge may shake his finger and forget the fine.

This is not God's house, though it houses God's children. It is just a type of New York home, commonly known as a cold-water walk-up. There are thousands of such habitations in New York—and in other American cities. They house human beings, and the law that allowed them to be built was a work of representative government.

Neither is the Woolworth Building God's house; it houses business, in which America leads the world.

When Marianina from Mulberry Street leaves her home to go to school she finds 3000 pupils in a school that has room for 2000. So she goes on part time or double sessions, which means that either she receives four hours of schooling instead of five, or that the five hours may come at any time of the day.

Once in the schoolroom, there are still further oddities. In the class there are fifty children, though the right number for decent teaching attention is thirty-five at the most. New York has enough skyscrapers to give a glimpse of fairyland from down the bay, for they are the product of American engineering, business and capital. But there are only some 600 elementary public schools where there should be 800, to take care of the city's 800,000 elementary schoolchildren and their teachers. That is the extent, in New York, of the educational opportunity that is the boast of America and the work of our representative government.

Street Accidents

With this glimpse of Marianina's home and school, there is still a bit of her day that goes to play, despite the hours she gives to the care of the babies. For she is only ten years old. She will get her working papers when she is fourteen, and go to work making paper wild flowers in a factory—or buttonholes or cigarettes or something else—to do her bit toward getting in the necessaries for the babies that are back in the cold-water walk-up and those that are still to come. For there will be more! And she might as well make paper wild flowers as anything else, since she has never seen the real ones and doesn't know the difference.

But she still has four years for a little playing, and she is making the most of it. Of course the school has no room for play, nor is there any playground alongside. It wasn't built that way. There is an outdoor playground ten blocks away, to be sure, empty of grass and full of children who live nearer by. It is no fun to stand in a crowd and watch. Then there is Central Park, four miles away, an hour to go and an hour to return, and car fares each way. It would be equally useful to think about Coney Island, still farther away, with car fares to come and go, and everything pay-as-you-enter when you get there.

But the roadway in front of the tenement is free—the people's street, where it costs nothing to enter—free for fire engines, ambulances, hurry-up wagons, garbage carts, motor trucks, limousines, touring cars, taxicabs, flivvers, children, cats and dogs, and funerals. Last year nearly 800 people were killed in the streets of New York by motor vehicles—more than two a day for every day in the year. More than half of them were children under thirteen, at play

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Nothing Else is Like it

in the only playground they have. They kill them that way in other cities too.

In Manhattan, home of Mulberry Street and oldest of the five boroughs that make up New York, there are 1440 people for every acre of park and playground. Most of the acres are far beyond the reach of Marianina and her like. There are more acres in the outer parts of the city, but they are readily accessible only to the few who live near by.

Most curious of all, the city of New York contains 578 miles of water front a strip that would reach from New York to Cleveland—but from this long winding strip a little stretch only twenty miles long rests in the city's park system. Without its water front New York could never have been a port, then a city, then a metropolis. A fraction of the water front is needed for business. The rest should be the people's playground, but all we have is twenty miles out of 578, and most of that is inaccessible. There is many an inland city that would give its eyeteeth for a frontage of sandy wave-lapped beaches; New York, that has them, gives her children asphalt and granite blocks, lapped by motor trucks, instead, and kills her own children at the rate of one a day and more.

America leads the world in motor trucks. That is business and business is business. Playgrounds, parks and beaches are different; they are affairs of representative government.

It would be interesting, right now, to follow more carefully the fortunes of Marianina, along with those of 2,000,000 other boys and girls and babies of New York, in their advance from birth to possible survival at maturity. Good people are doing that in New York every day, in their own unseen way—trying to help—and with ever a troubled look in their eyes.

But that's another story. What we're after now is the reason for all this, the cause of it. Is it Nature? Or human nature? Or government? Or lack of leadership in government? Is it because John Citizen has been off the reservation all these years, war-whooping up and down the skyscrapers instead of having a heart for the little people below? Tending to business, right up to snuff, but passing up the community problems, the obligations of citizenship that the fathers handed down to us along with all the advantages of being Americans? Is it that, by any chance?

No, it's not consciously that—not consciously. For John Citizen has a heart as big as a barn, and he's proved it, over and over again, both here and abroad. He can fight, and he can give. He would give a lot right now to lighten the lives of all the Marianinas and little Mikes and Tomdickandharry's that have to play with motor trucks, on asphalt, or not play at all. He'd make a top bid for one-half of one per cent of Utopia if he thought anyone could deliver the goods. He's doing that every day, for just a glimpse of it, for his own wife and kids, and for others besides, all the way from the Bowery to China.

Lack of Leadership

But he's doing it without keeping his eye on the ball—and that means fanning, or topping, instead of two-baggers and two-hundred-yard drives. He's got his eye on business and on his own home, sure enough. But when he squares off at hitting the ball of politics—at gathering in the direct, tangible, visible bacon that political base hits will bring even to his own home and job—then he's likely to be looking out to sea.

And it's because he's been looking out to sea all these years—politically—that we have a contrast in New York like Mulberry Street and the Woolworth Building, with counterparts of a kind in every other city in America. That's the reason. Lack of leadership in government, based on participation in politics—a hundred years of the lack of it. That's the reason for the picture we've just put on the screen for Hi Jones.

Speaking of which—were you by any chance brought up in the country? Or allowed to spend your childhood's summers there? Do you know the feel of the woods and fields when you were, say, ten years old? The smell of flowers and swish of grass? The sweetness of the waters? The world of birds and animals? The long summer day, the quiet of the night? If you close your eyes and call back that bygone heaven, and then open them suddenly within the tenement shadows of Mulberry Street, will you think we are giving the New York kid a square deal? Will anyone say that government, whose very reason for existence is community comfort, is blameless? We cannot bring all America's children up in the country—granted! But is Mulberry Street a necessary opposite? Can we do no better than that?

Yes—government. That's where the trouble is. For a century this trouble has lain squarely in the lap of incompetent government—incompetent because the most competent of our citizens pass up politics and government altogether in favor of business or anything else that tickles their fancy. And that's what we're going to try to round up by way of answer to John Citizen's question as to whether he's really needed in politics—along with a lot of other odds and ends, next month. It takes a little space. Let Hi look over this picture for a week or go down there and see it for himself, in the life—while we get up our idea of what did it. Easy with the whip, Hi we're working! We'll show you that flame if we can, before we get through, and some more besides. And they won't be apple carts either. They'll be regular, honest-to-goodness flames, dancing around in your own vest pocket, and raising hob with your own ribs, if you only knew it. For Marianina is not the only one who is concerned. You're in, too, Hi.

Up to the Alderman

But, just in passing—before we let go of this business of who's in politics and who isn't—I had lunch with a friend the other day. Not John Citizen. Another one. He fell to talking politics, this friend. Always does, when I come around, for two minutes; never more. That gives him time to tell me how rotten Congress is, and then change the subject. And he's one of the original table pounders. This time, though, he had a real grouch. A tangible, visible, snorting grouch. Something about Federal taxes.

"Why don't they do something about it?" he said. "That's what we elected 'em for." He broke a roll with a snap like the back of a beetle, when accidentally you step on the beetle.

"Yes, they ought to," I murmured.

"Yes!" The butter was pierced beyond hope of recovery.

"Er—why not write to your congressman?" I ventured. "Or go see him?"

"Don't know who he is"—suspiciously.

"You voted for him?"

"Of course I did. But I've forgotten his name. Don't expect me to be an almanac, do you?"

"No not an almanac."

I must have betrayed too much good humor, for it was at that point that my friend's habitual analysis of my character began, with its usual output of deep black, unrelieved by any trace of virtue whatsoever. I draw the blinds.

Long before that lunch, however, there was a conversation that I had nothing to do with, but that has somehow stuck in my mind ever since it was repeated to me. It took place at a tea party in the home of a woman who is one of our best citizens. She votes on every possible occasion. She would cast two votes if she could. She keeps track of politics, in her odd moments, with rare discernment; and she does a thundering lot of good in the neighborhood. But some of that has come about since the tea party. On that occasion the talk turned on a matter of better lights for the streets of the neighborhood, or better trees in the near-by park, or something of that sort, and one of the women asked, "But doesn't the alderman take care of that?"

Now I know about this because I was well acquainted with the alderman, and the alderman's wife happened to be present. I enjoy the friendship of both of them, though it is the alderman whom I know the better.

The hostess rose to the question with instant comprehension.

"Yes, it's the alderman," she said; "but what of it? He's just one of those lazy disreputable politicians—they're all alike."

"Do you know his name?" persisted the questioner.

"No, I don't—and I don't want to—either his name or himself."

"But ——"

Then another voice broke in. "Please wait," it said, "please! I can tell you his name, because—you see—I'm his wife."

I was the alderman.

Editor's Note—This is the first of five articles by Mr. Curran. The second will appear in an early issue.

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The smoke screens of industry play havoc with roofs that are not built to withstand the ravages of fumes, gases and sparks. Here, enduring roof quality is essential—not only for the protection of machinery and materials but for uninterrupted operation of the plant. *Certain-teed Smooth Surfaced Asphalt Roofing* is written into the specifications of industrial engineers with complete confidence on account of its dependable quality, reasonable first cost and long life. It is this through-and-through quality which has made *Certain-teed* the preferred roof for every type of structure, from the great industrial plant to the modest farm building, where resistance to the extremes of weather is a prime essential.

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B

INTERIOR DESECRATION

(Continued from Page 11)

green, greener, greenest, and on the table, instead of the red book, was a single flower against a background of nothing.

"The flower is only to show people what should be done," he explained when I felt of its velvet front and cotton back. "Lorinne knows just where to place a flower. One flower, you see. A bunch would be impossible in this room."

I didn't see why, unless they were artificial. Then we went on to other rooms: gray, grayer, grayest rooms; purple, purpler, purplest; mauve, mauver, mauvest—all silent and noncommittal as the grave.

I could see the kind of people who would like these flats: People who ate with doilies on the table because they were correct; who bought whole sets of books because they went with the room, not because they wanted to read them.

I came to the conclusion that if I must give up hanging my pictures, at least I would never have Lorinne to suppress me into the deadliness of his decorated coffins.

Out in the air with my lungs filled with new strength, I agreed that the rooms were nice, but that I would have to think Lorinne over and let him know.

I moved into my new home and set my things to rights. The pieces were good, but shabby when compared with the furniture I had seen in the flats. They had none of the sleek brightness or the dull correctness of the furniture that lived about me. I put my Whistler on the piano, where it leaned sadly back against a wall that would have none of it.

The Strawberry-Sundae Bedroom

But its beauty soothed me, and I wondered what people did without pictures to intrigue them and make them think. Because my pictures make me think, and fill me with an ambition to create.

With Lorinne in mind I broke every rule known to the ethics of modern decoration. I put my sofa—a sofa, mind you, not a davenport—by the window, where I could lie and read. I placed my tables where they were comfortable, and my desk where I could write day or night, and set my bronzes where they could catch my eye at a moment of needed inspiration.

To me it spelled comfort, and I flattered myself that it had individuality. But one day my pleasure was shattered by the intrusion of an acquaintance.

She fluttered in, ultra-modern to the nth degree. Her bright penciled eyes flew from object to object. And she sank down on the sofa, emanating a flood of perfume that clung for days to the room.

"How—delightful!" she murmured in a bright hesitating manner. "Of course I expected your place to be unusual, but somehow not exactly like this. Aren't you going to get anything new?" She ran her hand over the dull velvet of my sofa.

I said I hoped to in time, but at that not too new.

"But, darling, this place could be divine. Don't you think you're a little—a little old-fashioned and queer?"

I didn't think it was queer, I said.

"But it is. It actually smells of antiquity. And pictures! How can you stand pictures? How utterly unworldly, dear!" She laughed a little. "I'd love to see what Lorinne would do to this room. Why don't you try him? He is coming to my house this afternoon about doing it over. Do run over with me and meet him. He's doing it in gray this year. And gray, my dear, is positively the last word."

Since there was no other way of getting rid of her, I went. Her flat reminded me of a gorgeous candy box. It did express the limitations of her blank little personality, just as the identical formula would express a thousand women of her type. Her bedroom was a veritable strawberry-ice-cream sundae. Whipped-cream curtains ran down the sides of the windows and were held in place by huge bunches of prickly chintz roses. A whipped-cream spread covered the narrow bed, without footboards, and oozed over the edge to the floor. The place was a lethal chamber of down pillows, from the chaise-longue, where one dared not sit, to the bed with its enervating splash of silk and lace. The lights were subdued until even I became a ghostlike entity with rose-tinted skin. I breathed heavily in the satin atmosphere, and wondered how long it would keep its freshness.

Lorinne was announced and we went into a room so like those I had seen with my landlord, only on a more lavish scale, that I could have walked about blindfolded and found the objects. He was a tall man with a mild ingratiating manner. His eye flew about the room.

"Um," he murmured. "It will be charming in that new delicious gray." He looked sternly across the room, and stopped speaking for a moment. "That table must go." He pointed to one that arched its back high against the wall as though resenting his pointed finger. "I don't remember that table. Where did you get it?"

"Oh, Jim's mother gave it to us at Christmas. It's wonderfully old and expensive. It came from an old house in Devonshire," said my friend.

He turned from it as from a hateful sight.

"It won't do. It's bad—very bad." His eyes leaped suddenly, caressingly, to a small teakwood table which he had evidently selected. "I must get a bowl for that table," he said at last. "A bright blue bowl. Just the right bowl."

"I have a nice one over here," suggested my friend, and moved down the room, returning with a beautiful piece of old Chinese porcelain.

He fingered it ruminatingly.

"No. Won't do. Where did you get it?"

"You bought it last year," she suggested mournfully. "It was one hundred dollars. Don't you remember?"

"Ah, yes! But it won't do for that table. It was meant for the spot where I placed it. Return it, please. I have in mind exactly what I want for this spot."

"Is it expensive?" asked the owner of the flat.

He looked up, a bit dazed.

"Expensive? I do not know. I do not think of price in regard to beauty. Expensive? Well, perhaps, but it will make the room perfect."

"Shouldn't you have a picture or two?" I asked, to see what my question would do to him.

"Picture?" he asked as though the word was new and incomprehensible. "What do you mean?"

"Just that," I returned coldly. "A picture or a painting to look at."

"Why must you have pictures when you have beauty about you, enveloping you, such as I produce? Pictures break the unity of a room. That wall, in its soft gray loveliness, will be a complement to the room. A picture would ruin it entirely," he declared.

"Still, I think a good picture adds a lot to a room. Besides, it gives one something to think about."

The Chair Out of Place

"Or be annoyed by," he said brusquely. "Why have the mind upset, or, as you say, overstimulated? This room when it is finished will be soothing; delightful. One can come here and rest or dream away the hours without a discordant note. A single picture, to catch the eye with its story or what not, would ruin the peace of mind. No. The days of pictures are over. We have advanced to a point where we no longer need them. Except"—he smiled ingratiatingly—"perhaps we might make an exception of a full-length portrait of your friend. That would be good. Perhaps next year, when we do the room over, we might consider that. Yes, we might consider that."

I no longer wondered at the attitude of landlords in regard to picture hanging. They have been fed on this food and like the taste of it. Besides, it saves their walls.

I thought of the famous paintings throughout the world; of Whistler's Peacock Room, where everything was subdued to this masterpiece, and of hundreds of homes where art is loved. In these houses furniture is subsidiary to works of art, not the art to the furnishings. I wondered what would happen in a hundred years if this subtle and deadly discrimination by interior desecraters against paintings was encouraged.

While I was thinking, Lorinne walked over quickly to a large overstuffed chair.

"Someone has moved this!" he snapped. He twitched it a bit and looked at the floor. "Yes. I thought so. It is six inches out of place."

My friend ran over to him.

"Oh, I'm so sorry! The maid must have done it, although I showed her where you had marked the floor for the furniture."

I went over and looked with interest. There, indeed, were marks where the chair must stand. Surely life had come to a horrible state when one's comfort was restricted by the foot rule. I thought with pleasure of my old sofa which I could shove where I liked and not be responsible to mathematical exactions.

"Now," he said slowly, "I've decided to do away with your dining room."

"Away with my ——" gasped my friend.

"Yes," interrupted he. "Dining rooms are *passé*. Of course if you insist I can do nothing. But I leave it to your wise discrimination."

"But, Mr. Lorinne, I paid one thousand dollars for that suite last year!" The latent economy in my little friend overcame her love of what might be correct.

He shrugged.

"One thousand dollars," he said as though it was a thousand marks; "yes, I think you did. Well, keep it. Keep it if it gives you any pleasure. After all, perhaps redecorating would be foolish. I have a great deal to do, and when I am handicapped work becomes irksome." He walked over and looked into the dining room as one looks at a dead face which had done one a bad turn. "It is too bad. You would have had the smartest flat in the city."

"But my husband likes a dining room," sniffed my friend. "He wants a place to eat. He said only the other night that he thought this new way of eating in the living room was awful."

Lorinne's eyes became thoughtful and then were lit with a vision.

Beauty Measured by Discomfort

"But he can have it. I did not mean to turn it into a bedroom. Only it must be changed. A long table that folds. I have a marvelous one from Italy. And benches, as in the old palaces. And no lights. No, no lights. We will have long beautiful candles instead. All that silver and china must go to the pantry. China and silver are blatant. The room where one eats must be more beautiful, if possible, than any other. And no tablecloths. I will get you some rare bits of fillet, and I think, for the middle of the table—let—me see—ah—a bowl of goldfish! Yes, that will be exquisite."

I wondered how he dared put anything so living into this sarcophagus, except that it gave him something to remove at a later date. My little friend was enchanted.

I looked longingly at the old silver service on its massive tray—a tray and set which would have made our grandmothers the happiest of women. I saw the comfort of the lovely old English chairs which were to be sacrificed for the backless agony of benches that would produce the smartest flat in the city. This was the acme of interior desecration. My spinal column ached at the thought of a long dinner, unbroken by the relaxation of a comfortable chair back.

I went back to my homely queer flat, and threw myself down on my sofa. Through the doorway gleamed my scanty pieces of silver. My dining-room chairs stood ready to be pushed up to a flannel-padded linen tablecloth. They did not look at all ashamed of their homely purpose.

I had no soft silken pillows to enervate me to chocolate creams and sensuous literature. I felt healthy and my mind was in good working shape.

And then I thought of my friend, and the thousands of other women, wrapped in the cotton batting of silk-lined homes; their personality warped and flattened by interior desecraters; their minds whirling about the pictureless walls without idea or intent. Many of them were unhappy, most of them aimless and restless; and then I realized that the modern tendency toward living in satin-lined coffins, the lack of pictures to stimulate the imagination, the dull lights, which hide not only what we really look like but produce a mental poison more deadly than drugs, were greatly responsible for the unhappiness everywhere. And we could lay much of it at the feet of the interior desecraters.

I got up, lit my light, set my Whistler down on the desk where I could see it every moment, and set myself to work.

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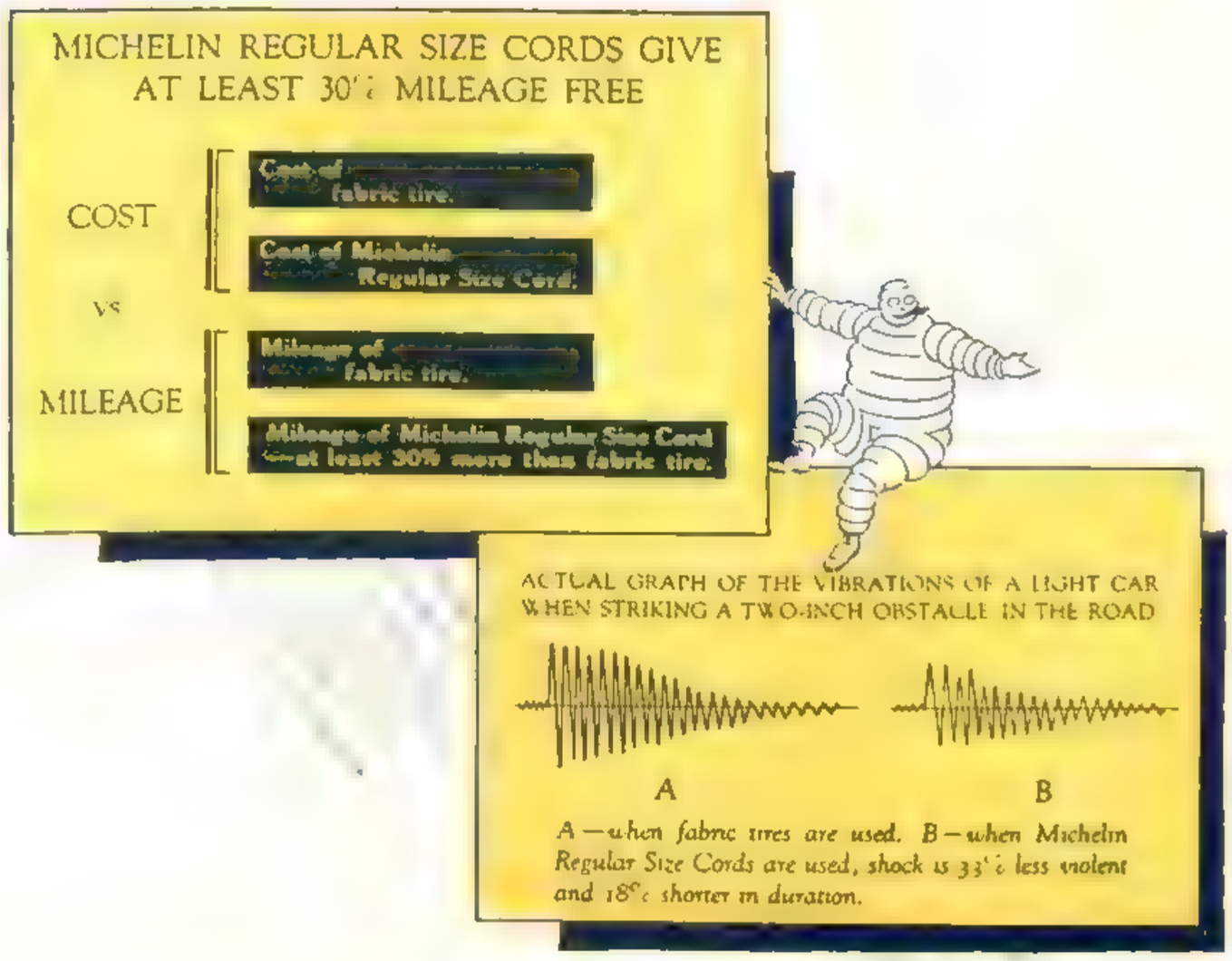
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Makes the prettiest, cleanest clothes that ever came out of suds

THE LAND OF THE LITTLE PEOPLE

(Continued from Page 27)

in the dizzy caves of the Mancos cañons. Then, possibly at about the time when William the Conqueror sailed for England, they began to abandon these cave habitations. Always they had cultivated the flat lands of the mesa, climbing, when the harvest was done, perilously down with the baskets of ripe corn to their habitations in the caves. Now they built their permanent stone houses beside their fields, on the mesa itself, and began to dwell in the open.

The reason for this is one of the many mysteries of the Little People. Probably they clung to the cliffs in the beginning because the predatory plains tribes, whose descendants in our pioneer days were the marauding Utes and Arapahoes, would not leave them in peace. Perhaps there came now some new alignment in desert politics by virtue of which the marauders rode on their raids no more. Perhaps the Little People were going into decadence and learned to dislike the dizzy flylike climb through the clefts of the cliff to their aeries. On the mesa they dwelt for perhaps a century or two, advanced their arts a little, increased greatly in numbers. Then suddenly—they went away. The archæologists, puzzling over their ruins and remains, took it at first for granted that some great disaster like a conquest had overcome them; that they had been driven out. But as excavators opened one after another the mounds dotted over the flat surface of the mesa they found no signs of conquest or of violence. They whose skeletons lay decently buried by the ceremonial buildings had been born, had worked, had died in peace.

Then the archæologists attacked the largest mound of the mesa, enveloping the most impressive ruin—now known as the Sun Temple—and here they established the most puzzling fact of all. It was a most ambitious building—a fortress as well as a cathedral. It had been raised to the height of about the second story—and never finished. Evidently the Little People, on a sudden impulse, had packed up their portable goods and gone peacefully away. No sign was left to give the reason for this emigration. I have my own unscientific guess. I believe that the climate changed from fertile to semiarid or from semiarid to arid, and that the mesa would no longer support the increasing numbers of the Little People. Perhaps then some real-estate agent of an outside tribe came among them with advertising of fair valley lands. But move they did, leaving behind their scattered city of enduring stone. In the mound above the Sun Temple grew a great old cedar. The archæologists computed the age of this tree by its rings, measured the accumulation of dust in which it grew, applied their knowledge of the time it takes dust to pile up in that region and guessed roughly that the great trek occurred at least 700 or 800 years ago—in the days when the Plantagenets ruled England, when the Gothic cathedrals were a-building in France, when the Renaissance had not yet begun.

Realistic Art

After that we trace for a time the course of the Little People, and shall doubtless trace it further when we come to excavate with real system the myriad ruins of our Southwest. Where the mountains fade into the great arid plains we find them building beside the watercourses with even more than their old skill. They are making more symmetrical and better finished pottery. Decorative and symbolic art is beginning to yield to realism; they have begun a crude but distinctive sculpture. Now that they have come out into the open, munitions of war occupy ever a more prominent place in their relics. And now—they disappear.

Some believe that their true descendants are the Hopis. These are short of stature, and they relate a tradition that their ancestors came from the cliffs. Moreover their customs and ceremonials have a strange identity with those that the signs show were practiced in the Mesa Verde. Others believe that the Little People spread among all the Indian population of the Southwest, and with their able blood spread also their arts; that if the Hopis still follow Mesa Verde customs it is because they have kept themselves more purely Indian than any other of our Southwestern aborigines. It is almost certain, however, that the whole Southwest learned stone masonry and many other liberal arts from these dwellers of the Mesa Verde.

The Spaniard came; with steel and gunpowder easily overcame the wielders of the stone hatchet and cedar bow. The gulf between the Southwestern Indians and their conquerors was too great to be crossed. They adopted steel tools, firearms and beasts of burden but otherwise remained much as they were. And in one respect contact with the white man thrust their arts backward. The Spaniards found in our Southwest adobe clay much resembling a material with which they built in Andalusia. This was easier to use than cut stone. The Indians copied this method. Augustus Cæsar boasted that he found Rome a city of wood and left it a city of marble. The Spaniards found cities of stone and left them cities of mud. Seemingly the last impulse in the civilization of the Little People had spent itself; and it had ended not in a main highway of civilization, but in a blind alley. Nothing that they invented or perfected in their aeries of the Mancos contributed to the permanent benefit of mankind. Yet a little remained, and remains even to this day. Those Indian potteries and rugs of the Southwest, which we are beginning to collect and which we will some day value more than we do now, probably owe their bold original design to the craftsmen of the Little People in their stone cities of the caves.

The Ivory City

Six or seven centuries passed. Roving Utes, following game into the tremendous wilds of this mesa of the tangled cañons, looked up now and then from their trails by the river beds, saw stone cities lowering down at them from the caves; and remembering strange legends of unlucky things told by their fathers, shivered and rode on. But not until we had broken and tamed the West, and the frontier was almost gone, did the cool blue eye of the white invader ever see these relics of the Little People.

By the '80's of the nineteenth century the fertile lower valley of the Mancos was already a cattle range, and the nester was coming to end even that era. Cattle and horses used to escape to the wilderness of the mesa, form bands and go completely wild. In the slack season the ranchers hunted these cattle for their winter's supply of beef. So in December, 1888, two young cow-punchers named Wetherill trailed a band farther into this wilderness than any white man had ever ventured before. The tracks led along the edge of the greatest among the cañons. Suddenly one of the Wetherills pulled up his horse at the edge, pointed.

"Look at that!" he cried.

High in the opposite wall, like an enormous carving in white ivory, lay a city or was it a mirage? Last summer I crouched on my haunches at the rim of the cañon, as the Wetherill boys must have done, saw what they must have seen and tried to imagine their state of mind. A great archway opened through the side of the cliff. It seemed a gateway to fairyland; for there, its distant walls blending with the deep shadows of the cave, stood a strange, stark city. To one side rose a tangle of tall buildings resembling in miniature that mass of skyscrapers that is downtown New York. There was a kind of minaret in the center, pierced with curious windows. Between rose houses substantial, square, windowed. A straight, solid stone wall edged the giddy drop to the floor of the cañon, from behind it peeped curious circles of masonry.

The Wetherill boys had never heard, probably, the art term "composition." However, one of them, speaking of it afterward, expressed much the same thing.

"It was a regular sure-enough picture," he said.

For this group of buildings made a composition resembling one of those fantastic medieval cities that Maxfield Parrish loves to draw. Perhaps this was accident. I like to think, however, that it was design; to imagine the architect chief, or the town-planning chief, or whoever had this matter in his province, taking long, critical squints at the village from across the cañon and returning to announce that Waving Feather's new house must stand just here and nowhere else—it looked better so.

That suggestion of an opening to a strange fairy world, that sense of pictorial perfection, did not comprise all the enchantment of what the Wetherill boys saw that day from across the cañon. For the stones of this city had been hewed from the same gray rock that forms the cliff. It is of a gray color that throws mysterious heavy violet shadows. As the afternoon light shifted with the sinking sun I myself have seen one of the houses seem absolutely to disappear, another creep out into view. It is recorded in the reminiscences of old-timers that the Wetherill boys squatted for two hours, screwing up their courage to round the head of the cañon and see if they could climb down to this city of the cliffs.

"What were they afraid of—a pair of cow-punchers like them?" asked an unimaginative forest ranger of me last summer.

I feel that I understand. It was no terror of wild beast or savage man or sheer-dropping trails that held them squatting and debating in choked whispers. It was awe of the supernatural. To this day the Cliff Palace—for so, inaccurately, they named it—seems less a city than an enchantment.

But the city in the cliffs did not vanish. So at last they rounded the head of the cañon, found the old trail by which the Little People used to descend, and ventured into the unknown. I call this entrance to the dead city a trail. The term is not quite accurate. I do not know of a word in English to express a pathway running almost perpendicularly down the clefts of a cliff wall. The Little People made this descent by taking advantage of every tiny ledge. Where there were no ledges they cut toe holds with their stone chisels, or erected ladders made from cedar poles tied with buckskin thongs. The steps remained after that long cycle of centuries, but the ladders had rotted.

The Wetherill boys got their riatas from their saddle horns, and swinging perilously over 600 feet of sheer air, lowered themselves past these spaces. So at last they stood on the floor of the cave that was also the terrain of the dead city, knee-deep in the fine, choking dust that had been blown against the Mancos cliffs by the windstorms of ages. Choking and coughing, they poked round in the accumulations, began to pick up curious pottery, stone tools. Quite possibly they were the only living things bigger than a chipmunk to stand in the dead city for nine or ten centuries. When I say this I add that the chronology of the Little People is still mostly guesswork.

The Relic Hunters

The Wetherill boys rode back to the ranch much excited by their discovery. When spring broke, their neighbors came up for a look. These explorers found that the Cliff Palace was not the only city in the walls of the Mancos Cañon. None other is quite so large, it is true; and none other gives from a distant view quite the same sense of enchantment. At the height of its prosperity it must have afforded shelter to about 800 people. But there were others almost as large, and at close view even more beautiful—as Balcony House, Spruce Tree House, Square Tower House. And the sharp eyes of out-of-doors men began to pick out literally hundreds of smaller groups, varying from one house to a dozen, stuck into smaller caves, into clefts of the horizontally striated rocks.

By now the discovery had reached the newspapers. Archæologists came, began to take away relics of the Little People. At once this gave the cliffs of the Mancos tributaries a commercial value. Pottery, stone tools, baskets, fragments of yucca weaving came into demand for museums and private collections.

Even in this day of automobiles and good roads, the fastnesses of the Mesa Verde are perhaps the least accessible of our national show places. In the '80's of the last century the trip was infinitely toilsome, even perilous. However, the cattle ranchers of the Mancos Valley were near at hand, and the ranching element scorned perils. They found a new industry. All spring and autumn they punched cattle; all summer and winter they excavated. To reach some of the least accessible places they underwent perils that make Alpine

(Continued on Page 101)

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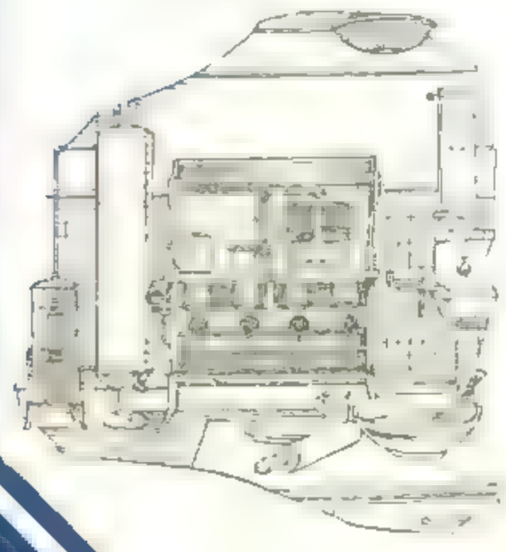

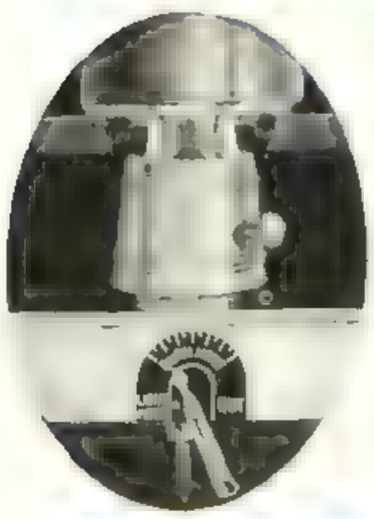

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Its Own Best Advertisement

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Its tread is worn down to the breaker strip but the tire is still in a serviceable condition because its side walls are as sturdy and strong as ever. The Seiberling Cord feature—"the same tough tread-rubber in one piece from bead to bead"—is the reason.

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SEIBERLING CORDS

(Continued from Page 98)

climbing seem a parlor game. It was a business with them; but they worked to the everlasting detriment of American archæology. For science reconstructs the past of man not entirely by the objects discovered in excavations but also by their position in relation to each other. Further, in their eagerness to reach a good cache, these amateur excavators sometimes used dynamite. This last charge has been denied in Mancos and Durango; but one of the rangers tells me that he has it on the authority of a reliable old-timer. I cannot find it in my heart to blame the Mancos Valley cattlemen. The relics of the Mesa Verde belonged legally to whoever found them. The conservation of the remains was up to the Government, which as usual in those days simply slacked the job

Then, in the early '90's, arrived Baron Nordenskjold, Swedish anthropologist and explorer. He wrote the first authoritative book on the Mesa Verde ruins, made the first extensive and scientific excavations. What he found, which was much, he kept. The loot included the mummified body of a young girl, laid tenderly to rest in a yucca robe entirely covered with bluebird feathers. She is usually called the Feathered Princess—an inaccurate title, since the government of these Indians, as of their inheritors in the Southwestern plains, was probably a democracy. Certain people at Durango, probably moved by an interest not entirely archæological, tried to prevent the baron from taking his treasure home. However, there was no law to prevent. Today he who would make a thorough study of the Little People must visit a certain museum in Scandinavia. Not until 1906 did the Government take hold definitely, set aside the Mesa Verde as a national park. By then the cream of its relics lay scattered through museums and private collections all over the world, from Madrid to Stockholm, from Vienna to San Francisco. Of the objects excavated since that time many lie boxed up in the vaults of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, awaiting a proper place of display.

Until a year or two ago, when the park service gouged out of a reluctant Government the funds for a new road, even motoring into the country of the Mesa Verde was something of an adventure. The old road ran over no less than eleven gigantic, hog-backed ridges, continuation of the perpendicular masses that divide the Mancos cañons. Uncle Sam had experienced so much difficulty in building this highway at all that he could spare no energy or funds to give it boulevard width. Except for short stretches in the bottoms of the gulches, nowhere was there gangway for cars to pass each other. After a climb across 1500 feet of high-percentage hanging grade the tourist reached the floor of the mesa and considered his troubles ended, whereas they had only begun. A ranger would confront him with an official placard and indicate a telephone bolted to a pole. There the tourist must report his name, the make of his car, the license number.

Ruins of the Little People

Back would come an answer something like this: "Hold her there until you are passed by a flivver, Oklahoma, 1,933,333, then go on to the next control station and phone for orders."

There were seven of these stations between the entrance to the mesa and Spruce Tree Camp where the incoming tourist must report; and a park employe sat in a headpiece all day like a train dispatcher, routing incoming and outgoing cars. At the height of the tourist season it often took a whole day to motor from the entrance to the camp—a matter of nineteen miles or so.

There is a new road now, but even that has its sporty stretches; and a strict rule of the park still requires all entering automobilists to telephone in for instructions. Eleven times you creep like a fly up the wall of an almost perpendicular ridge, and eleven times dip into the great cleft of a gulch, before your car finds level footing on the top of the plateau proper. Just before this happens the road comes out from behind a rock to one of the most superb views in the West. You are on the very edge of the plateau. A round rock rolled from under the wheels of your car would fall and tumble through 1500 feet of altitude before it found rest in the valley of the Mancos. That valley, now one wide belt of fertile farm land, lies peacock blue below under the fierce Southwest sun. Through it runs the silver thread of the Mancos, breaking here and there into lakes; and behind, rising fold upon fold through the electric-blue mists, rises the massed glory of the Rockies—in this region lacy and precipitous like the Alps.

That floor of the mesa is now overgrown with a low forest of piñons, junipers and cedars. There is little undergrowth, and the yellow soil is tinged with that red that gives Colorado its name. Here and there one sees through the trees that the surface is broken with low but abrupt hillocks, at first sight appearing like a curious geological formation. Each of these is in fact a ruin of the Little People, for this is the terrain they inhabited after they left the cliffs and before their mysterious departure to the valley. Literally there are hundreds of these mounds scattered over the mesa, awaiting the day when Congress shall sufficiently recognize our national past to grant the funds for excavation.

The Mystery of Spruce Tree House

A turn of the road and the tourist is running between the ordered rows of tents at Spruce Tree Camp; and now he has but to turn his head, look across the cañon, and, like the Wetherill boys, see visions. Not the same vision however. Even today the Cliff Palace is somewhat inaccessible. This is Spruce Tree House, and it remains one of the mysteries of the Mesa Verde. For it is set near the head of one of the cañons; at the point, indeed, where it passes from a cañon to a gulch. And unless the contour of the land has changed in the past eight or ten centuries, it could never have been particularly immune from attack. The question naturally arises why the Little People built in the cliffs at all if they could not find a spot less vulnerable than this. The answer was perhaps discovered two or three years ago by the shrewd eyes of Doctor Fewkes, chief of the Bureau of American Ethnology. Between one of the pueblolike ruins on the mesa and this same Spruce Tree House, he traced the definite remains of an ancient trail, proving that the two dwellings existed contemporaneously. So, probably, Spruce Tree House was the latest of the cliff dwellings belonging to that period when, for causes at which we can only guess, the Little People had lost all fear of external enemies and were venturing into the open. Probably they built in the Spruce Tree Cave, instead of on the mesa, only by old habit.

In contour and formation this is perhaps the most beautiful of the cliff dwellings—always excepting Cliff Palace. Also, it is perhaps the most complete. There is a new and very easy trail which makes this ruin accessible even to the feeble or the excessively timid. The camp has been pitched artistically by the Government in such manner that not only the little common room but also most of the tents overlook Spruce Tree House.

Beautiful at any time, it is incomparably lovely in the mystery of desert moonlight. As I sat of nights, my legs dangling over the rocky edge on the opposite side of the cañon, it did not take any second sight to behold these ruins quivering with life. They seemed so homy, so hospitable, so much used and made to be used! Even do they fail to recall that mournful subject of mortality and the futility of human endeavor that ruins usually conjure up. You have a sense that these were a happy people; those crumbling walls seemed soaked with laughter, with simple longings fulfilled, with innocent sociability.

As I sat so, one August night, beneath a moon that seemed to drip honey, Doctor Fewkes himself materialized out of the shadows. The love of this distinguished scholar for the Mesa Verde ruins amounts to a mania. His regular job is in Washington; but he spends all his vacations here, blissfully excavating. This had been a gala night. The regular outpouring of the trail from Mancos had brought up several distinguished visitors, including Congressman Hicks, himself an enthusiast on the Mesa Verde. So we had persuaded Doctor Fewkes to sit with us round the camp fire and talk of mysterious old years on these heights, while a coyote talked back at him from the distant shadows. Now he, like me, had strolled over to the cañon edge for to imagine and for to admire before turning in; and presently I was aware that he was talking again, out of the moonlight.

"You know," he said, "even a scientific man is bound to have his instincts; and I feel in all that stuff over there a sense of Hopi origins beyond anything I can prove. I'm an adopted member of that tribe -a priest of the Antelope Clan. It all looks so Hopi to me that whenever I pass that little skyscraper there in the corner I'm half expecting to see a girl poke her head out of the window and call me by my Indian name. But there's proof besides. A hundred things, little and big, point to the resemblance. We found in two or three of the cliff houses deep, square pits. They're exactly like those used by the Hopis in their eagle rites. It's one of the most curious things they do -keep and venerate a pet eagle until the eagle festival, when they strangle him and throw him into a pit. By a kind of an unwritten law, a certain man or a certain Hopi family will have the right to the eagles from a certain aerie. Some of the severest disturbances among the Hopis have grown up from violation of this right. I've often met an Indian riding back from the mountains with the head of a live eagle sticking out of his saddlebag. How he caught it I would never know."

He spoke then of the kivas, those cistern-like ceremonial pits that I shall describe later.

"Though the institution of the kiva is practically universal among the house-dwelling Indians of the Southwest," he said, "these kivas here have an especially Hopi look. In fact most of them are practically identical in construction with those you will see in the Hopi pueblos today; the same ceremonial fireplace at one side, the same four pillars running halfway up the wall, the same hole down to the gods of the underworld. A scientific man is not expected to indulge his imagination to these things. But if I were not scientific I might guess that the Hopis are direct descendants of the Little People up here, and that all the other Southwest Indians borrowed the custom of the kiva—perhaps their whole religion—from the antique inhabitants of this mesa."

Doctor Fewkes' Theories

"Yes, I agree with you that these people probably lived pleasantly and enjoyed themselves. Many of those groups of one and two houses stuck into almost inaccessible places on the cliffs were granaries, where they stored surplus food against dry years. So they were immune from one of the greatest curses of savage life—famine. And they were practically immune from war. That, of course, was the object of dwelling in these cliffs. I can't imagine any enemy taking Balcony House or the Cliff Palace by surprise. Their only chance would be to catch the tribe when it was out on the mesa cultivating its crops, and in such an event there would be little loot. The stores of grain and tools and spare weapons that an invader wanted would be back in the cliff houses.

"In all our excavating, little or nothing has been found to indicate battles. All summer they cultivated their crops. Probably during this period most of them camped on the mesa, with sentries thrown out to watch for invaders. The big square tower over yonder has no appearance of being used for a sacrificial purpose, and its windows command such an admirable view that it must have been a watchtower. Probably at the first signal of danger the Little People scattered to the cliffs. I can see them climbing up and down the trails, hanging on with their finger nails and toe nails, the baskets of shucked corn slung over the backs of the men, the papooses over the backs of the women; and all so accustomed to climbing since infancy that they would wriggle across a narrow shelf above a 400-foot drop without giving the matter a second thought.

"Over to the left of the Cliff Palace group there is a platform under a window that I identify as the rostrum of the speaker chief, the editor of the tribe. That institution still lingers among the more primitive peoples of Arizona. He proclaimed from his rostrum the decrees of the council, and commented upon them, adding any other matters of news that might have arisen since his last announcements, together with editorial matter and humorous quips of his own.

"Their religion involved innumerable festivities and ceremonials. Rehearsing and preparing these performances must have involved a great deal of fun. There is another human touch about these ruins that makes me smile every time I see it. The cliff women prepared corn, as do the

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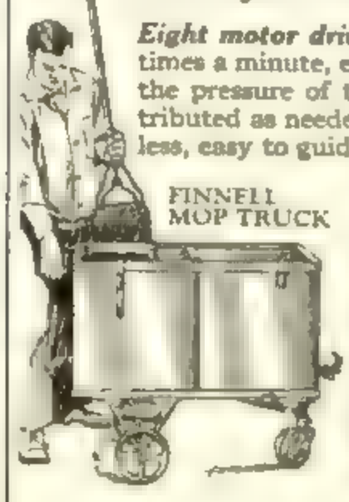

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Mexicans today, by grinding it with a cylindrical pestle on a flat stone. Nearly all the cliff villages have one place where we find that combination of flat stone and pestle, where the women used to sit and grind the corn and gossip. Well, always in that same vicinity we find a series of semicylindrical indentations, where the men ground and sharpened their stone axes—the young men, I take it—and I can visualize them flirting as they worked. But still, much of the fun of life lay in the religious festivities—and some of its poetry.

"However, we have a tendency to overestimate that element of poetry in Indian worship. As a matter of fact the Indian religion, which sounds poetical to us because it has to do with the out-of-doors and other things that we consider romantic, is essentially utilitarian. The Indian performed a rite because he wanted something good crops or good hunting or favorable weather. In this arid region of the world, where two seasons of drought might mean the disappearance of an entire tribe, the weather cut a highly important figure in Indian rites. They never seemed to have figured that if you just let the sun alone it will come back after the solstices. No one had ever made an experiment so daring. Down in the present Hopi country—and up here as well—grows a little yellow herb that blossoms at about the time of the summer solstice. The savage mind confuses cause with effect. Every year the Hopis hold an elaborate ceremonial dance for the purpose of making this flower blossom, in order that it may make the sun turn back. In default of proof, I like to believe that this ceremonial, in which I have many times taken part, was first performed up here in the Mancos cliff dwellings, Lord knows how many centuries ago."

Even the most trusted visitors to the Mesa Verde may not visit the ruins alone. The offensive type of tourist we have always with us, and the park is so large and the ruins so scattered that if left to his own devices he may work his will without detection. A few years ago Doctor Fewkes found in a hitherto unexplored corner of Spruce Tree House a magnificent bowl. He conceived the idea of leaving it, for the instruction of the multitude, in exactly the place where it was discovered. Therefore he had a little wall built around it and a glass cover stretched over all. Within a month some tourist had smashed the glass. Finding himself unable to get the contents out through that aperture, he had broken the bowl and taken out only the major fragments. This necessity for furnishing guides with all visitors is a large item in the maintenance of the park—the price that decency must pay for rowdyism.

Poetic Justice

As, on the morning after my talk with Doctor Fewkes, I passed with the guide down the trail to Balcony House I learned with satisfaction of the Government's just revenge on a tourist of this type. Conspicuous on a wall of antique masonry were written in lead pencil three names, the identity of cognomen showing that these defacers of the landscape were all of one family. Further, there was a Chicago address. The guide chuckled.

"We're playing a cat-and-mouse game with that fellow," he said. "You know, there is a law against defacing national parks and we have considerable latitude in the matter of enforcement. This man had left the park before we discovered this piece of vandalism; but we located him through the secret service. He's making the tour of the national parks by automobile and isn't due back in Chicago until autumn. When he arrives he will find a letter from us informing him that he has his choice between coming back here personally to erase these writings or going to jail, for convicting him would be a cinch, since the offense is in his own handwriting."

Of the original trail to Balcony House, more later. The new trail installed by the Government is a straight shelf perhaps half a mile long, gouged out from the cañon wall near its summit. The sheer drop to the left must be more than 400 feet. The trail ends on a platform of rock from which one ascends by a series of three ladders to this most startling of all the Mesa Verde ruins. From the retaining wall built some thousand years ago to restrain babies and sleepwalkers, the cliff drops straight and dizzy some 500 feet to the stream bed below. It is like looking from the top of the Woolworth Building. Tucked away in this airy cave, one feels like an eagle in his nest; there is even a curious sense of spiritual freedom.

The house itself is a gem. Here, perhaps better than anywhere else, one may study the details and methods of this curious and pleasing architecture. The Little People had not yet learned the principle of the arch, although they were working toward it. The framework of their houses was made of stout cedar beams mortised together and fastened with wooden pegs. Into this framework they fitted their strong masonry, characterized by the broad, flat cut of the stone. Like the children of Israel in the land of Egypt, they mixed their mortar with straw. The ends of the beams protrude, just as in the modern adobe architecture of New Mexico and Arizona.

This village in the clouds gets its name from a narrow, unrailed balcony running under a series of windows. It is built of logs hewed flat with a stone adz, laid across the protruding beams, and finished with a flooring of adobe clay. From the look of things I should say that it was not for whispering lovers made, but just to facilitate traffic between two cliff houses. All is in miniature, like a toy city. The dwellings rise to the very top of the cave—two, three or four stories. The rooms are small—a tall man cannot stand upright in them. Each has in the corner its little fireplace whose smoke, throughout many generations, has blackened the roof of the cave.

The Ancient Kivas

Between these tiny and primitive apartment houses run child-size streets, scarcely wide enough for a white man of ordinary build to wedge his way through. The ceremonial tower that marks most of the ruins is missing here. Either the inhabitants dispensed with this shrine of their religion or it had fallen into decay before the white man came. But the kivas remain, singular relic of a religious cult possibly—nay, probably—invented on these heights of the Mancos country, and unique to the native peoples of the Southwest. In their present state these kivas of the Mesa Verde ruins are perfectly cylindrical cisterns, perhaps ten or twelve feet in diameter and some eight or nine feet deep. Concerning their uses we have more than conjecture to go on, for the kiva is still a living temple among the Indians of the Southwest. It was the gathering place of the men of the clan, whither they repaired to perform their rites; and also, it is suspected, to escape from domesticity—as the modern man goes to his club.

To this day, no woman is admitted to the kiva. With one or two exceptions Mesa Verde kivas seem always to have been constructed alike—a ceremonial and sacrificial fireplace to one side, a small deep hole communicating with the gods of the underworld in the center, and four flat-topped pillars, roughly at the four points of the compass, ranged around the edge. In the days of their active use these kivas were roofed over with a tent-shaped thatch. In two or three cases the builders had turned in the tops of the walls as far as possible, showing that they had almost reached the principle of the arch. To a modern, the astonishing thing about the kivas of the Mesa Verde is the mathematical exactness of their circular walls.

Behind the dwellings of Balcony Place the cave continues for some distance inward. Not until the guide pointed it out to me was I aware that this formation is not natural; that savage patience had hollowed it out year after year and century after century. Here, as the marks show, stood the grinding stones where the women prepared the corn, and near at hand was the inevitable mark of the stone axes. Still scattered all about lie corncobs, seemingly as fresh as though harvested last year, notwithstanding that they have lain exposed for perhaps ten centuries. It is, however, no such corn as we know; here is the proof of how much selective breeding has done for agriculture. The largest cob is about the bigness of a man's little finger. But it all intensifies that sense of nearness that I experience in the Mesa Verde ruins as in no others I have ever seen—a feeling that they were abandoned but yesterday, that the centuries that men say have intervened are only a myth.

To the right, as one looks outward across the cañon, there appears in the cliff wall a low, square opening about as big as a small window; beyond that is a passage to traverse which one must crawl on his stomach.

(Continued on Page 104)

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(Continued from Page 102.

And beyond that the bright air—a sheer drop that dizzies the stoutest head. But from the opening of this passage one may wriggle onto a shelf of rock sloping like the roof of a house, and thence to a narrow cleft in the cliff wall. This was the sole entrance in the time of the Little People.

Then there was the day when Jesse Nussbaum, superintendent of the park, took us to find Inaccessible House in Navajo Cañon. Nussbaum is half out-of-doors man, half scholar and all enthusiast; and whether he be climbing the hard trail or reconstructing a broken antique vase, dissertating on the ways of coyotes or arguing on the theory of mutations, building a camp fire or criticizing the technic of Degas, he seems equally at home. Nussbaum is a distinguished example of the talents and education that our ungrateful Government manages somehow to attract to its technical departments for the wages of a head floorwalker. He and his painter wife—they met in Paris after he had finished his term as captain of artillery—have recently built their own home on the verge of Spruce Tree Cañon. And in doing so they have almost invented an architectural manner—the building of the Little People adapted to modern and civilized uses. More than that, they have actually created a style of furniture.

Pipe Shrine House

When the house was finished they discovered that our benevolent Government would allow them only $160 for furnishing it, which is about the price of a mahogany dining-room table in New York. However, winter with its enforced leisure was coming on. A few years before, some previous functionary of the park had planned a bridge that got as far as the importation of pine timber before the project was dropped. The timber still lay beside the arroyo, thoroughly seasoned and getting ready to rot. The Nussbaums appropriated this and worked all winter adapting Indian design to modern uses. They decorated it with paints made from colored shale, just as the cliff people used to do; and they have produced a style so beautiful, useful and different that sapient visitors beg them to get it trade-marked before some professional furniture designer sees and appropriates it.

Now they are passing their winters designing and building a museum; for in spite of the old looting in Baron Nordenskjold's day, the new excavations are continually yielding new treasures. Also the superintendent hopes some day to recover from foreign governments by diplomatic means, and from domestic collectors by personal approach, much of the loot hitherto taken away. It is only a question of a place to house the collections; for of late Mrs. Levinson, of California, another member of the small but fanatical Mesa Verde cult, has come forward with the necessary funds. The building, as planned now in the comely minute lines of Mrs. Nussbaum's architectural drawings, promises to be a unique thing—all of the soil and all beautiful.

However, we are hiking across the mesa with its ocher earth and its peacock-blue vegetation, and the sky above is of green enamel and copper; for it has not rained in these fields for seventy-six days. Our escort consists of the rangy, wiry Nussbaum, his agile and sure-footed Boy Scout stepson, and Wampus, a black German sheep dog of a genial, adventurous and investigating nature. At every step Nussbaum spills lore. Around a corner we come suddenly on the fine, scholarly head of Doctor Fewkes peering over the wall of a ruin—Doctor Fewkes in brown overalls and waving a small garden trowel, tool and symbol of his craft. This place is Pipe Shrine House, a relic of the later period, when the Little People had abandoned the cliffs and dwelt on the open mesa.

In the foreground there sat under an awning four young men in overalls, looking, as they scratched rocks with short-handled hammers, like first-class convicts. These, it appeared, were a set of distinguished young archæologists from Harvard University plying their craft. Their present task was making mortar to reenforce the top of a hidden wall, preventing its further decay. I have always pictured the business of excavating a ruin as being done with shovels, scrapers, hoes and picks. I learned better in the Mesa Verde. The implements of the modern excavator are a very small trowel and a whisk broom; and when he is really on the job he wears a gas mask.

Doctor Fewkes was glowing this morning with triumphant enthusiasm; for Pipe Shrine House, undoubtedly a place of worship like Sun Temple, was day by day unfolding new and unique features. Most interesting of all to the archæologist was a collection of ceremonial pipes, indicating the practice of some religious rite hitherto uncatalogued as a custom of the Little People, and bearing relation to the pipe of peace among the nomadic Eastern Indians. Then, too, there were crude sculptures, as that of a mountain lion; and no sculpture had been found in the cliff dwelling proper. Finally, at a corner of the structure, is a kind of peephole through which the sun priests of the tribe undoubtedly made their astronomical observations and determined their calendar, and by which we may some day be able to calculate the antiquity of these ruins. Beyond the house lay a graveyard, the condition and postures of the bodies showing no trace of death by war. Doctor Fewkes, by means of stone walls and a glass cover, has made it possible for the visitor to see two of these skeletons exactly as they lay with their corn jars and tools about them.

As we passed on towards the verge of the lonely Navajo Cañon the little hillocks of red earth that we had already marked beside the automobile road became more and more frequent. Indeed, the Boy Scout spoke to say that the last time he was lost up there he came upon five tumuli, lying close together, that he had never seen or heard of before. Literally hundreds of mounds on the mesa, and, indeed, many small dwellings in the cliffs, are still waiting for the congressional appropriation that will open their treasures for the delight and understanding of the world.

The point to the name of Inaccessible House was blunted a couple of years ago. In the days of the great looting, cattlemen after cattlemen tried to reach it by ropes or improvised ladders, and failed. Two years ago a pair of park rangers accepted this challenge to their skill, and after a season of hard work and perilous adventures finally made it. The place has never been entered since, but a spur of rock on the edge of Navajo Cañon gives an excellent view.

As we mushed along the trail, now following blazes on the trunks of the junipers, now threading the dizzy edge of a 400-foot cliff, Nussbaum was always pointing across the cañon and remarking "There's another over there," and we would stop to look. In nine cases out of ten it required not only Nussbaum's directions but the aid of field glasses before our less expert eyes picked up the houses or the collection of houses among the convolutions of the cliffs. Scores of little two or three building groups he designated in this manner, most of them probably granaries, and but few as yet explored. There is still a chance that future excavators may discover objects as beautiful and unusual as Baron Nordenskjold's Feather Princess.

The Real Thing in Rain

We stopped on a hanging point of rock to look down into Square Tower House, asleep like a lizard in its hot crevice of the rocks; and I remember how Wampus and Boy Scout frolicked and frisked, quarreling over the possession of a stick, on the verge of a 400-foot drop. All this before I noted that the copper tinge in the skies was prevailing over the blue-enamel tone. We still had two miles to go when a bolt of lightning shot from the zenith to the very depths of the cañon below, and the heavens opened—the first rain in nearly three months. Nussbaum and the experienced Westerners of the party crawled like flies down a face of the cañon to a small cave dwelling and found shelter.

My wife, an Easterner, is untrained to heights, and her climbs back and forth to Balcony House and Cliff Palace had taken all that she had of fortitude. She preferred rain to this new and slippery climb; so we sat there trying to get shelter from a juniper tree, with the rain gradually making watercourses of our backbones and limbs and the lightning seeming to bounce from rock to rock. Suddenly the rest of the party emerged over the edge. Even the little cliff dwelling had been invaded by this record cloud-burst. So, making the best of it, we splashed three miles back to Spruce Tree Camp. What had been mere arroyos on our way up were now raging torrents through which we had almost to swim. Once we came out from behind a clump of juniper into full view of Navajo Cañon and it seemed all one wide Bridal Veil Waterfall. The denied rain of three months was coming down all at once. Already the little corn patches that supplied roasting ears for the camp restaurant had died of drought, and that night the very stalks were torn up by their roots. All of which explains why granaries held such an important place in the architecture of the Little People.

That being the last night in camp for our party, and for Congressman Hicks, we were going to have a big beefsteak party. However, just as we dragged our dripping forms into camp the news came up from the telephone station at the entrance that the supply truck, after skidding all over the landscape, was completely stalled fifteen miles from camp. A flivver was sent to the rescue. In spite of chains on all wheels, it skidded into a ditch before it was a mile from camp. For nearly two days no tourists entered or left the Mesa Verde.

The Navajo Rug Market

The Government rents tents to tourists at a ridiculously small rate, and feeds them at cost in a common restaurant; but it does not permit private cooking in the park. Everyone must eat at the restaurant. By breakfast of the second morning we were down to stale bread and coffee, and even that was rationed. Then the clouds broke, giving opportunity to the desert sun, which speedily transformed the adobe from the consistency of slippery dough to that of half-baked brick. Skidding at intervals in spite of our chains, we followed the route of the Little People to the valleys of the Southwest—and racial extinction.

However, we made first a little detour into the land of those alien marauders whose ranks first made necessary the cliff dwellings. A little southwest of the Mesa Verde cliffs occurs that imaginary point on the map where four states meet—Colorado, Utah, Arizona and New Mexico. Here lies a chain of Indian reservations; and here from as much as twenty miles away one sees a long, flat, dark-blue bluff, from beyond which there seems to rise out of a turquoise sea the upper rigging of a ship in full sail. The ship is a rock, of course; an enormous formation rising 200 or 300 feet from the plain. Nearer by, it appears like the twin spires of a cathedral, and still nearer, like a great, graceful bluebird wing. The Navajos, indeed, call it Rock Wing, and have a legend that in the time of their fathers it flew across the river. Between the Mesa Verde and the Ship Rock one traverses the Ute Reservation, which is all a golden land, tinted in every shade of orange and yellow, with vivid borders and pipings of carmine and old rose. Out of this yellow background shoot up straight-edged, stark, cathedral bluffs.

Here and there along the watercourses lie the primitive tepees of the Utes. They, the descendants of a tribe that has lived always by valor rather than work, refuse to make concessions to civilization. Virtually the only houses on the reservation are those at the little oasis where the agent keeps his court and tries to coerce the children into attending school. The only considerable industry is the old savage craft of tanning and curing buckskin. Their blankets and jewel work they get from the Navajos, their pottery and utensils from the Pueblos. Often a tourist drives through the whole Ute Reservation, and, outside of the settlement, sees never an Indian. However, this was the day of the horse trading at the post, and down the trails in every direction were coming riders with strings of led horses. Among these I remember one chief, in buckskin trousers, a red-and-yellow blanket and two braids of white hair, who looked as old as the cliff ruins; and one very fat young squaw, with her twin papooses slung over the saddle of the led horse behind her, who waved us from the trail a good-natured if somewhat derisive greeting.

A stretch of hot yellow desert, sprinkled with tufts of grayish-yellow sagebrush, and deserted even of the lean Indian flocks, and we were sloshing down a muddy river to the Navajo country. Here the very first habitation showed an advance in culture, for the Navajos live in houses of a sort, practicing agriculture and their inimitable art of rug and blanket weaving. Their agency, indeed, is a little city. From the doorways of its neat modern cottages peep, however, not white faces but the dark, good-natured countenances of our aboriginal people. A mile or two behind the town lies the trading post, our objective for that night. Here the Indians buy their red calicoes, their beans and canned goods; pawn their turquoise earrings, their wondrously devised necklaces and their heavy silver hat belts; here, finally, they offer their rugs for sale. The post trader alone is authorized to dispose of these rugs to his fellow white men. He buys from the Indian for a sum arrived at by both parties as fair, and sells at an advance of 10 per cent to the white buyers who throng into the reservation every spring.

Your genuine Navajo rug is entirely a home product. The wool is cut from sheep that pasture within sight of the loom, is sheared, washed and carded on the spot, is colored with native dyes, is woven with handmade shuttles. This is by no means a remunerative occupation. The post trader showed me a rug on which he had placed a price of sixty dollars plus commission.

"That one took two months to make," he said. "I can charge only a certain profit, and the supply is always greater than the demand. So you will see I am not trying to boost my product when I tell you if you are going to get any Navajo rugs you had better do it now. You see, oil has been discovered on this reservation. The Navajos own their lands in common. When they get rich with oil you can imagine them working for thirty dollars a month at weaving!"

Afterward I had a little correspondence with this trader over a rug transaction.

"It has come," reads a postscript to his latest letter. "They have opened a gusher just back of my shop."

We slept that night at the Indian school in the post, whose dormitory plays hotel for stranded tourists in time of emergency. Before our morning start I stood watching the Navajo children file into the classroom, and I was struck by the diversity of type among them. There were short squat little Indians and tall lean little Indians. There were clean-cut aquiline profiles and profiles with mere dabs of dark flesh for noses. Their color varies too. Some were as dark as Gilbert Islanders, while some could have passed for natives in China—the same tea-rose complexion, the same small, slanting eyes. Later I retailed this observation to the post trader.

Navajo Eugenics

"That," he said, "is the salvation of the Navajo people. It isn't whisky or massacre or the white men's diseases that has reduced the native population of these parts so much as inbreeding. Under old rules and ways one must marry in his own clan. That kept cousins marrying cousins eternally, with the results that might be expected. A generation or two ago the Navajos had the sense to see that. Not only did they rule that no one could marry in his own clan but for a long time marriage within the tribe was forbidden. The young bucks got their wives from the Utes or the Pueblos or the Apaches. The result is that while most of the other tribes have been gradually dying out the Navajos have increased something like fourfold. Those kids you see there are a mixture of all the tribal bloods in this region."

We had passed clean out of the Indian land into that of his inheritor and conqueror before we picked up again the trail of the Little People. At Aztec, where a full-flowing river makes a fertile plain, have been found and uncovered the ruins of a great stone pueblo. Its architecture, utensils and arts are so like those of the mesa above the Mancos cliffs that one may call this almost with certainty the first permanent dwelling place of the Little People after they left so mysteriously the old home. The walls stand sometimes as high as the second or third story; but scorpions scamper from beneath your feet into the crevices of the masonry, and, like the lingering guardian spirit of this serpent-worshiping people, a huge, coiled gopher snake lay midfloor of the kiva, defying us with beady, hostile eyes. Over beyond the ruins stands a museum better stocked than the one at Mesa Verde, for here the American Museum of Natural History anticipated Uncle Sam and took hold in time. The pottery and baskets are more symmetrical and sophisticated in decoration. Also, at this stage of their history the Little People have entered the second stage of primitive art and are

(Continued on Page 109.

Photograph ©

How are the streets out your way?

The "Caterpillar's" field of usefulness is by no means limited to road work. There is a "Caterpillar" of size and capacity for every power need. On farm or ranch, in the mining, oil and lumber industries, for snow removal and other civic work—wherever tractive power and endurance are at a premium, the "Caterpillar"* has no real competitor*

Are the dirt and gravel streets and alleys of your town graded and maintained as they should be—or are they muddy and full of ruts the same as last spring? Phone the City Hall to put the "Caterpillar"* to work in your neighborhood. Your town doesn't own a "Caterpillar"*? It *should* and it *can*, very easily. R. H. Kimball, Supt. of Paving, Colorado Springs, says: "Our "Caterpillar"* Tractor already has done sufficient work to wipe off entirely its first cost, and we expect it to give more years of satisfactory service."

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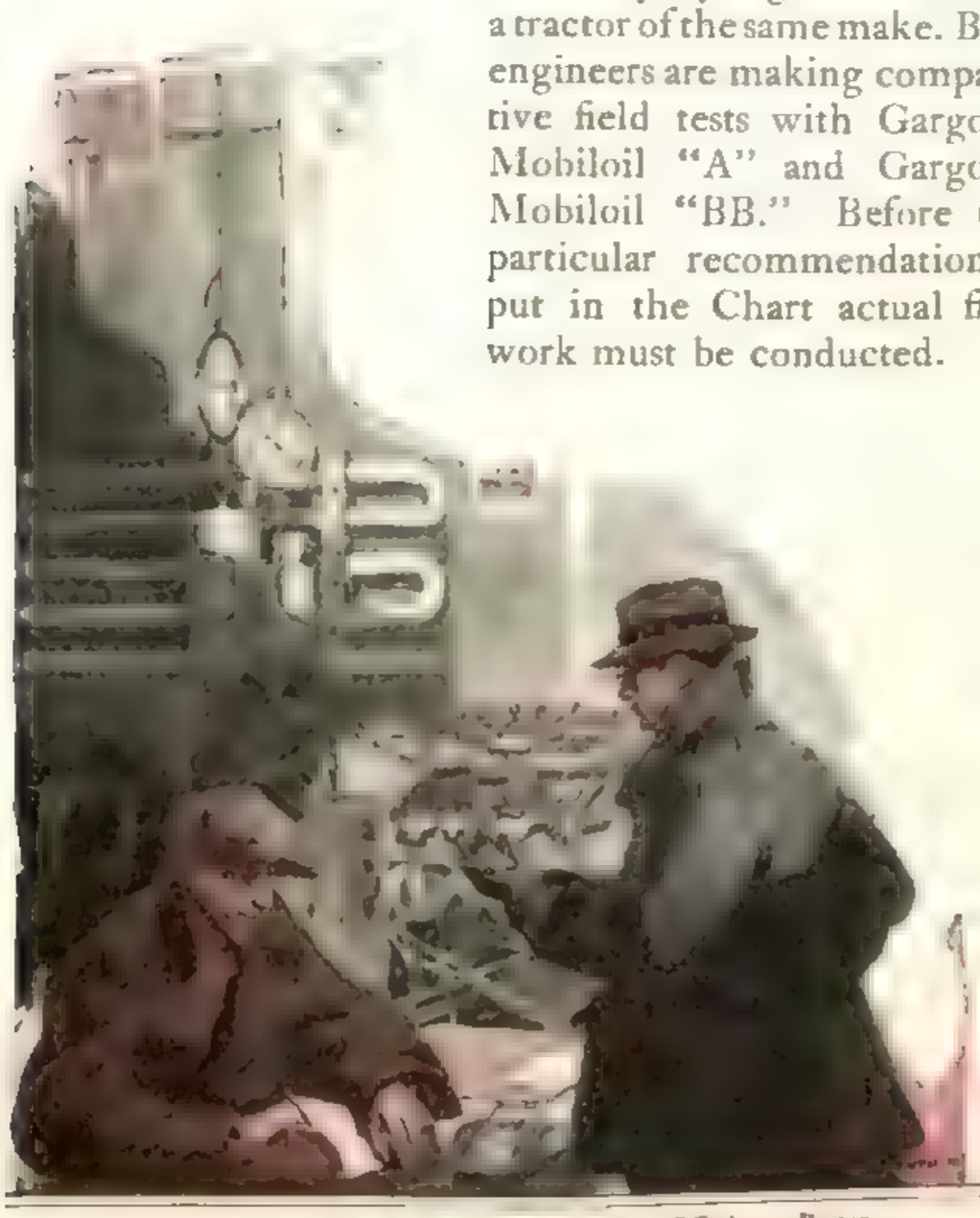
What is being done every day by the Vacuum Oil Company to assure scientific lubrication for your car

WE find ourselves in Rochester in an engineering laboratory. Two engineers put on heavy coats and step into the cold room. In here the thermometer has dropped down below zero. The engineers walk over to an automobile engine standing on a testing block. The oil inside is thoroughly chilled. Attached to the engine are elaborate testing and registering devices.

The engine is started. The two men make extended calculations. Then they stop the engine. The oil is drawn off. Another oil is poured in. The engine is again started. The calculations continue. These Vacuum Oil Company engineers are finding out which oil will best circulate with the starting of the engine on a cold winter day. They are verifying the correctness of the Vacuum Oil Company's winter recommendations in the Chart.

Down on a Georgia farm, a veteran Vacuum Oil Company engineer drives a tractor. He is plowing. On a Michigan farm, another Vacuum Oil Company engineer is driving a tractor of the same make. Both engineers are making comparative field tests with Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" and Gargoyle Mobiloil "BB." Before this particular recommendation is put in the Chart actual field work must be conducted.



In the plants of many prominent automobile manufacturers Vacuum Oil Company engineers often give valuable assistance in intricate problems in engine design and lubrication.

Scientific accuracy is the first consideration in preparing the Chart from which you select your Gargoyle Mobiloil. The Vacuum Oil Company *specializes in lubrication.* Its world-wide standing rests entirely upon the superiority of its *lubricants* and the superiority of its *lubricating advice.*

This scientific standing can be protected only at the cost of continuous scientific specialization in lubrication.

No Guesswork

The engineers analyze specifications, working blue prints, etc. These are frequently sufficient to enable the Vacuum Oil Company to specify the correct grade of oil for your car. But dynamometer and service tests are conducted to confirm many findings, and to make sure that the results of the oil in use are satisfactory in every respect. A large staff of Vacuum Oil Company field engineers is constantly at work with automotive manufacturers, automobile dealers, and in some cases with motorists to solve some perplexing question.

One Final Authority

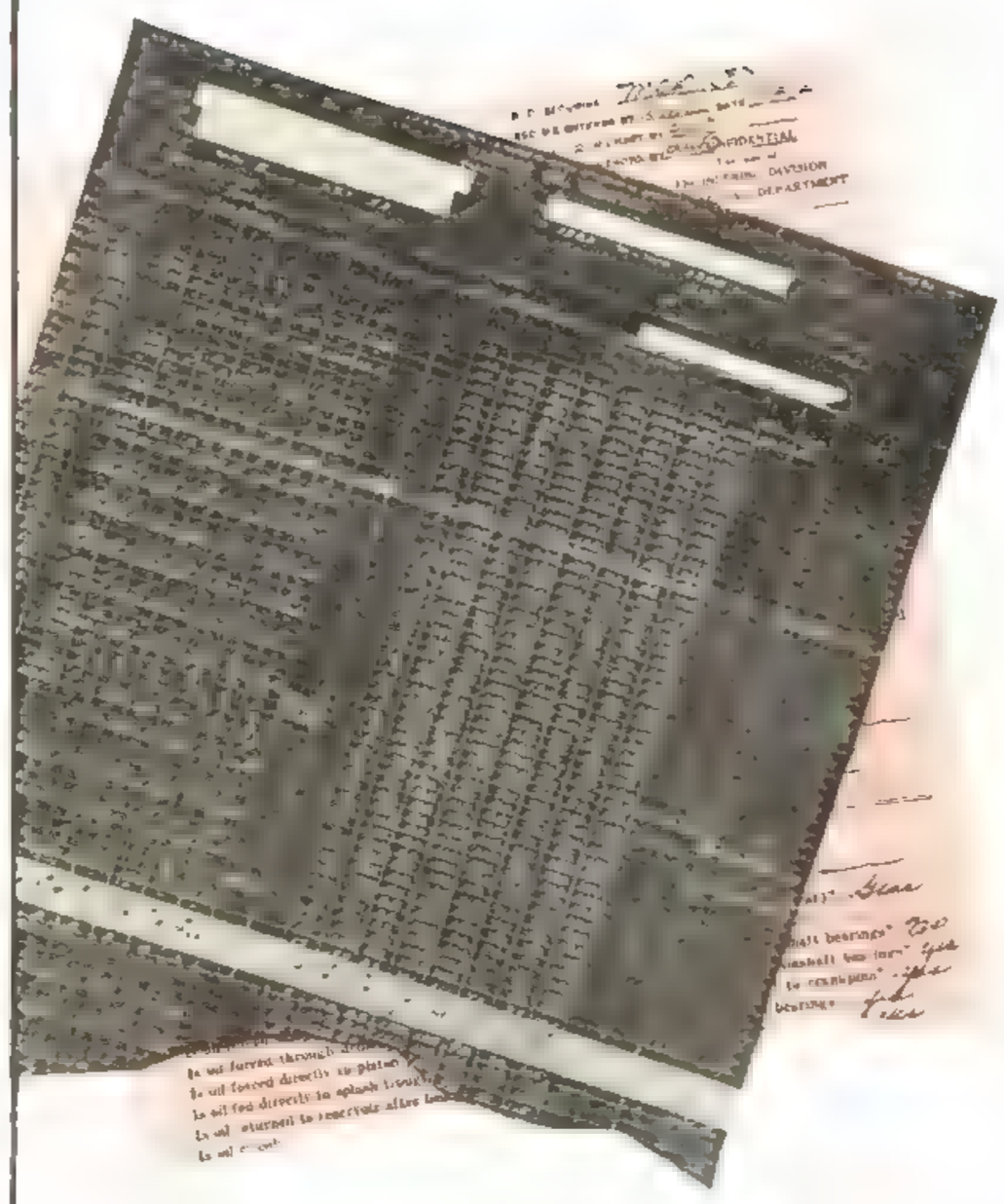
The Vacuum Oil Company's Chart of Automotive Recommendations preceded all other similar charts by at least a dozen years. Today this Chart continues to be recognized the world over as the scientific guide to correct automobile lubrication.

Don't say

"Give me a Quart of Oil"

Domestic Branches: New York *(Main Office)* In Lafayette Milwaukee Boston Minneapolis Chicago Buffalo

VACUUM O



Progressive garage and repair men look to the Chart as the final authority on lubrication. From the Chart on their walls they can accurately tell you what grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil should be used in your engine.

An Important Difference

The careless request "Give me a quart of Oil" is steadily going out of fashion. Motorists are finding out the waste of it, the cost of it, and the uncertainty and risk which "pick-up" lubrication invariably invites.

Gargoyle Mobiloil is manufactured from crude oils selected entirely for their *lubricating properties*.

To assure unvarying standards, your Gargoyle Mobiloil goes through the most elaborate system of manufacture and tests given any automobile lubricating oil. There are nearly five times as many steps in producing Gargoyle Mobiloil as there are in the production of most "quarts of oil" commonly accepted by thoughtless motorists. In the face of these facts, the least surprising thing about Gargoyle Mobiloil should be its superiority and ultimate economy.

* * *

To ignore the Chart is to ignore lubricating science and specialization.

To accept inferior oil is to gamble with the proper running and protection of your car—with the odds all against you.

The whole matter is as simple as that.

WARNING:

Don't be misled by some similar sounding name. Look on the container for the correct name *Mobiloil* (not Mo le and for the red Gargoyle.

Don't believe false statements that some other oil is identical with Gargoyle Mobiloil. Gargoyle Mobiloil is made only by the Vacuum Oil Company in its own refineries, and is never sold under any other name.

Fair Retail Price—30c a Quart

When the dealer sells a quart of Gargoyle Mobiloil for less than 30c, he does not make his fair, reasonable profit.

Lower prices often accompany substitution of low-quality oil for genuine Gargoyle Mobiloil.

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There's only one way to do it, and that's ageing in wood."

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fine flavor-
cool smoking

aged in wood

that's why

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(Continued from Page 104)

approaching realism; there is, for example, a very interesting caricature in clay of a human figure. Weapons of war have become more common and more efficient. And in a vaultlike room under the pueblo the government archæologists found last year a mystery that hinted at more cruel customs than in the idyllic days of the Mancos cliffs. Here lay two skeletons. One was that of a young woman elaborately dressed as for a festival. Clean through her body was driven a stake. In the opposite corner lay the body of a warrior in full ceremonial regalia.

Concerning all these things the chatelaine of the Aztec cliff ruins spoke long and learnedly when we called to pay our respects at the stone lodge house by the gate. She is mother of the superintendent who keeps and excavates these ruins. We found her patching together a scientific picture puzzle—the fragments of a beautiful red-and-black corn jar dug up in the latest excavation. She was very apologetic for the absence of her son—he had gone to look at some newly discovered ruins down in the Natural Bridge country—assuring us in recurrent parentheses how much better he could talk about these ruins than she could; whereas no man on earth could have told the story with half her sympathy and old-fashioned native wit. And from her we learned that these Aztec ruins, thought a few years ago to be unique in America, are only the smallest sample of what we shall some day know about the later life of the Little People; that all this part of the Southwest is sprinkled with hillocks that, upon excavation, prove to be stone pueblos.

We drove our car for a whole day across the majesty of the continental divide, and for a day and a half through the plateau country of New Mexico, before reaching journey's end. Then, at Taos, we beheld the last trickle of the Little People's culture, dwindling and disappearing among the sands of time.

Though, indeed, the pueblo life of Taos is not the only civilization exotic to these modern United States that one encounters in that two-day run. The somewhat indifferent road between Pagosa Springs in the Colorado Rockies and Tierra Amarilla on the New Mexican tablelands taps a territory that has never heard the shriek of a locomotive nor, until recently, the honk of an automobile. On both sides chains of mountains or of difficult hills divide this valley from the railroads or the main highways, and whatever is left of old Spain in our national domain seems to have retreated into these clefts of the hills.

Leaving it to the Senora

Even the Mexican-American inhabitants, whose forefathers were established in this land when the Puritans landed at Plymouth Rock, have borrowed something from the Little People. Scarcely had we crossed the New Mexican line when we came across an adobe settlement lying like a lizard in the sun behind a watercourse. Square as a box, flat-footed, the beams of the ceilings or the upper floors protruding—it took no builder's eye to recognize this as the architecture born in the Mancos cave.

The valleys grew more fertile as we approached Tierra Amarilla, and the settlements lay thicker along the watercourses. When, as often happened, they fell in terraces from the low hills to the river bottom, their flat roofs, their heavy shadow, their egg-shaped bake ovens, the glimpses of black-clad, half-veiled women in the doorways, made them look like pictures I have seen of Palestine. Scriptural, too, were the backgrounds of tawny hills, the grazing flocks of violet-gray sheep, the shepherds sitting in white serapes on overlooking rocks, the wells with their long sweeps, the women filling earthenware jars. As the valley sloped toward Tierra Amarilla, appeared a graveyard on a plateau, first discernible as a forest of crosses. Up toward it wound a path at whose summit stood a shrine of Our Lady of Lourdes. And there in the shadows knelt a woman, her head wound in her black shawl.

Tierra Amarilla huddles about a plaza from which the streets run irregularly. Mostly it is of adobe; but the big general store from which that whole pastoral region buys its pins and its harvesters, its cottons and its diamonds, has been built of concrete, with a mission façade, while the hotel is of wood, with that balconied design popular in the West before the Civil War. Inside, what with its walnut whatnot, its Brussels carpets, its crayon portraits, its photographs of gentlemen in sashes and slashed trousers and ladies in mantillas, its sacred pictures, it was a perfect blend of old America and modern Spain. Here, we said among ourselves, we would surely get Spanish cooking—tortillas, frijoles, chile con carnes with the home touch.

"Just leave her alone," whispered the boss of the party, as the dewy-eyed señora approached to ascertain our pleasure; "let her do it her own way."

A minute later the señora was observed scurrying to the general store and returning with something wrapped up in the lower folds of her shawl. And what we got, in due time, was ham and eggs, fried very hard, canned chicken gumbo soup, canned green corn and canned peaches. The señora believed in adapting her cuisine to the North American trade. Being delayed that afternoon by fan-belt trouble, we took a chance with dinner at a humble *cantina* in an adobe settlement, where a bandit just stepped from the pages of Calderón and a haughty Spanish dame from those of Cervantes served us a steak that curled up round the edges and potatoes swimming in grease.

The Queen of Hearts

Espanola, where we stayed that night, had a modern American hotel surprisingly good for a place so small; and the name of the town promised much. But when we asked about Spanish food, the proprietor responded laconically "What for?" Being further pressed and induced toward conversation, he remarked that there used to be considerable of that slumgullion around Espanola, but now you had to get a considerable way up into the hills before the Mexes would sell it to you.

Not until we reached Taos did we get our Spanish cooking. The inn there is conducted by an Iberian angel, who, when she superintends the dining room, wears always a boudoir cap. This she peaks up in the center, over her ample masses of coarse black hair, making her look exactly like the Queen of Hearts in Alice in Wonderland. One day she was observed stripping red peppers in the courtyard of the hotel; also, at mealtime, spicy, seasoned smells floated from the family quarters behind the dining room. Wherefore, the boss of our party approached her with fair words and false narratives concerning the fame of her Spanish cooking. And that evening tortillas and chile con carne melted in our mouths.

However, I anticipate. That last half day between Espanola and Taos took us through a land that was neither modern America nor Mexico nor yet Spain. It had parts of all these; but the compound was itself—just backwoods New Mexico. Once we drove down a watercourse with a hillside of disintegrated rock like black sponges to our right and a beryl-colored river to our left. The hillside rose into red cliffs.

Suddenly the woman of our party, who spoke only once an hour and saw everything first, cried "Pictures!"

Above us the cliff for twenty yards was a manuscript of Indian writing. For the red of the cliff was only a thin veneer; below that lay the gray, primeval rock. The aboriginal tribes of this land, passing along that trail that was become our automobile road, had written by picking away this iron red veneer with their stone knives. For half an hour we kept glimpsing pictographs, varying from single tiny figures of bowmen to whole volumes.

Stopping by a wayside well to get a drink for the automobile, we interviewed a cattleman getting a drink for his horse. He said in part that this writin' stuff was all over the place; a lot of it up by his shack; some of it right interestin' lookin', too, but who done it nobody knew.

Presently the beryl watercourse beside the painted hills opened into a small plateau, hanging over an upland valley and crowned by a little town. This one, save for the paintings on the walls, looked like the stucco-built villages of the Italian Riviera. These New Mexicans would, I have no doubt, paint their walls like the Italians were it not for the impermanence of the local adobe clay, which tries to melt on you every winter. A deserted house, in these parts, becomes in five years a picturesque ruin. Every spring one may see the women—the masons of these parts—patching up with trowels the ravages of last winter's rains. So the native takes out his love of color on the wooden doors and window sills. Either the local storekeeper had been holding a bargain sale of green paint or—more likely—some society leader had set a fashion. For the painted doors of this town were of a cheerful light green with much yellow in it; the color of foliage when it first bursts in spring. The plaza was quaintly irregular; from it ran streets that followed their own whimsey down the hill.

It was Sunday morning. Before the twin-spired adobe church, looking as old as the white man's tenancy of New Mexico, the populace was gathered, waiting for mass, most of the women in black mantillas whose severity accented the deep pathos of their eyes, most of the men in beige sombreros with silver bands. Just beyond, half a dozen young Indian bucks sat on red blankets under a drying frame. They had availed themselves of the day of rest to wash their hair, which fell loose over their shoulders and backs as they squatted and laughed.

Out of a long hard pull on first speed up the valley of a river we came out suddenly on a golden plateau with a blue-and-white mountain background, and a mighty yet gracious mountain it is. Through the sparse trees at its foot emerged the steeples, walls and smoke of a city—Taos, the little metropolis of this primitive land. However, in these days you cannot beat the automobile; and Taos, innocent until a few years ago even of such modern improvements as electric lights, has brushed off a little of its old flavor since the artists found it. They began coming some twenty years ago, drawn by the subtle, glorious and unique coloring and contours of Taos Plateau, the mystic shadows of Taos Peak, the picturesque mesa, almost too obvious, of the Taos pueblos, and, not least of all, by Taos herself.

A plaza suggesting sixteenth-century Spain—for all its band stand and its concrete walks—dozes in a square half Spanish and half suggestive of a cow town in the movies. Beyond that there stretches over the hills an adobe city old enough to have settled into a quaint individual form. Here lived Kit Carson, having settled down at the end of his wanderings and married a Mexican-American wife; and a colony of men who had lived the old Western life until the frontier drifted past them settled here around him. To this day a street crowd in Taos seems to be composed one-third of this Nordic pioneer element, one-third of Mexican-Americans and one-third of Indians from the pueblos.

These Taos Indians, whatever be their origin, seem to me exceptional among the aboriginal people of the Southwest for personal beauty; they look as the romantic would expect an Indian to look. All day tall, lean picture Indians in blankets, braided hair and moccasins come loping on ewe-necked ponies out of the narrow passageways into the square. One of these came upon me so suddenly one day that the shoulder of his horse knocked me against an adobe wall

"Oh," he said, reining up his steed, "sorry! I hope you're not hurt, sir?" and his accent was almost too refined.

The Art Colony at Taos

From buckboards, from farm wagons, sometimes from six-cylinder automobiles, the women troop in groups of five or six to the big general store. A straight black garment, one-third blanket, one-third mantilla and one-third shawl, binds up their proudly carried heads like those of Tanagra figurines, envelops them to the ankles. From beneath it emerge high, loose-legged boots of white buckskin, tanned so cunningly that the surface of a white glacé glove seems coarse by comparison.

All this jumble of architectural styles and costumes and races gives Taos part of its charm for the artists. The rest is the colorful goblin landscape that surrounds it, and—this literally—atmosphere. The light of the Taos region seems to rain in globules on the earth. It is that effect, seen sometimes in favored parts of Central France, which Monet used to paint. Also, to build an adobe house one needs only a few rough beams, some doors and windows, roofing material and plenty of mud. What more alluring to a true artist than to spend his spare time working variations on a fascinating new style of building, and in a new material? Finally, living in Taos was then incredibly cheap. Thirty painters and sculptors, with their families, made up the Taos art colony in 1922. None of these artists is a trifler, some of them have international fame.

So, to Kit Carson's town—as old as Plymouth, as quaint as Seville, as remote in spirit as Tibet—they have added a touch of Greenwich Village. By which I mean the real Greenwich Village, where the work is done, not the façade that the rubberneck wagon shows the tourist. The fringe of posing loafers who tend in time to make any artistic quarter a trifle ridiculous has not yet stitched itself onto Taos. With beams painted in those Indian designs first conceived in the Mancos cliffs; with courtyards, patios, great Indian jars, fountains, they have made adobe blossom. One among them is a woman with money to express her taste and gratify her whims, and she has created out of mud and cedar sticks a group of buildings probably unique in the two Americas.

Where there is so much merit it will not do to pick favorites. So I shall mention by name only one of the Taos group, and him not in his artistic capacity. It was Sunday, and just before midday dinner, when we emerged from our cloud of dust into the square and pulled up at the rumbling one-story patioed hotel. Behind the counter stood a soft-eyed Spanish girl who needed only a mantilla to make her look like a chromo entitled In Old Seville; across from her lolled a slim youth who should have been wearing slashed trousers and a serape instead of a snappy suit, a pink shirt and a purple tie. Dark Andalusian eye was melting into dark Andalusian eye, and as I drew near, this was the dialogue:

HE: Well, anyhow, Engle has got a lot of smoke on his fast one.

SHE: Smoke! Blumy eats smoke! I'll say he does! When they feed him a fast one—good night!

Nesters, 10; Taos, 2

From which conversation, as much as from the poster over the desk, I perceived that baseball was about to be played in Taos. And after dinner some instinct moved me arbitrarily to overrule the rest of the party—who maintained logically that with pueblos three miles away and only two days to stay, going to a baseball game was madness—and drive out to the park. As we entered, the benches over by third base were rocking with applause in Spanish and English, punctured with the name Blumy. And to bat strode Ernest Blumenschein, painter, who, for all his forty-nine years and his gray hairs, captains the Taos team, helped to beat Santa Fé two games out of three last year, and hit .417 for the season. Behind him a team that included the town dentist, one of the town physicians, three Mexican-Americans and an Indian was playing an all-American team of nesters from the hills. I mention in passing that though Blumenschein made two hits, Engle had smoke, as prophesied, while the Taos pitcher blew up in the seventh inning. Score: Nesters, 10; Taos, 2.

The benches stood in the shadow of two great bay trees. Flowing over them onto the warm yellow earth sat a crowd of sombreroed Mexican-Americans with their liquid-eyed señoritas, of American flappers, prominent business men, happy small boys. Behind them Tony, the interpreter of the pueblo, accompanied by his lady friend in white buckskin boots, loked against the running board of our automobile and between innings joshed unmercifully the wives of three Taos players on a near-by bench. At the crisis Taos was besought in three languages to hit that ball.

A wire fence and a strip of canvas, a trifle higher than a man's head, separated the ball park from the open fields of New Mexico. Beyond this barrier sat on horseback what looked like a caravan of Bedouins. For it was August, and this Southern plateau, for all its 7000-foot elevation, was more than comfortably warm; and in hot weather the Taos Indians wear blankets of heavy coarse-woven white cotton. Across one whole side of the field stretched these Indian spectators, their only motions those forced upon them by the movements of their horses. Now and then the Irish ground keeper passed down their line with the majesty of a reviewing officer, addressing them somewhat as follows:

"It's a nice bunch you are! It's a nice bunch you are! Makin' seven-eight-ten dollars a day and won't come across with four bits to help the boys out!"

Even this reproach sent not the slightest flutter across the surface of Indian dignity. The game finished; Blumenschein came in

(Continued on Page 112)

Do Your Spring House-

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(78)

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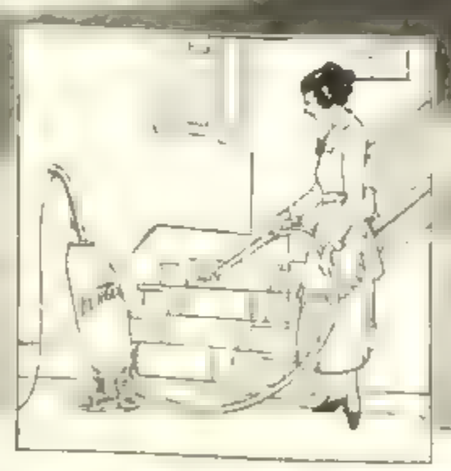

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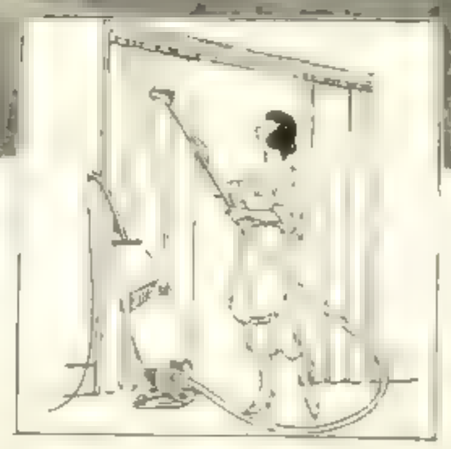

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FOR INDOORS

FOR WORK

"From Sheep's Back To Yours"

(Continued from Page 109)

from right field looking as though someone had kicked a hole in his masterpiece. The long white line broke, swerved, rode two by two silently northward, looking more like a Bedouin caravan than ever. And we, having been informed that late afternoon brings the best light on the pueblos, drove our car slowly after. The two pueblos grew presently out of the mountain background, gray-white cubes piled high up and up on other white cubes in orderly confusion, as a child who has not quite learned to build arranges his blocks

All about lay fertile fields or pastures of fat flocks, and beyond, one of the comeliest mountains in our West. But the eye could not quit the pueblos; and we, fresh from the Mesa Verde, needed no architect to tell us that this was the Mancos school of architecture brought out onto the plain and grown a little decadent through use of an easy material. Here and there a shrouded figure stood like a pillar on a roof; these, the hot bright air, the distant flocks, the background of saffron yellow and soft blue, brought Palestine to mind; the tongue was moved to the language of the English Bible. When we drew nearer, the figures vanished from the roof; as we swung past the pueblos the only human beings in sight were half a dozen ragged-haired, barefooted little Indian boys, who jumped to our running board to beg cigarettes and fi' cen'a. Taos, thanks mostly to the perambulating exhibitions of her painters, has been of late discovered by the automobile tourist. All the cars make at once for the pueblos; and their only safety, the Indians find, lies in seclusion.

But of the life behind those whitewashed walls we learned much from the painter colony. Among all the white elements in Taos, these artists seem to have bored deepest into the shy, exclusive lives of the Indians. Partly, I suppose, this comes from the intimacy bred by the relations of artist and model, and partly from common appreciation of beauty in design. Except for the kiva and perhaps certain other ceremonial rooms, they have general entrée into the pueblos.

The Anti-Gold Standard

They tell of a life primitive, archaic, but with a charm of its own. The Pueblo Reservation runs up Taos Peak to Blue Lake, and includes some of the most fertile land in the region. The tribe owns it in common. Not all the arable land is under cultivation, for the elders believe in keeping a reserve against increase in population. Rather strongly substantiated rumor has it that once an Indian came home from the mountain with a gold nugget that he had discovered on his allotment of land; whereupon the elders took counsel and ordered the hole where it was found to be filled up.

"For," they said, "if gold is discovered on this reservation, the white man, who cannot resist the temptation of gold, will take our land away from us."

Though the old men have control over certain affairs such as this, the tribe is mainly a matriarchy. In the family the wife keeps the money

"Now and then," said one of the painters, "you encounter an Indian buck begging on the streets of Taos. There's no need of that; the tribe has enough for all and sees that no one goes cold or hungry. It always comes back to the same reason His wife won't give him the ten cents he wants for a sack of tobacco, so he's gone out to get it from the whites.

"I can't understand," added this painter, "the old tradition about Indians being dirty. The rooms of the pueblos are always as clean as though they were whitewashed yesterday. When you're using a white workingman for a model—well, the chances are that before long you'll find the studio growing somewhat close. I have never caught the slightest odor of the person from one of my Indian models."

Nominally these Indians are Christians of long traditions; from the group of outbuildings at the approach to the pueblos rises the bell tower of an adobe church But under the pueblos lie the kivas. Call them merely ceremonial, if you will, or call them religious—the fact remains that in those haunted circles still proceed rites born in the caves of the Mancos cañons ages before the cross was to our Southwest anything more than a conventional decoration. Also, there is one day every summer when no Indian appears at Taos and the pueblos are deserted. Your Indian model or serving maid says nothing about this in advance, but just fails to appear, and reappears a day or so later without explanation. And if, that day, any white man ventures up Mount Taos to the region of the lake he hears a shot, and near by a bullet chugs into a tree or flicks up a puff of dust. The hidden markaman keeps on shooting nearer and nearer until the intruder takes the hint and withdraws. There are rumors in Taos about the nature of those summer rites up by the lake; but they may be as unsubstantial as that about the discovery of gold.

The Bursum Bill

Further, says Taos, the white man's law, though nominally accepted by the people of the kivas, is evoked only for minor offenses; really serious crimes the Indians punish themselves, the elders of the tribe being judge and jury. They are not only lawgivers, these elders, but censors of customs. It is their consistent policy to keep pueblo life as it was. And, indeed, customs have a real importance in their scheme of things. By old experience the elders know that when a young buck cuts off his braids and buys a hat he will not linger long in the pueblo. That they may keep informed on the white man's ways, they take two of the leading New York newspapers.

Of nights, the young bucks who have been to Indian school translate to them in the kiva the salient items.

All this account is sketchy, partly dependent on rumor; when the Taos Indians see these lines, doubtless they will laugh at their inadequacy. Yet they may perhaps convey some flavor of this charming little civilization, so unlike our own, yet after all so finished and final and dignified On the faces of these Indians, as you pass them in the streets of Taos, you read a certain peaceful satisfaction with things, as of people who are solving their own problems in their own way.

This is the civilization that the Bursum Bill, introduced into Congress last winter, threatened to destroy that our race might have a few more acres of rather poor land By the time these lines reach print that bill will doubtless have been defeated And yet well, after I returned to New York I asked the Indian I knew best about the chances of the pueblo people.

"Oh" he said, "the Bursum Bill's dead yes The women's clubs rose up and killed it But the women's clubs haven't any stake in this game except altruism, while the other people have a very material stake. History shows that when a white man wants an Indian's lands he always gets them in the end."

He said all this in a calm, even voice, as one who has faced injustice so long as to have worn out his emotions. Very likely he is right; most probably this century will see the end of the pueblos and pueblo life. So, except for an occasional art motive borrowed from that exquisite sense of design that flourished in the Mancos caves, will pass forever the culture of the Little People

The Continental Divide, Jamestown, Colorado

CLAY OF CA'LINA

Continued from Page 18

into peculiar confidence, and the warning conveyed by proof of a wise, cool player's losses was not wasted

"Danny was afraid I'd fall for some crooked game and steered me here into safe hands," said Clay, and both he and Palter were hugely pleased by their friend's sagacity.

When the conversation at last came to an end, Emmanuel, who had lingered, a delighted auditor, was told to escort the guest through the establishment. Palter accompanied him to the threshold of the main drawing-room, which he rarely passed during gaming hours, with a cordial invitation to return. Clay as cordially accepted and they parted. At that precise moment Steyn was standing before the table known as the Field of Diamonds, upon which he had laid his last dollar. For he had withdrawn the thousand reserve, mentioned to Sally, and unexpectedly beset by temptation had promptly succumbed.

Steyn had expected nothing less than he did a visit to the Versailles, whose doors he had sworn never to pass again. But after Sally's departure in the morning Larry Downs had come in to have his partner's absence from business explained. Steyn told him he had been entertaining a sporty client all night, and with a show of anxiety hastened to a supposed appointment. Downs watched him off, seemingly satisfied.

In spite of Steyn's assurance, he was so much afraid of the partner he had robbed that he passed a nervous afternoon at the bucket shop, and from five o'clock was waiting at the Pompeian with his eye on the door of the manager's office.

In another day or two at most Downs must know that the firm was broke, and Steyn's safety from legal or personal vengeance demanded that he show a client who promised a ready return of considerable money. But Steyn, petty promoter and professional borrower, had exhausted his resources in the way of friends, and his only hope was that Sally could inveigle a client immediately. With this thousand reserve in his pocket, he had resolved on flight if this hope should fail him.

So he watched the door of Sally's office; but another man was watching, too, and as she appeared on the stroke of six Clay joined her with a delighted grin. Steyn inspected him closely. The man had the authoritative presence which meant prosperity; he was plainly an out-of-towner; the woman's favor was not to be had for nothing.

"Ach, she deceived me!" said Steyn, and moving around a pillar watched them into the dining room.

Seating himself to wait their return, he was surprised to discover a resentment that Sally should have a follower, presumably wealthy

"What a lovely creature she has grown to be!" he said, and even in his desperate position, with liberty and possibly life threatened, he spent an hour jealously brooding that another man had supplanted him with his wife. However, he was debonair enough when bowing and shaking Sally's hand as the couple came out from dinner.

"How is the hotel business with Sally, my little cousin?" he demanded; and upon being introduced to Clay by a fainting little voice explained: "My little Cousin Sally would make a business career after the new fashion, though what is the need to toil when one has money to enjoy oneself is not understandable"

He looked at her in perplexity, and Clay, desiring to impress an unbelieving relative, agreed laughingly. With Steyn's glare upon her, Sally came to her senses; and having nothing further to do in the affair at present than to deliver the victim did so accordingly, with a simple account of their manner of meeting and of Clay's business in New York.

Steyn laughed at the woman's prejudice against Palter and in a sly aside to Clay confessed himself a patron of the Versailles.

"And if you are afraid, little cousin, that our friend is in danger from the old gambler, I will myself escort him as far as the drawing-room, and wait until his call is finished and escort him safely out again."

"Mr. Clay is going there tonight, and I'd better turn him over to you right now," smiled Sally wanly. She was suddenly sick of the whole scheme and negatived Clay's wish to take her home. She wished both men, the conscious and unconscious witnesses to her treachery, out of her sight. "Why, I go home every night alone!" she said, retreating a step.

"I have hoped permission to see you again tomorrow," said Clay.

"No—yes—why not?" she replied, looking from Clay to Steyn and back again as she left them. A moment the two men cursed each other silently and then started gayly to walk to the Versailles.

The Field of Diamonds was a wheel illuminated with four gems which drew a circle of fire around a central diamond of hypnotic splendor. Steyn had for an hour fought the temptation to play, and talked to the loungers while praying that Clay would return quickly. But he had followed his prey into the lair of a monster who would devour himself, and as Clay came up he laid the last of his reserve thousand, a twenty-dollar bill, and doubled it. With a veteran's stoicism he took his loss, and pocketing the forty dollars announced himself at Clay's service.

"It is a naughty place, and my little cousin did well to place you under escort," he admitted significantly

"It would hardly be polite to your oracle there," laughed Clay, indicating the statue, "for me to pass him without a sacrifice," and he fingered a ten-spot. But Steyn drew him away in alarm and cursed the oracle heartily

They left the house and sauntered along, with Steyn discoursing on phases of city life interesting to a stranger. They dropped in at a drinking club and over a nightcap arranged to lunch together the next day but one.

"Tomorrow I'll be settling with attorneys for the estate," said Clay. He thanked Steyn for an entertaining evening when they parted on the street, and George watched him out of sight with bulging eyes

"Courage!" he commanded himself "Downs is to be held at bay and that greenhorn landed in three days, or—or what?" The alternative, a prison, yawned before his mind's eye. "I'd have to run for it; but where and how?" He saw himself a ragged, dirty bummer. Suddenly he remembered Sally. "Run and leave my beautiful wife to this man Clay! I'll make a desperate play first," he gritted.

III

AT INTERVALS during the night Sally Steyn stirred in her sleep with an uneasy consciousness that her likable new acquaintance was in peril of some sort. In the morning, white and troubled, she reassured herself.

"Why, Clay won't receive his legacy till today! He couldn't be in danger till then."

During all her life she had found it not very difficult to ignore her troubles; even the experience with George Steyn had been followed by only a brief period of dismay And when her father's insurance money was used up, and she had gone to work to support her invalid mother, Sally, sometimes, drudging with a stormy temper, would find a queer secret peacefulness taking her unaware.

This morning at her dressing she admitted: "I'm not cut out for the rôle of adventuress and stool pigeon. I made Mr. Clay's acquaintance properly, and warned him against the dangers of the city. And though I introduced him to George immediately afterward, he can just credit me with my warning to balance that." She finished a vigorous brushing of the glossy dark tresses, hurried into her clothes and to breakfast. Still she was troubled. "George needn't ask me to urge Mr. Clay to buy his worthless stocks," she decided virtuously; "I won't do it. Oh, I won't even see the man again," she promised her conscience. "I'll wash my hands of the whole scheme."

She smiled sunnily, with restored peace of mind. But near the door of the hotel manager's office she encountered Clay of Ca'lina.

"Only to report, Miss Steyn, that I have run the gauntlet of temptation and danger, and will call for you at six, with permission," he said, backing away, and was gone.

"He is a fox," glowered Sally, "and knew better than to stay and risk a turndown. Well, he won't find me here with my permission at six."

(Continued on Page 117)

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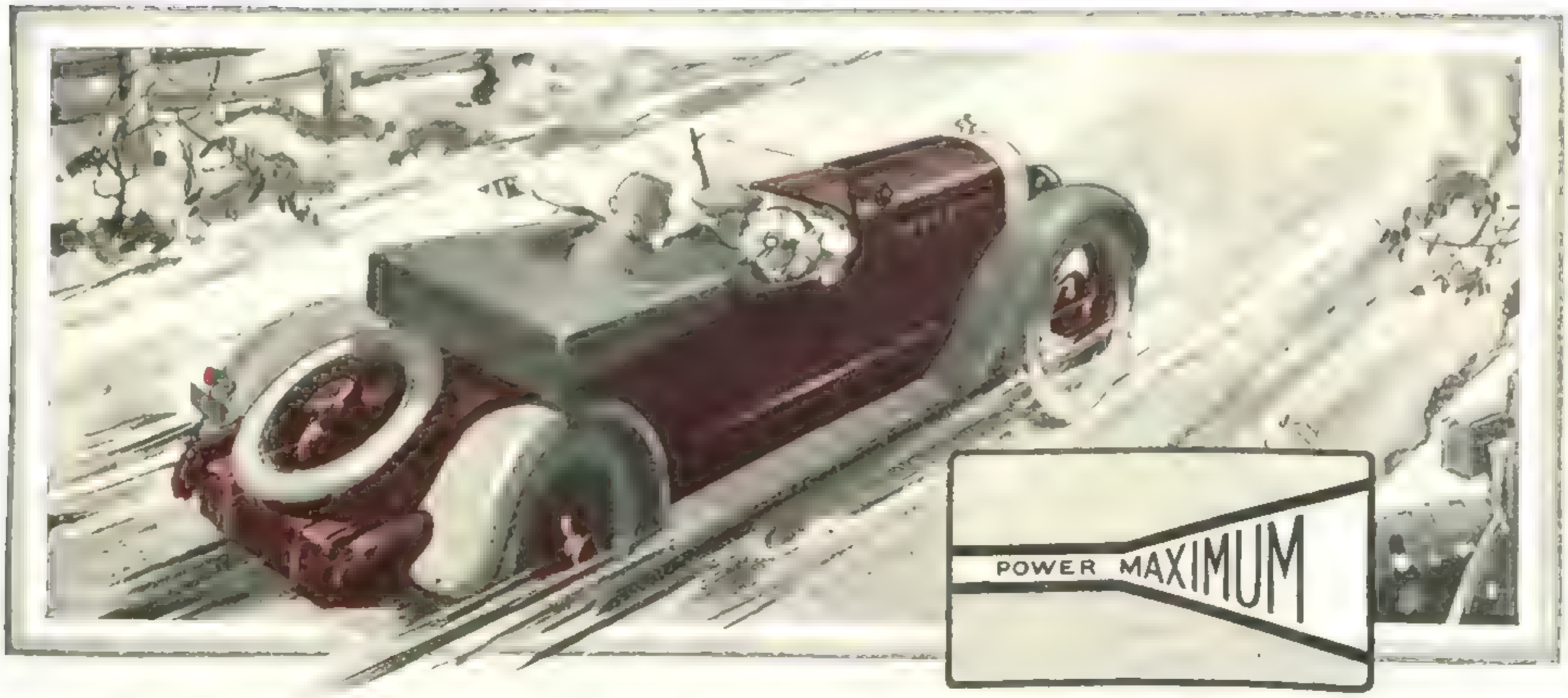

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TEXACO

GASOLINE MOTOR OILS

(Continued from Page 113)

That day took a queer turn for Sally Steyn. Her conscience appeased, she went over the correspondence as usual with the manager, an agreeable man. She worked busily all the forenoon, and then stopped dead to stare at what she had done, puzzled. She did not remember taking dictation or typing letters.

"What have I been thinking about?" she asked herself, but a careful introspection revealed nothing. She had not been thinking about anything or anybody. "A blank!" she said. "How silly of me! Of course I have nobody or nothing to think about," and she resumed typing.

In all the world filled with gayety and splendor and amusing people, Sally Steyn could not fix her attention anywhere. And nobody out there thought of Sally Steyn either. Nobody! Nobody?

Presently she rose and stood at a window, tapping the pane. Her lips were tightened, cheeks scarlet, the dark eyes frightened.

"Oh—him—he might think of me—a day"—and fled back to work as a refuge. Now, to her terror, she did think of something in the world, of somebody. Only one. She clung to one thought, fought it off. "Well, I don't care. Why should I?" She told herself at last, "I am lonesome; it's natural I'd want a friend or two."

The manager, glancing down at her shoulder, "I declare, Miss Steyn, you are a whirlwind at work! But this won't do. Long past the noon hour and no lunch." He passed on, and the telephone rang.

"George speaking; meet me on the mezzanine at once."

"I can't—busy."

"None of that! I'll come in after you!"

She hardly recognized the voice, so hoarse and vibrant with some strange emotion. Sally had never been afraid of Steyn, whose infrequent outbreaks of temper always impressed her as melodramatic. But she thrilled at the command and threat just snarled at her and dared not disobey.

On the mezzanine she found Steyn smoking his cigar with seeming nonchalance. Seated beside him was Larry Downs, his head hung forward and dull eyes rolled upward in uncanny watchfulness over his companion. It was Downs who motioned the girl to the chair at his side.

"Sally, this fellow has double-crossed me," he said. His tone, thick and level, never varied during the interview. "He's gambled away my stake—eighteen thousand. I was wised up by a friend at the Versailles."

Sally nodded, glancing from the speaker to her husband flicking his cigar ashes with a bored air.

"I—I'm sorry," she answered.

"I don't doubt you are; so am I; so is George. That don't square us. The question is, How am I going to take it?"

"Why, Larry, I don't see what can be done!" she said, at a loss. "You knew George couldn't resist betting."

"Something can be done," replied Larry in his thick tone, with eyes uprolled. "I can send him to Auburn or I can send him to—the morgue." He resumed, unheeding the girl's exclamation: "That was my stake. I've been double-crossed. I don't know how I'm going to take it. But there's something jumps me every once in a while—jumps me like a big ape—and whispers that I'm going to kill him."

Steyn, in spite of his disdainful smile, betrayed apprehension by a furtive glance at his partner's hands, clenching and unclenching on his knees as he talked. Sally was frightened as she never had been in her life.

"Now there's one chance for him to head off either the police or me," continued Downs. "He tells me you and him are working on a guy—Clay from Carolina. He says Clay will get a bunch of money today—twenty-five thousand. Is that right?" The girl listened with palsied lips. "Is that right, Sally?"

"Yes," she answered whisperingly.

"I know you won't lie. Do you believe you two can sell him eighteen thousand funny stocks? Well ——"

The girl nodded almost imperceptibly.

"Now I'm a square sport," pursued Downs. "If you can sell him eighteen thousand I'll pay you a commission of two thousand and make you a present of your husband. Unless"—he hesitated, contorting his brows in painful introspection—"unless I have to kill him. Then I'll go fifty-fifty with you." Steyn moved suddenly. "Don't go, George, or I'll drop you!"

"Larry Downs, you're crazy!"

"Sally, you can call it that," agreed the man solemnly. "Now, if we're going to put this over, one of us has to be on guard over George or this man Clay every minute. If George gets at him alone he'll double-cross us again. George has a lunch date with him tomorrow. You're going to meet him this evening, I suppose."

"I won't meet him! Count me out of this!" Sally hissed the words. Downs rose.

"Have it your own way; I don't blame you. I wouldn't give up sixteen thousand for George either. Now you walk on down toward headquarters with me, George—and maybe you'll get there and maybe you won't. But make a break and there ain't any doubt you'll go to the morgue."

"Larry, Larry, I can't stand for this! I'll meet the man!"

"Just as you say, Sally; and when you leave him come straight home. Then I'll go off watch, and relieve you again when you start to work in the morning."

"Home?"

"Sure! You're going back to George, you told me yesterday."

"I can't, Larry! Oh, I can't!"

It was Steyn's hand laid on her shoulder, crushing it.

"Why can't you?" He thrust his face into hers, grating his teeth. "You are my wife! I need you!"

"Take your hand off me or I'll let Larry shoot you!" whispered Sally wildly, and her confederate nodded approvingly as Steyn stepped back.

"We can handle him between us," assured Downs. "One on guard over him or Clay every minute. At lunch tomorrow I'll be at the next table." He considered. "If you've changed your mind about living with George, after he's double-crossed me like this, I don't blame you. You can shake him again in a couple of days." He motioned Steyn toward the stairway. "Walk!"

Sally was left alone with thoughts which made her mind a bedlam. She had seen considerable of tawdry sporting men, and even crooks in Steyn's company; heard their frame-ups discussed and was nauseated. But this talk of murder was different. It did not seem reasonable to believe in Larry Downs shooting Steyn here at her side, herself bending above the body, blood staining the carpet. Her brain was in disorder, every thought fleeing from this chilling shadow of a thought.

Clay of Ca'lina, having settled his business with the estate attorneys by the acts of signing papers and putting his legacy in his pocket, had returned to the hotel, and came up to Sally on his way to the writing room. Her head was sunk, hands gripping the arms of her chair as his voice reached the tormented woman like the hail of a seraph. She lifted her face, lips parted dumbly. In all this lonesome world, suddenly turning so dark and threatening, there was no other friendship or solicitude for her. He was a stranger, almost. Gazing up at him that moment, she hardly recognized his features and tall figure. But she did recognize kindliness and character and strength; and his hand hanging so closely, she took it in her own with the clutch of the drowning.

"I am glad you have come," she said huskily.

"Why, then I am fortunate to be here," replied Clay, amused and not a little thrilled by her impulsive act. "The fact is I have no other business now in the city." He tapped his pocket significantly. She released his hand.

"Sit down." And then: "I wish to give you one more warning. Will you go away at once, out of danger?"

"If there is danger you will tell me what it is," he said.

"I will tell him all," she thought; "that I have deceived him by introducing myself as an unmarried woman, and betrayed him into the hands of a sharper."

This confession was now a necessity, for Larry Downs had come into the game, and she did not doubt that he would back up the desperate Steyn in any crookedness or violence to retrieve his losses. But as she looked into the fine open countenance, sparkling with interest in herself, she resolved to compromise by persuading Clay rather than driving him away with the confession of guilt.

"You have your money; the city has a thousand temptations besides that offered at the Versailles."

"I can think of none which I cannot resist, if you will help."

"Oh, you, you're like so many who linger here to their destruction! You will not be warned. With all my safeguarding, you may be out of luck."

"I have been so lucky already that I may have an accident or a loss coming," admitted Clay composedly. "I will, nevertheless, absorb the shock."

Sally sighed, resolved, the confession was on her trembling lips.

"I have been calculating," said Clay, "how much my danger in the city would be reduced if you could keep me more constantly in the zone of your vigilance. For instance, instead of letting me venture alone into the writing room or wait unprotected in the lobby till six o'clock, our dinner hour, you could for once lay aside your business duties and guard me to a matinée or the parks."

"Impossible!"

"But my safety! Think of your remorse!"

"Our tone would imply that we had reached a degree of intimacy on short acquaintance," she laughed. "But to be frank, I would like to see you gone—absolutely; out and away. It is my presentiment that if you linger you will be out of luck. Wait! If you will promise to start home tomorrow, without fail, I'll make a holiday ——"

"Thank you." Clay pondered deeply. "I do not know that I ought to promise."

"Then good-by, sir."

"I see that I must promise." He rose, shrugging helplessly, gazing over her head. "And yet I feel that my fate, in a matter greater than the inheriting or loss of money—my fate, whatever it is to be, is fixed." He spoke with deep soberness, not a trace of his habitually careless manner. "It is fixed, and I had best know it tonight or tomorrow. Come, Miss Steyn, we will begin our holiday."

Sally went to the office and was told by the manager to enjoy herself. Rejoining Clay, they went to a matinée, thence to Riverside for a walk on the wind-swept heights before dinner. And Sally, with so much of her girlhood denied her, claimed these hours as a part of it, and the last. Abandoned to the spirit of youth rather than to this companionship, chivalrous and amusing though it was, Sally bloomed in brief reincarnation of the self she had been before her marriage. Of Steyn and Downs, conspirators, and Clay, the victim, she did not trouble at all; for with Clay's departure the situation was broken up. She could bring them another victim—but Clay, never. On the drive she clung to his sleeve, lovely frost-tinted face upturned adoringly to this enchanter bringing youth and carnival, crowding all the glory that was left of life into an hour.

At moments the man's tones were hushed with the knowledge that fate, so often neglecting the consummation of our hopes or their grim denial, had Sally and himself close in hand. He, too, was now conscious of detachment from life. Those two on the heights watching the wind-lashed river in the dusk—above, the wrack of a bitter sky—were isolated from all but each other.

At dinner they were the most quiet of a brilliant assemblage. For half an hour afterward they watched the dancers in a reverie not to be disturbed by dancing themselves. A moment of consciousness came to Sally—of the threat of murder in the morning, of two men awaiting her—at home. She was going back to her husband. She was astonished by her indifference.

"I'll protect Steyn for a day or two. I know Downs will listen to my other plan," she thought. "I'll snare a victim for him; then I'll settle down to ——" To what? Work, crookedness! What did it matter? "I've had this day," she reveled, "with the man I love. Truly I love him. He admires me, but men forget easily. But whatever comes, I've had the one day of days in a woman's life! I've loved him without shame and saved him from myself and ruin, without his suspecting." She gazed at Clay with rejoicing.

"Miss Sally—Sally—remember you have hastened me to speak ——"

In Clay's open hands she placed her own, pressed them, gripped them.

"Thank you for a good time," she said breathlessly; "thank you—for liking me. Come see me tomorrow at the office before you go." She rose quickly and kept him at her heels to the Subway entrance just outside. "No, not a cab; remember my stenographer's salary. I live far uptown and won't have you escort me."

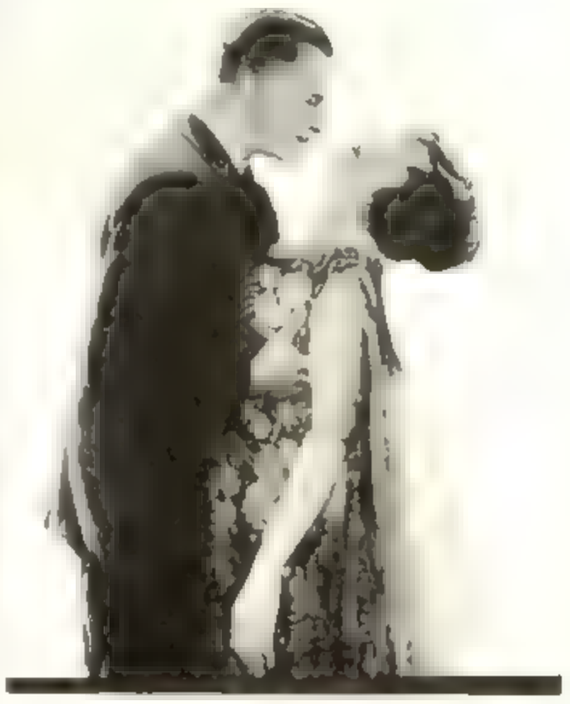
The train swept into the station. Clay deferred to her wish with consternation.

"Good night, Sally."

Watch This Column

"The Abysmal Brute" is here

A woman is a strange mixture of perplexities, especially when her heart is involved. Jack London brings it out wonderfully well in his celebrated novel "The Abysmal Brute," which Universal has produced in a startling picture.



REGINALD DENNY in "THE ABYSMAL BRUTE."

The heroine, after confessing her love for the handsome hero, is shocked to find he is a prize-fighter. She goes to the other man. But the fighter grabs her away from her home and marries her. The next night he fights again, and she warns him not to come home defeated. "Can you beat it?"

* * *

It is a great love-story. It is thrilling from the beginning to the end. "The Abysmal Brute" is anything but a brute, yet he can fight like sixty. I believe it is REGINALD DENNY'S very best effort. He is singularly well qualified for the rôle. Do you remember him in "The Leather Pushers" and "The Kentucky Derby"? He is supported by Mabel Julienne Scott, Hayden Stevenson, Buddy Messinger and others, under the direction of Hobart Henley, who made "The Flirt" and "The Flame of Life."

* * *

When you see "The Abysmal Brute," or any other Universal Picture, I wish you would write me a letter with your criticisms, comments and suggestions. I want to get close to you—I want your point of view. I confess frankly I don't know it all, and I want your help.

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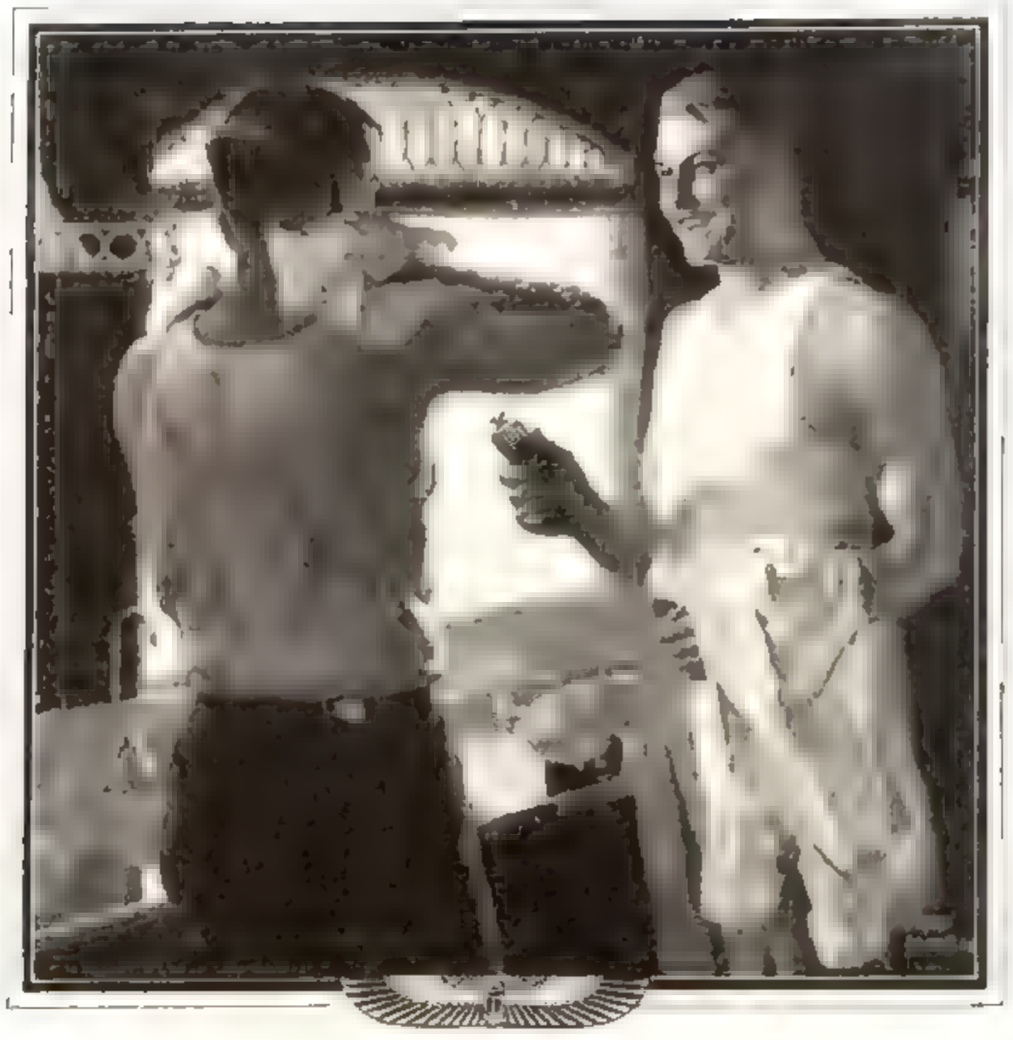

"They can't fool me"

said the man from lower 8

A Palmolive enthusiast met a doubter in a Pullman washroom. "I made a great discovery," said the enthusiast. "I sent for a free tube of Palmolive Shaving Cream, and it is amazing. It does exactly what they claim." "I'd do the same," said the other. "But I have a shaving soap that I like and they can't fool me."

That's what we have already said. Every man is using a shaving soap he likes, and he can't be fooled. In spite of that, mark this:

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"Good night—Clay of Ca'lina."

Fifteen minutes later she tapped at her husband's door. Larry Downs admitted her.

"George is in there writing letters or his will or something," said Larry, indicating the second room of the suite with the air of a funeral director. "I'll check him over to you till seven in the morning." He watched Sally absently removing cloak and gloves. "Do you want the gun?"

"Yes." She took the weapon and, opening a window, threw it out into the court. "You just get over the notion you're going to shoot somebody!" she admonished. "I'm coming in with you two in a business way. If we should slip up on this deal we'll put over another one. You'll get your money back. As for George Steyn, shooting him won't pay you anything and I don't need a pistol to make him behave."

He looked at her dourly.

"Remember, I can get another gun in New York. George had better show inside the money pretty quick. And if he bolts I'll swear out a warrant for embezzlement and the police will find him. I can get him when he comes out of Auburn."

"Larry, you're talking nonsense."

"Have it your way, kid."

As Downs' footfalls died in the hall Steyn came in from the second room. Standing before his wife, he studied her, demanding, "Did Clay get his money today?"

Sally gave him eye for eye.

"No."

"Did you talk to him of my success in the market? Pave the way to my stock proposition?"

"I did not. What is more, I won't stand for any attempt to cheat or rob him."

"As I suspected," muttered Steyn, seizing her arm; "you are in love with this man."

"What is that to you?"

"Don't be angry; I take back the accusation," he sighed, clasping his head. "Is it any wonder I am distracted, with my losses and the insults of that ruffian Downs? You are not in love with Clay; you have returned to me, your husband. Then there can be no reason for safeguarding his money except your honesty. But even that must be sacrificed to save me. My dear, I believe you can do anything with Clay. I saw devotion in his manner ——"

"Don't let us misunderstand our relations, because I have returned here to keep you out of jail—or worse," began Sally.

"You are my wife and have come back to me in my hour of need." Steyn clasped her in his arms and the woman only freed herself with a struggle of tigerish fierceness.

"Try that again and I'll rouse the hotel," she panted, disheveled and trembling. To her astonishment he stood his ground calmly.

"Why did you come at all—to torment me?"

"I said to save you from jail or death. But not at Clay's expense. I can handle Downs. I'll bring you other game ——"

He halted her with upraised hand.

"And I answer you that I will not have your help without yourself. I haven't debased myself by brawling with that ruffian or returning threat for threat. But I am not as tame as you think. I have been trying to escape the necessity of killing him. You can quiet him and save me the trouble and stigma that attaches to killing him. Wait! This Downs affair can take care of itself. But I don't purpose losing my wife just as I've got her back because of a day's infatuation with a stranger who accosted her on the street. I'll protect you against yourself. Does Clay know you are a married woman?"

Sally, more and more astonished by this attitude of the husband who had neglected her, forgotten her for three years, shook her head slowly.

"Then I will tell him. You can wail and plead, but this affair must be broken up in time. It's you who need saving, not myself. Downs can go to the devil. Two can play at that killing game."

"No, no, don't!" pleaded Sally as Steyn turned to the telephone. "I will tell him myself."

Steyn bowed and stood aside as she called the Pompeian. At Clay's answer she began in a clear, earnest voice: "You know who is speaking? Yes, this is Sally—Mrs. Steyn. In my husband's apartment at the Warwick Hotel. After I came home I began to worry because I had not corrected a certain impression of yours. You see, married women in business sometimes find it saves gossip or inquiry to be thought single. George was instructed not to refer to me as his wife around the hotel. We had been separated for three years and I have only just returned today," she faltered, listened with a frightened look. There was no answer.

And then: "I understand now why you warned me so earnestly of the dangers of the city. Thank you, Mrs. Steyn, again for the proof that I am not able to cope with them ——" Seemingly he faltered too.

"Then you will go straight from the hotel to the station tomorrow morning?"

"Yes."

Each said good-by calmly.

"He is going?" thought Steyn. "Then she lied to me." It was evident that Clay had received his money. Steyn picked up his overcoat.

"Take the inside room, Sally; lock the door if you wish. I will never intrude. I'll leave you to settle yourself, and walk out a while to clear my brain of the storms of this damnable day. If you have forty or fifty with you, or will sign a check so I won't feel humiliated every time I put my hand in my pocket ——"

Steyn seemed to sympathize with her very apparent distress as Sally listlessly turned out her purse and then signed a check which he filled in.

"You are now free of an impossible affair," he said at leaving. "Make the best of the disappointment of losing your new friend. The truth was for his sake, perhaps, as well as for yours."

Steyn walked from the hotel, but within a block called a cab to take him to the Pompeian. To his surprise he met Clay in the lobby, overcoat buttoned around him and hat pulled over his eyes. Of course, Steyn accosted the Carolinian as one having no knowledge that his friend had an affair with his wife. He laughed.

"I was looking for a friend to join me in a nightcap. You are starting for a walk in good time."

Clay's eyes challenged him under the hat brim, but with his never-failing courtliness he bowed and replied that he was bound on a visit to a friend.

"I am leaving tomorrow and wish to say good-by."

"It is a raw, windy night; we will stop at the club," said Steyn, and hooked his arm in the other's. As they walked along he talked animatedly to the silent Clay. At the club he ordered a fiery brandy; Clay nodded his head indifferently.

There was a lurking tragedy in Clay's expression, but over a second drink the jovial good humor of his companion roused him somewhat. His friend Miss Steyn's husband! Yet only an hour ago he had been raptly visioning his own future as the husband of that very Miss Steyn.

"Sir, I commune with you," said Clay over his glass with a bitter grin. "We have much in common."

Steyn was delighted, and began a discourse on the philosophy of friendship, which was continued through many rounds of brandy. It had come out that Palter was the friend whom Clay was to tell good-by; and Steyn, discovering also that Clay actually had his legacy in the form of five drafts in his pocket, was sadly put to it to keep him out of Palter's clutches. He drank as much as he could risk.

"This Clay is already past drunkenness," reflected the veteran *bon vivant* enviously, "and is now drinking only for the joy of the palate. What a head! It is of iron!"

He had been astonished to observe that the young man was so hard hit by Sally's treachery.

"Damme," declared Clay starting up, "I have a wolf gnawing in my chest! Drink doesn't help the hurt. We will gamble!"

He started again for the Versailles and no argument could turn him back.

"Unless supremely mistaken in the nature of Mr. Palter," returned Clay, "the old gentleman would be delighted to extend me the courtesy of high play."

"By a hundred devils, I am with you!" said Steyn desperately. "Wait till I cash a check at the office."

The latter cashed the check Sally had given him and, reflecting that all gambling houses pay commissions, called up Palter. In a moment it was explained to Palter that Clay, with twenty-five thousand in his pocket, was engaging in a spree under Steyn's auspices.

"He is reckless and bent on gambling," said Steyn, and waited.

(Continued on Page 120)

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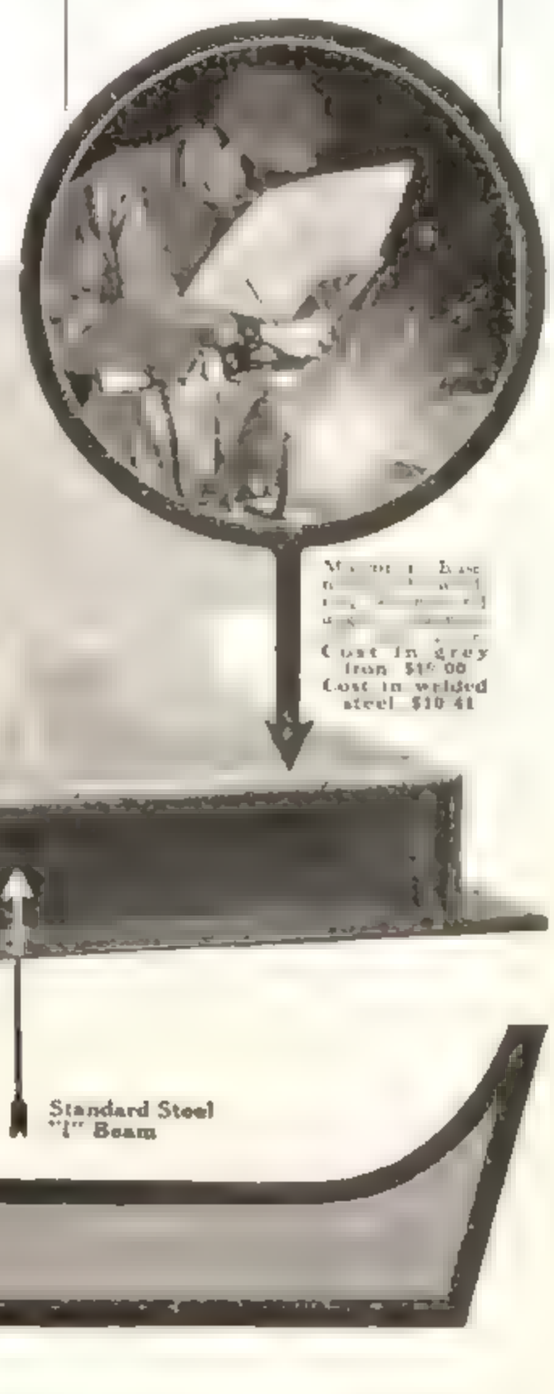

(Continued from Page 118)

Palter heard, glowering. Steyn, he reflected, would likely be desperate for money after his loss two nights before, and would hardly fail to take full advantage of his friend.

"I prefer to take Clay to the Versailles," said Steyn. "My terms are half the money won from him wherever he plays tonight."

Tongues of flame leaped in the eyes of Palter.

"Bring him in."

He dared not resent or threaten, or Clay was certain to be fleeced and maybe hurt before Palter could locate him among the hundred sporting places of the city. As usual, he made no plan for straightening out a situation in advance, but dropped the pinch of tobacco into his pipe and smoked on. Presently he received word that Clay had arrived and drunk wine to the marble dicer before going to the table, with a call for five thousand in checks on one of the drafts.

"Drank to the stone boy," reflected Palter, sighing; "I should have blanketed him." He told Emmanuel, "Mr. Clay must be very drunk, for he is a gentleman of fine manners and would have called on me, sober, before playing."

"He walk straight," said Emmanuel, much worried by the plunging of Marse Danny's friend.

Palter made one of his rare visits to the drawing-room during gaming hours, and for a moment looked on. Steyn, who had been losing a few dollars, recouped and stood aside.

"I will press the attack for you," laughed Clay.

His cheeks were wan and eyes darkly underscored, and he was laying heavily even then; but Palter saw he was not intoxicated. The latter advanced and spoke to Clay, who rose quickly to shake hands. But for the first time in his life he was self-conscious and wary of submitting himself to scrutiny. He averted his face to the game. It was evident that he was courting any disaster, any shock which would divert from a mood of despair. Palter called Steyn aside and questioned him.

"A woman, certainly," shrugged Steyn, and hastened back to manipulate discreetly his friend's betting.

Palter returned heavily upstairs and summoned Emmanuel to his office.

"Tell Charlie, the croupier, when Mr. Clay begins losing to take the limit off the colors, but to keep the limit on the numbers so that the player can't retrieve by a lucky shot; tell him to push the game till he has five five-thousand-dollar drafts which Clay has in his pocket."

Tears started from the eyes of the old retainer and his skin faded to an ashen gray.

"Marse Palter, you ain't gwine do that?" he pleaded. "That gemman is Danny's friend!"

"Dinge!" replied Palter gloomily. "The next time Marse Danny is sending us a friend we will tell him to frisk the gentleman before he starts. As it is, I am going to be out a thousand dollars to Steyn for bringing Mr. Clay in here to deposit his money with the croupier."

As Emmanuel flashed a hedge of white teeth understandingly, his employer told him to send in the Versailles houseman. When the latter reported Palter said, "You mentioned that Steyn has been gambling the partnership money put up by your friend Downs. Can you reach Downs by telephone?"

"He lives at a little hotel on Fortieth."

The houseman rang; and Downs, answering in a drowsy voice, became astonishingly wide awake when Palter took the wire.

"Your partner, Steyn, is here with a client named Clay," said Palter, "and will have some money when he leaves."

"With Clay! Thank you. I'll come down and collect."

"You have not the entrée at the Versailles," reminded Palter; "and the houseman will see that you don't keep your lookout on this block."

"But he blew our partnership money and now he's double-crossing me on the Clay deal ——"

Palter repeated the phrase "Clay deal" under his breath, and marveled at the speed of Danny's friend, who had become the center of a dangerous love affair and of a sharper's plot in thirty-six hours.

"If I can't watch at the door, Mr. Palter," cried Downs plaintively, "I might miss him. He owes me that Clay money. He'll take a cab at the door, maybe, and make a clean get-away."

"I give you a sporting chance," said Palter, disgusted that the piker should demand a sure thing. "But I'll not have the Versailles under surveillance by anybody, or a quarrel and maybe an arrest on my block. You take your post and it's an even break that he comes your way. There will be no cab waiting."

The old pasha of the city's night world waited, frowning. "All right; it will have to be as you say," sighed Downs. "Thank you for the chance."

Palter dismissed the houseman with an order to patrol the street, and resumed his seat and his meerschaum. Presently, however, he rose, and unfurling a rolled map of Manhattan which hung on the wall traced with a pin point the streets of the Versailles neighborhood with much interest. He weighed the probabilities, whether Steyn would turn west to the brightly lighted Broadway district on leaving the Versailles, or to the east, where beyond the Avenue lay the less-frequented streets ending in tenement and river front.

"He will head for Broadway and a cab stand," he decided. Next he speculated on the movements of Downs and the post he would take up, but was obliged to admit that here was one game in which neither the law of averages nor human judgment obtained. It was quite a matter of chance, and Palter, with considerable curiosity of the result, decided "I will recommend Steyn to ask the stone boy for guidance; he is always toasting him for a hunch."

Downstairs luck hung in the balance for an hour. Then came the inevitable period when the wheel broke heavily to red, and Clay, not reflecting that the law of averages works out only in extended operations, laid on the black for an immediate reversal. Palter, receiving word of this, laid aside his pipe and watched the door expectantly.

Steyn came in, his eyes glittering.

"The lamb is sheared, the croupier in possession," he whispered excitedly. "One-half of twenty-five is, I believe, twelve thousand five hundred."

Again the tongues of flame leaped in the eyes of Palter, hard and dull and black as obsidian.

"Your terms were half my winning; I have won nothing. Mr. Clay's money will be slipped back to him in the morning. Here is five hundred for bringing him in."

Steyn nearly dropped in his tracks, began to bluster. Palter silenced him with a glance and an almost imperceptible gesture, and repeated briefly his talk with Downs.

"He has threatened to shoot me!" shrilled Steyn.

"You have an even break to get away," returned his companion imperturbably. At Steyn's furious curse, Palter rose massively. His transparent pallor, coldly glimmering eyes, his very immobility inspired dread.

"Don't you understand you're getting off light for a man who wanted me to break a friend and divide his money?"

And Steyn understood. He drew himself up rigidly with what pride he could muster and answered, pocketing the five hundred on the table: "Ach, I should have known better than to bring Clay here! As for Downs, since you have set him on me, he is in more danger than I am. I have only hoped to avoid the necessity of a killing ——"

He showed a revolver, to be used, he explained, strictly in self-defense. Palter, who had not supposed the quarrel between such partners would come to this stage, became more interested and showed Steyn his map.

"I have not been able to figure where Downs will lie in wait," he admitted; "it is up to chance. You gamblers believe in luck; ask the stone boy!"

This time Steyn's curse was unrestrained.

"It is superstition of that demon dicer in marble which brought me loss," he said. "No; I will not consult it; I defy it!" He studied the map intently. "I will turn east. Tomorrow I will be far from New York."

"I will give five hundred more for the name of the woman Clay fell for," said Palter.

"She is my wife. I can't venture near home or even telephone if I am to avoid Downs. But I can get her on long distance at the office of the Pompeian. She can follow me in a few days."

"She will follow you tomorrow," said Palter grimly.

Steyn thought a moment and scribbled a Havana address.

"Tell her to go by way of New Orleans and throw off the police. Downs will have them watch her."

Pocketing the second five hundred, Steyn went out with military briskness, and Palter descended to take charge of Clay, who was reported pretty well worn out with his evening of dissipation. But Clay, for a moment unobserved, had quietly walked out; and his friend of the Versailles had an anxious half hour while awaiting word that he had arrived safely at his hotel and gone to his room.

IV

SALLY, indifferent to Steyn's absence, at last lay down on a couch, with the lights burning, and slept fitfully, with startling little visualizations of Clay of Ca'lina as he had appeared on Riverside and at the café during the hour before their parting. She ceased to upbraid herself for her deception.

"Surely I had one more good day coming to me," she said. "He would not grudge it to me if he understood." She had wished to see him again, just once, to say good-by. "But, oh, maybe I couldn't have confessed to him face to face that I am a married woman!" she thought. "He might even have kissed me—kissed me! At least I have not that to be ashamed of. And after planning to get his money and making sure I could do it, I am sending him home with all his twenty-five thousand, a wiser boy for his experience."

In the morning light she glanced down at her rumpled dress, and was going uptown to her own room to change when the telephone rang insistently. Palter was on the wire; she was to take a cab at once for the Versailles.

"Is George Steyn there again?" she asked indignantly. "What has he been up to now?"

Palter, keeping vigil in daylight hours, was in no humor to persuade.

"You're due to take orders either from me or the police in this Clay business," he answered succinctly.

"I'll come!" she cried.

On the way Sally conjectured wildly on the combination of circumstances which had brought her a threat of the police. It was evident that Steyn had got at Clay again during the night; and Palter, as the latter's friend, was either out to protect him or, if that was too late, to avenge him.

The industrial city was hurrying noisily by as she rang at the bronze doors of the Versailles and was answered by sleepy Emmanuel. The hush and dusk of the heathen temple oppressed her as she was ushered upstairs to the door of the office. She entered and stood silently. At his heavy black table, facing her across the spacious room, was a massive figure. Its immobility frightened her. She gazed on the silvery hair and skin gleaming under the huge candelabrum with the panic which comes of intrusion into some horrid shrine. This was, in fact, the inner shrine of that hidden city of predatory people to which she had allied herself in the treaty with Steyn and Downs.

She stood mute and trembling and fascinated; she heard the muffled bell in the hall below, a murmur of voices, a rapid footfall. Clay of Ca'lina came in, hours before he was expected at the Versailles. The young man's dress and manner were as usual; his face bore not a mark of dissipation.

The woman asked in a little voice, "Why are you here?"

"To say good-by to old Mr. Palter." His tone also was guarded, though it need not have been, for Palter slept as he did everything, with inflexible purpose. Clay drew up chairs for them in the corner.

"Then you are going today—as you promised? I was afraid for you!"

They gazed at each other, and suddenly the woman poured out her whole story. Clay listened compassionately.

Sally ended, and began again: "So you see I was in a plot against you; but you were too kind to me. We became friends; I couldn't go through with it."

"It was not me; it was your conscience."

Her eager dark eyes clouded, but she did not dare dispute this further.

"But why was I called here—commanded, threatened?" she asked, bewildered. She turned to Palter. The silver eyelids had quivered, raised; the coldly glimmering black orbs were fixed upon her face. But Palter, observing what had happened while he slept on duty, did not address her.

"Mr. Clay, I had left word at the hotel for you to meet me here at noon," he said, rising, "and get the drafts you deposited with me. I'm glad to see you none the worse for a playful night."

He smiled indulgently at Danny's friend, and taking the drafts from his capacious wallet, after a handshake, tendered them. But for the first time during their acquaintance a stiffness appeared in the Ca'linian's manner.

"My friend," he protested in a voice which contained a warning, "the money was lost at a fair and gentlemanly sport. If I risked twenty-five thousand, you risked a hundred thousand against me. Where, then, in these circumstances, could an honorable excuse be found for the return of the drafts?"

"You are my guest, Danny's friend, Mr. Clay. Can I honorably charge you for an evening's pastiming in my house?"

"I admire your plausibility for a generosity which does you great credit," returned Clay, a smile breaking through his unaccustomed gravity; "but if such a theory as you advance were permitted to gain credence there could never be gaming between friends. Only enemies could take each other's money, and play, the noblest pastime, be deprived of its social pleasure."

Palter was thunderstruck. He saw there was no possibility of Clay's violating his code, and the black, brooding eyes emitted a flash of admiration.

"You have lost your fortune!" cried Sally.

"It was a Gettysburg," admitted Clay affably.

"Why did you gamble?"

"Your husband brought him here," said Palter, a terrible undertone to the evenly spoken words.

"Mrs. Steyn was not to blame," assured Clay quickly.

Sally, the guilty, did not heed him, but covered her face and sobbed inconsolably over this irreparable disaster. Palter shuffled the drafts on his desk as if purposeless; for Palter to lack purpose was itself a tragedy. Yet the old pasha had already resolved to play for the highest stakes in the hidden city. It was, after all, an inevitable thing that the folly of the fool should involve the destiny of the wise.

"Come," he said harshly, yet not upbraidingly, "you have much to learn, sir," and led the way into the corridor.

As Sally did not move, Clay returned, taking her cold little fist into his palm. So the two followed Palter along the corridor down the stairs, a short journey, hand in hand, but never to be forgotten.

Through the curtained arch of the drawing-room could be seen the strangest of tableaux. Palter bowing his white head humbly to the dicer. It did not seem to Clement that wine—an effeminate, frivolous drink—was much of a libation to offer a powerful demon. A case of mellow, fiery brandy was better vowed.

Then, in the vast quiet of the temple, Palter approached the wheel, signaling the wondering Emmanuel to the croupier's station.

"Roll it as I tell you," commanded Palter, hypnotizing him. The ball started on its journey. "Red!" commanded Palter, his eyes fixed menacingly on the statue. "Black! Red! Black! Black!"

Clay, suave no longer, trembled violently. Each time the color came as Palter had called it to the wondering croupier.

"You were framed by Steyn and me, Mr. Clay; the game is fixed. Red!" he commanded, and stood frozen.

The Ca'linian sighed deeply as he watched, and when, with a last long leap, the roulette ball obeyed as on the five previous journeys he staggered. The wheel was crooked and he could honorably receive back his fortune.

But what an exposure of Dan Sterling's friend—the reverend sportsman whom he had liked and trusted! As Clay took the drafts he looked sympathetically at Palter.

"If such a man had been bawn in Ca'lina," he lamented secretly, "instead of New York, what a gentleman he would have been!"

Palter did not offer his hand again, or look at Clay.

"You know this dame, Steyn's wife, now," was all he said; "the rest is up to you." And without farewell he remounted the stairs heavily, as under a great burden.

But these sensational disclosures had only given Clay reprieve from his unfortunate passion, which now broke on him with

(Continued on Page 124)

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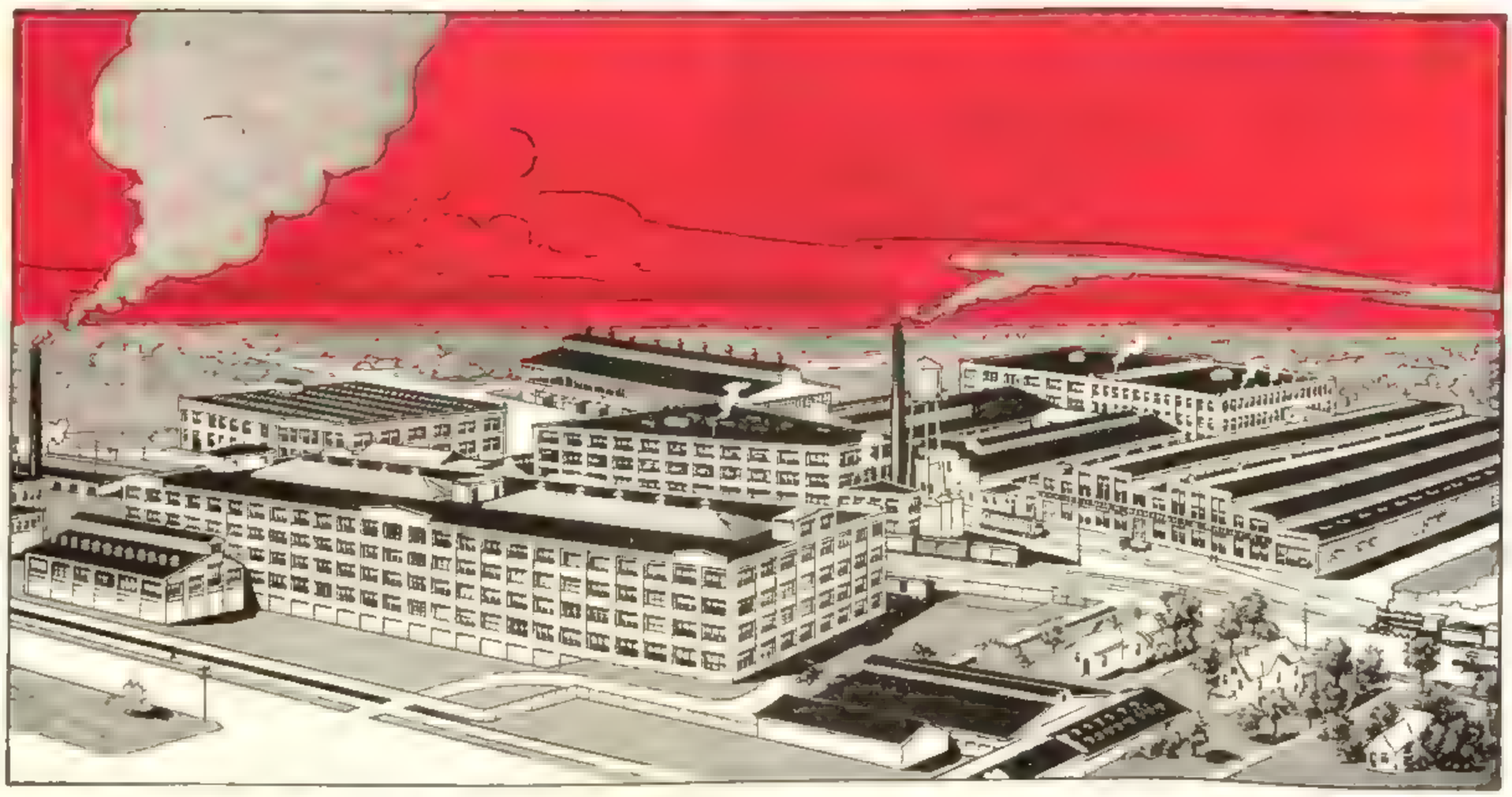

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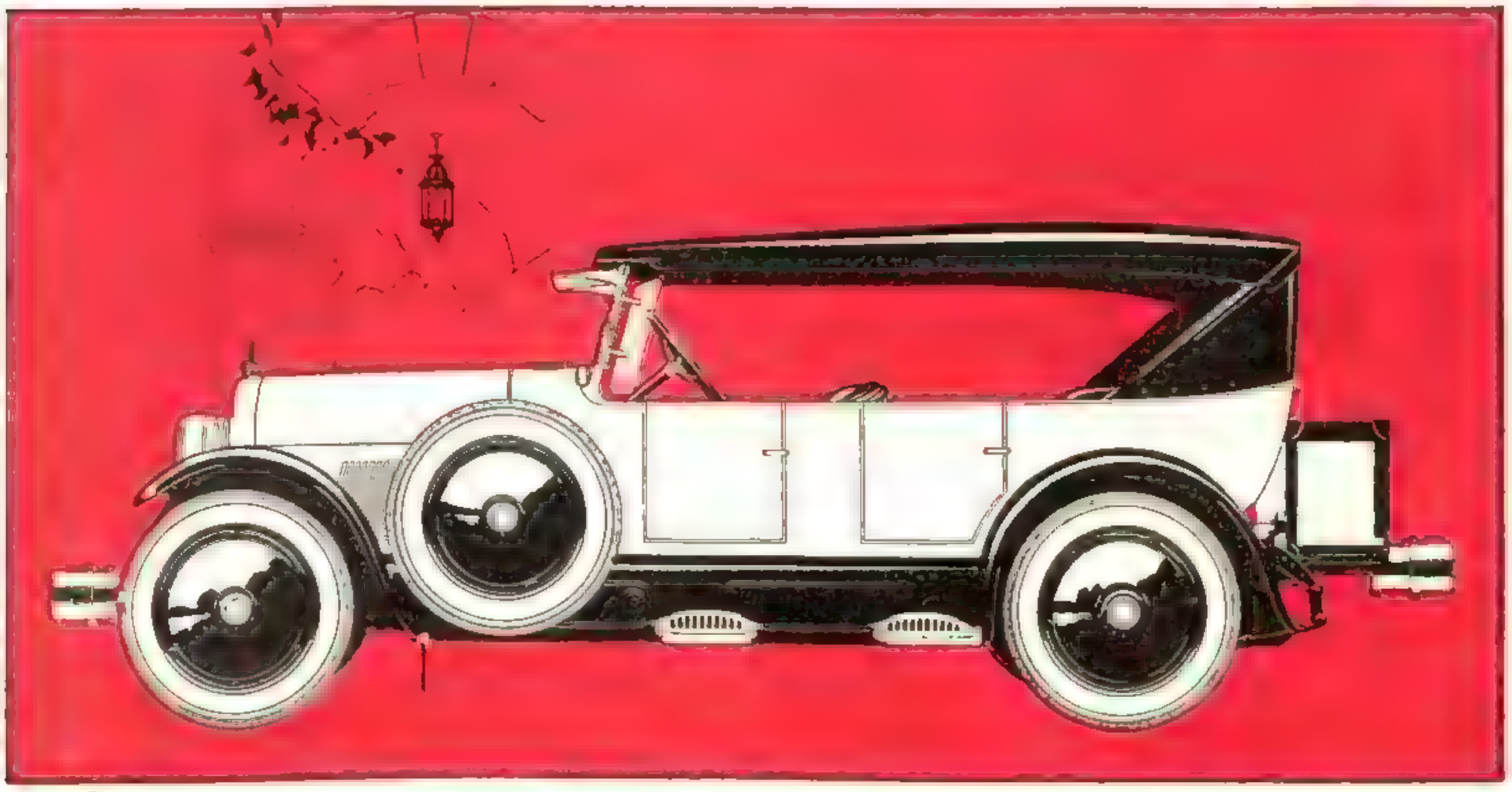
NEWS



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(Continued from Page 120)

redoubled violence. Palter and his surroundings were blotted out; only this woman and himself remained in a world swept bare.

"Sally, how can I go? What will become of me—and you?" He touched her hand, her cheek; the woman did not shrink or respond. Taking his wrists, she held them firmly; not looking at Clay, or indeed thinking of him, she let him talk on.

Then she said: "You must go. You must get out of this town for both our sakes. Yes, I will tell you good-by at the train. I will not leave the house with you."

Since he would not be urged, she led him to the door and dismissed him as he clung to her, tearing away her hands.

Upstairs the old pasha sat quietly, his hair and skin deadened to the white of winter, and he looked down into life as into a grave. Winter did, indeed, reign in his spirit and stilled his blood, for his good name was clouded. Mr. Clay knew him as the owner of a crooked game. A cold blush mantled his forehead as he sat there imperturbably.

He saw the Steyn woman come in, and his hand upon the table before him closed slowly with a crackling of bones. The flames came back into his eyes. Yet the woman who had brought Clay to grief and himself to immeasurable disgrace met the dangerous hatred of his look. Her white face was singularly bright and bold.

"Why did you call me here?" she asked. "Tell me what you want me to do. I'll obey you."

Palter repeated Steyn's instructions to her coldly.

"Follow Steyn? Purgatory!" She laughed mirthlessly. "Well, I have a penance coming. That was a black hour when I delivered Clay of Ca'lina over to Steyn."

"Steyn brought him here," said Palter, "but Steyn did not persuade him to play. And he was not far in drink, and he did not play to win. He played to forget! Do you pretend to ask me why?"

The woman's breast swelled visibly.

"Did he—did he love me so much ——"

"You know!" The voice of the terrible old judge was a sheet of flame. "You want to come confessing a little guilt. You can't get by with that. He was a man who fell easy for a lie—you were a lie of lies to his best hope, and he fell for you. He'll never believe or trust again. You talk of purgatory; what of Clay, an honorable man who has been taught there is no honor? You've made a bum out of him. Side-step your conscience if you can."

The woman moved her lips, but could not plead to this arraignment. Slowly her head drooped as if it would never rise again.

Then she said, not accusingly but sadly, "He fell for you too."

"Was I going to crook Danny Sterling's friend?" interrupted Palter hoarsely. "You saw the colors come as I called 'em!"

"I saw them," nodded Sally; "and I saw you praying to that statue of Chance, as all you gamblers do, and your fear when the ball broke on the last round, and your joy when it stopped on red. You could hardly believe it! That wheel fixed? I know better!

"Palter, I know what you have done," she said. "Mr. Clay can't ever know and thank you, but I can. I caused him to gamble, and I love him dearly, and I am the one to thank you. It was not the returning of the money—I would have done as much—but the sacrifice of your honor, your good name! I'm what you believe—an adventuress. But I know the preciousness of honor, and I envy you that you can do what I cannot—sacrifice it to an injured friend. So I've cheated you as well as Mr. Clay; you have the right to sentence me. I'll start to Havana and George Steyn as soon as I can pack."

But she did not move, obeying this singular man whose twitch of a finger was significant. She watched the obsidian eyes narrow; it seemed an interminable time. His manner was crafty as he asked at last, "So you would not sacrifice honor to keep Clay?"

"No. I love him dearly, but I could not do that."

Palter rose slowly, the movement of a python. Before a wall map of Manhattan he stood tracing with a pin the streets in the neighborhood.

"Leaving the Versailles," he said; "east, south, east ——" He drove the pin into the wall. "Here Steyn was killed!" He continued to gaze, still impressed as when the news was phoned him that Steyn, for once refusing to invoke luck, should wander so far and deviously to fall into ambush. "Steyn shot first," he said, "but Downs shot straighter. It was three o'clock this morning."

Sally grasped the finger he extended in her little fists and, sensing a message behind that inscrutable visage, whimpered softly. As for Palter, no such look had ever come haunting his face before, blended of anxiety and profound fear that a dame should have hold of his finger.

"Clay's still at the hotel," he said significantly.

"Oh, I just can't tell him I'm—I'm free! It's all so horrid. No, no, I can't! He must despise me anyway."

"What if he does? Tell him you were honest when you made him think you were strong for him," admonished Palter sternly. "Don't let him go believing the whole world's crooked." Again the cold blush mantled his forehead. "You can explain, but I can't."

"You mustn't be ashamed," pleaded Sally. "I'll tell Mr. Clay I loved him dearly all the time; honest, I'll tell him so he won't go away bitter about that." Strangely enough, Sally, with freedom and perhaps love awaiting her outside, lingered at parting, clinging to the finger of this dangerous, implacable man.

In the pagan temple late that night Palter sat surveying several pages covered with his small firm script. It was a letter to Dan Sterling and contained particulars of Mr. Clay's visit. The concluding paragraphs interested Palter anew:

So when Mr. Clay had to be shown that the wheel was fixed, Danny, I called on the stone boy for a play. Then I named the colors one way and another and they came six times as wanted. I am not superstitious, Danny, but the stone boy jinxed the law of averages, though the marble pulled up lame on the last round. You will spill to him as his old disciple the case of brandy I am sending you by motor car to Richmond.

After seeing that the colors came as I called them, Mr. Clay was able to take back his money without any dishonor to his sportsmanship.

The little black-haired girl you will see with Mr. Clay is his wife now. She telephoned me on the quiet, for, of course, her husband does not respect me. I believe that you used to know her. Forget it, because it wouldn't do her any good to be known as one of your set those days. She is very respectable and game. Mrs. Sterling, who is hereby respectfully remembered, would do well to make a friend of such a lady, as they are very scarce. I am glad Mr. Clay did not get maced in New York. You'd best not talk to him about me. A word might make him suspect I double-crossed him in slipping his money back to him.

I am very glad to hear from you and entertain your friends. I would like to see you. I keep the sporting results where you could look across at them from your old chair, which is empty. Emmanuel would like to see you too; he is getting to be an old smoke now and is tired of sports. You might give him a job where he would be happy with you.

Your friend,
CLEMENT PALTER.

Palter sat quietly smoking and reflecting upon the young couple he had sent away on their life journey that day. One of them knew him as a dishonest sportsman. He felt the cold blush rise painfully. Emmanuel was watching him silently from the dusky background.

"What is it, Smoke?"

"I been makin' up to tell you all the day and night, and now I kain't talk," explained the old servitor.

He stood before Palter, searching his countenance with unutterable concern. All he could say was that he rejoiced to have lived long enough to see Palter make his greatest winning in the play with Mr. Clay.

"It is playful weather," explained Palter, frowning.

Gradually the blush receded, leaving a peaceful expression on the usually immobile face. He added a postscript to his letter—

Emmanuel wishes on going to Richmond. He will stay with me.

A few minutes later the Versailles was dark and Palter on his way home. He walked through the stark and frozen park. The gray dawn came on bleakly, the wind bit sharply and snowflakes lodged on the fur of his overcoat. But Palter was pleasurably warm, and glanced up cheerfully into the barren tree tops. He did not reflect it was winter, but, as he had explained to Emmanuel, playful weather.

NORTH OF 36

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ran on the Double Mountain Fork of the Brazos, Blancocito's dam must have been a buckskin, for he himself was a dark claybank, with the coveted black stripe along his back. But Blanco—said by some range men to be not many removes from Arabian, though of unknown origin—had given his son a white face, four white stockings and a singular harnesslike stripe of clean white, four inches wide, across both hips, running down almost to the white stockings of the hind legs. He could be told a mile away. It would have been of no use to steal him, and his shoulder brand was but perfunctory. Jim Nabours and most of the hands scoffed at any pinto, and selected solid colors—any color so only it was not black; but Blancocito put all their horsely wisdom to shame. He never tired and never quit. No trail was too long for him. Gentled when a three, he never wholly had surrendered even to Taisie or the best of Taisie's top riders his inalienable Texas right to life, liberty and the pursuit of pitching, though these tendencies he usually held in abeyance in the case of his mistress. When he liked he could be "mean to set," according to some others.

Just now Blancocito bit at the arm of his rider as she flung the reins over his neck and, facing back, got foot in the stirrup and right hand on the horn of the cow saddle, true vaquero fashion. As she swung up to the seat his forefeet left the ground.

"Quit it!" said Taisie to him, and slapped his neck.

Then Blancocito bit at the tapaderas—gently, for he meant no harm; pitched just a little, with no malice in his heart; and so settled down to the springiest jog trot of any and all the horses in the T. L. brand—a gait which he could keep all day, and did keep now for two or three hundred yards, till his rider swung out of saddle at her own door and threw down the reins again.

Distrait as she was, Taisie Lockhart had not failed to note from the corner of an eye the young man who had entered the gate. He had hesitated an instant before choosing the cook house as his objective. She let him take the cook house, though with a swift doubt that he would stay there.

A tall man he was, perhaps twenty-five, perhaps thirty; slender, brown, with dark hair a trifle long, as so many men of that land then wore their hair. His face, contrary to the custom of the country, was smooth shaven, save for a narrow dark mustache. His eyes, could Taisie have seen them, were blue-gray, singularly keen and straight, his mouth keen and straight, unsmiling. He left the impression of a nature hard, cold; or at least much self-contained.

These last details the mistress of Del Sol could not at the time note, but she was schooled to catch the brand of his horse, the fashion of his equipment. His saddle was deeply embossed, not lacking silver, and the light and thin ear bridle, above the heavy hand-wrought bit, was decorated along the cheek straps with tapering rows of silver conchas polished to mirror brightness. The long reins he held high and light, and rode as though he did not know that he was riding, his close-booted feet light in the tapaderas. His horse, a silver-tail sorrel, was a trifle jaded. If so, at early morning, the coat rolled at the cantle most likely must have been his blanket the night preceding; for it was far from Laguna del Sol to the next open door of the range.

None of these matters escaped Taisie Lockhart, used to reading and remembering men, cows and horses at a glance. Her range education had taught her much, but it was rather instinct told her that this man was neither fop nor plain cow hand. He had an air about him, a way with him, an eye in his head thereto; for Taisie knew that, even as she had made inventory of him, he had done as much or more with her, though he did not salute as he jogged off to the door near which the ranch hands now were standing. In sooth, Taisie had forgotten for the time that, garbed as she was, she looked like some long-limbed foppish boy who wore his hair long down his shoulders.

"Light, stranger!" Nabours gave the arrival the usual greeting of the land. A dozen pairs of eyes gave him appraisal of the range. But the etiquette of the range was custom with this visitor. Though he was forced to wheel his horse quite about to do so, he dismounted on the same side of his horse as that which his hosts held, and not upon the opposite, or hostile, side. Moreover, he unbuckled his revolver belt and hung it over the horn of his saddle before entering the door. So! He had good manners. He was welcome.

"How, friends?" he said briefly in return to the greeting. "McMasters is my name. I'm from Gonzales."

Nabours nodded.

"I know you," said he. "You're the new sher'f down there."

He was asked no questions. Some of the men already were saddling. The young horse wrangler was shaking up the remuda in the round pen, men were roping their mounts. Jim Nabours, foreman, and responsible for hospitality, no more than moved a hand of invitation. The newcomer seated himself at the long table, just abandoned. The negro cook appeared, bearing renewals. The guest ate in silence. Had Taisie seen him she would have noted some indefinable difference in his table manners from those of the cattle hands who but now had left this same rude board: but he ate with no shrug of criticism.

Nabours awaited his pleasure. Silence was the custom. There were some silent moments before the stranger pushed back and turned.

"I had to lie out last night at the river," said he. "Fresh peccary isn't bad if you like it. I rather prefer your bacon here."

Nabours grinned.

"You'd orto have rid on in."

"The trail has changed since I was here. Of course, I used to know Del Sol. My father, Calvin McMasters—you've heard of him? –was a friend of Col. Burleson Lockhart forty years back. They died together, and in the same way—you know how. But I was away three years with my regiment, and lately I've never got around to ride up the hundred miles from the south."

"You're riding back from north now?"

"Yes."

"Far?"

"From Arkansas."

"So?"

"Yes. I came down the Washita and crossed the Red at the Station, in from the Nations."

"How's that country up in there for cows?" asked Jim Nabours, with the cowman's invariable interest in new lands. "I never been acrost the Red. Palo Pinto's about the limit I make for hunting our cows on the north."

"Good range all the way through the Nations; good all the way from here across the Red and clean up to what they call the Kansas line—that's above the Cherokee Outlet. I was in east, along the Arkansas line."

"Water?"

"Plenty."

Nabours remained silent for a time.

"Tell me, friend," said he at length. "How about Colonel Lockhart's old notion? He worked some cows north, like, on the Jess Chisholm Trail, up along the Washita, north of the Red somewheres. Arkansaw was where he went, and the last time he went he didn't never come back."

The faces of both men were grave. The murder of Burleson Lockhart and Calvin McMasters by the ruffians of the Arkansas border was an open wound for all Central Texas.

"The Chisholm Trail isn't any trail," said the stranger. "I came down that way myself, west of Wichita, but Jesse never did herd anything much over it. He did drive two-three little bunches from the Red River to Little Rock, Arkansas, not over a thousand head in all; but like as not he got the idea from my father and Colonel Lockhart. They both always said that Texas would have to find a market north.

"You see, they all had the good old Texas idea about starting a beef cannery to market our surplus cows. Some folks called Fowlers started to pack at Little Rock. Their meat all spoiled and it broke the whole outfit. Jess Chisholm didn't drive to Little Rock again. And you know my father and Burleson Lockhart paid their lives for their experiment. They wanted to do something for Texas."

"Several men has tried driving cows into Arkansaw, even Illinois, even Missoury and Ioway," commented the foreman of Del Sol. "Bad stories comes down—herds stole by bushwhackers and desperadoes, drovers robbed, stripped, tied up and

(Continued on Page 128)

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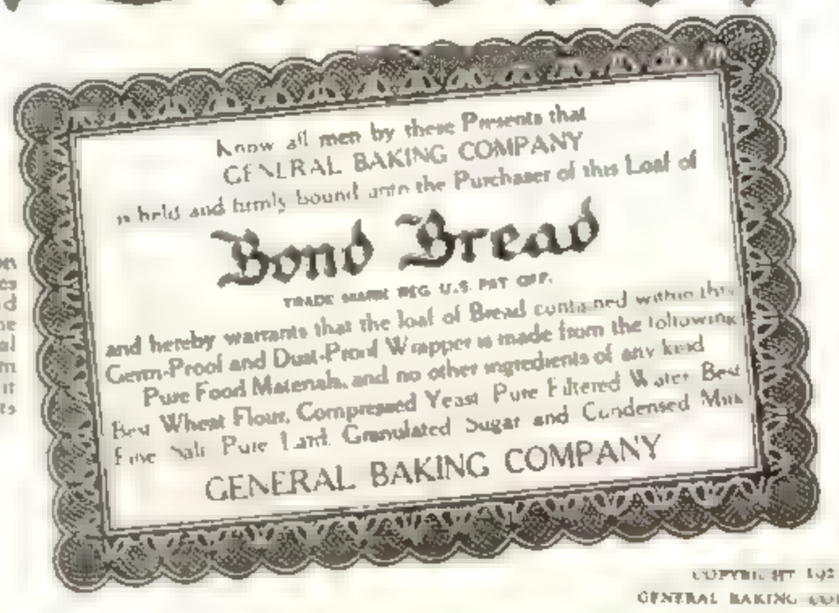
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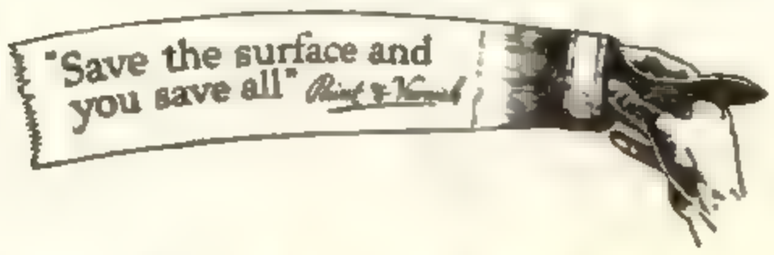

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PITTSBURGH PLATE GLASS CO.

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Paint and Varnish Factories

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(Continued from Page 125)

whipped, drove out of the country, sent home broke or else left dead like them two good men. It's bad along the Arkansaw and Missoury border. Plenty others has been killed up there. Bad business. Us Texans ought to even up a lot of things."

"Yes!" A sudden strange flash came into the gray eye of the young stranger. "I ought to know!"

Nabours' own keen eye narrowed.

"It's not safe to drive that way? Don't you think that's all foolishness?"

"It has been, so far."

"But then, men has done told me that Chisholm had a right good road, grass and water, clean north."

"No, he didn't do much. He only had an idea that's old in Texas—a beef market."

"If Texas had a market for her beef! Eh? We'd all be rich."

Nabours tried to remain calm. The thought was by no means new to him or to many other Texans, broad-minded and farseeing men like those two early martyrs of the trail.

"Well, Jesse only followed the road that crossed the Canadian at Roberts' Ferry—the old Whisky Trail. He headed west instead of north, after a while. He went up the Brazos and west across to the Concho with a bunch of cows. He knew there was a military market at Fort Sumner, on the Pecos, over in New Mexico. So he made the big two-day dry drive west of the Concho. He hit the Pecos at the Horsehead Crossing and worked up to Sumner. Loving and Goodnight had a trail north of Sumner—clean up into Colorado. Army posts and reservations all have got to have beef, and a lot of it. Yes, that's going to make a market some day. If we herd the Indians they've all got to eat."

"*Seguro!* Shore they have! They feed the damned Comanches, and the Comanches shoot up and murder every outfit that tracks west to the Pecos—every drive out there means half a dozen Indian fights. No money in that.

"No, nor no money in anything that has anything to do with cows," Nabours continued. "Look at the ree-cord. Rockport, Indianola, Galveston, Mobile, New Orleans, Little Rock, Illinois, Ioway—all them foreign countries, full of damn Yankees and thieves. What ghostly chance has a Texas stockman got? I'd as soon eat peccary as beef—it ain't so common, and it costs more. There's cows thicker'n lizards all the way from Matagorda to Doan's Store on the Red, and west far's the Staked Plains. We're busted, friend. The South is licked. We've got a carpetbag government and no hope of any change. If all Texas was worth one solitary whoop in hell do you reckon you could buy a mile square of vine-mesquite grass land for fourteen dollars? Not that I would, or could—I haven't got the fourteen dollars. No, nor it don't look like any stockman in this whole state ever will have fourteen dollars, the whole caboodle, from Santone to the Sabine. This is the poorest place in the whole damned world, Texas is, and I'm here for to prove it."

Jim Nabours' long-pent dissatisfaction had led him into the longest speech of his entire life. He knew he had an understanding hearer in this grave young man from Gonzales, who nodded, noncommittal as heretofore. Nabours went on.

"And yet," said he vehemently, "why, now, Miss Taisie, that owns this ranch brand, now, she wants to try it again, north! Would you believe that? Wasn't her father murdered by them damned people that beat up pore Jimmy Dougherty on the Missoury border two years ago? Huh! He was crazy to drive north. What did it bring him? His death, and the ruin of Del Sol!

"That girl's been wanting, all this month, to make up a herd and drive north! Can you figure that out? Her a child, you might say, wanting to do what her father couldn't do, and take chances that cost him his life! Crazy, that's all. But who ever changed a Lockhart?

"And now, right here, this very morning"—Nabours beat on the table with his fist—"she comes in and declares herself. Says she's broke and can't pay her hands. Turns us all loose—every man! Her a girl only twenty-two, a orphant at that, and not a soul to take care of her! Great God! Well, that's what cows comes to in Texas."

The young man nodded, still silent, his face grave.

"Of course," resumed Nabours, "we wouldn't go. Shore, we ain't had no wages for a spell; but who has? And what has wages got to do with it, us working for a orphant, and that particular orphant being the Del Sol boss? Quit? Why I've worked on the brand forty years, man and boy! I couldn't quit nohow, if I tried. She ought to know that. Makes me mad."

"Perhaps she thought of how her father always paid. She has his sense of honor."

"Well, we didn't go. I just told the boys to go on out and brand long ears, like we been doing since the war. There ain't no money in it. I did hope we'd have a hard winter, to kill off some of the range stock. What do we get? Two soft winters when the flies didn't die! Not a half of one per cent loss, and the whole ungodly world getting so damned full of calves that a man couldn't make a living skinning dead stock on the water fronts, not if he had twelve pairs of hands! Dead? There ain't no dead—they're all alive! What's worse, they keep getting aliver. This whole state, come couple more mild winters, 'll turn into tails and horns. And if I needed a new saddle or a pair of boots I'd have to steal them. Yet that girl, she's made life miserable for me to drive three thousand head north and get some money to pay us hands. You and me know that's foolish."

"Is it, though?"

Nabours looked at him suddenly.

"How else?"

"Well, I've just come down from that country. Today there's something new up north."

"New?"

"Yes, plumb new. I don't mean Baxter Springs or Little Rock."

"You don't mean a real market north!"

"That is what I do mean! There'll be money in driving north after this spring."

Nabours looked at him for a time in silence.

"You'll have to show me how, Mr. McMasters. I ain't never been north of the Red, nor west of the Concho, though south of the Rio Grande, plenty. What I've learned is, a cow ain't worth a damn, and any cow man's a idjit, and he can't help keeping on being one."

"Very well, listen! The Kansas Pacific Railroad is building west across Kansas this spring as fast as they can lay rails. At the last town—that's Abilene—some men put their heads together on precisely this question that's got us all guessing. A cow is worth four dollars—three—nothing down here. At the railroad he's worth ten, maybe more. East, he's worth twenty, maybe more. They need beef, and we've got beef, or the making of it. It needs no watchmaking to figure that this deadlock has got to break.

"Now, they've taken a chance at Abilene; they've put up shipping pens—so they told me at Wichita. They said you could follow up the Washita and cross the Canadian and go north; then hit in west of Wichita and swing north across the Arkansas to Abilene. And there's the market, man!

"That's the biggest news that ever came to Texas. It's bigger than San Jacinto. You know what that means, if you could get a herd through? Well, I'd say your boss had a good head on her shoulders."

Nabours sat silent, stupefied.

"I came in here through Caldwell," the visitor went on now, explanatory. "I've ridden over a perfectly practical trail for nearly a thousand miles so far as grass and water are concerned. I thought I'd bring this news in to Del Sol. I've known the Burleson Lockhart family all my life, of course, and of the hard place Colonel Lockhart's daughter has been forced into by his death. I wanted to ride in and see her, the first time since we were children."

The young man colored just a trace as he went on. "I wanted to bring her, as owner of a Texas brand, the news of the new market," said he. "Is she at home?"

"Didn't you see her when you came in?"

McMasters hesitated.

"I saw a young man. I didn't just know —"

The foreman smiled.

"I couldn't blame you. Well, I'm the only mother that girl has got left. I'm one hell of a mother! But still, I don't see why you didn't ride on up to the front door."

The young man's face flushed rather hotly, but he was guilty of no nervousness, did not even smile.

"No man could come on better business," said he. "It was not her fault. She did not know me, nor I her."

"You must go on up to the house," said Nabours. "First tell me, what took you north?"

McMasters looked at him in his cold way.

"Well," said he finally, "I'm a peace officer. I've been sheriff of Gonzales for six months. Perhaps you haven't heard the latest news about the Rangers. In spite of our carpetbagging friends, they're organized again, stronger than before the war, and with more to do. They gave me the honor of electing me a captain. I've been up north on a certain business."

Nabours nodded now silently.

"There's not a man here or in Central Texas that ain't sworn to kill the murderer of them two men, if ever he is found. You know that, Mr. McMasters."

"Yes! Nor is your oath more strong than mine."

McMasters turned to the silent negro, who had brought in a pan of water and a towel. As he turned up his sleeves, the cuffs of his linen shirt—as the rolled soft collar also might before then have disclosed—showed a dull red, not white. He laughed.

"A superstition," said he, nodding. "Sort of oath of the family. In the war my mother had to dye her own clothing with pokeberry. She dyed a few of my father's shirts that way by mistake once. My father was so proud of our sacrifices to the cause—though he didn't think Texas should have seceded—that he swore he'd never have collars or cuffs any other color. Well, a new sheriff in Gonzales hasn't so many shirts. This one was once my father's. Yes, we're poor—poor, we Texans.

"Turn my horse in the round pen, please sir," he concluded, when he had made himself neat as possible. "Would you please ask Miss Lockhart if she will see Mr. Dan McMasters, the son of her father's friend?"

III

BLANCOCITO had dozed in the sun for a considerable interval. Hearing a sound at the front door, he turned an idle eye, and sprang back with a snort at sight of the unusual apparition which now descended the gallery steps—Anastasie Lockhart, no longer in male apparel, and by the merest accident coming out of the house as the two men would now have entered.

Jim Nabours was not accustomed to social formulas.

"Miss Taisie, this here is Mr. McMasters, of Gonzales, below. He's sher'f down there. I reckon you know who he is."

"I saw you when you came in, sir," said the mistress of Del Sol demurely, extending her hand. "Why did you not come up to breakfast?"

While McMasters, his eyes fixed on hers, was explaining his travel-worn condition, Jim Nabours was wondering how and why in the name of all the saints of the Southwest Taisie had managed in so short a time to change from her daily ranch costume to this feminine marvel of fresh lawn, with ruffled flounces and great belled skirt. She even had white mitts—yellow-white with age. But Taisie saw no reason to explain that much of her apparel once had been her mother's, and was now fresh resurrected. Jim did not know the mysteries of a certain rawhide chest so well as old black Milly, who had served in the Burleson Lockhart family before they moved into the border country.

Had he known he might also have had a guess at the miracle of Taisie's heavy hair, no longer banded like an Indian woman's but done up in some sort of high twisted mass that left visible the milk white nape of a neck not always otherwise protected against the sun.

In good truth Anastasie—such was her mother's Louisiana name in baptism, and her own—was not unmindful of the ways of woman in older lands, in spite of the surroundings into which fate had cast her. And truly she was beautiful—rarely, astonishingly, confusingly beautiful. The man did not live who could have seen her now and not have felt his heart leap to joy in the universe and its ways.

She led them back into the house. Her very presence filled the low-ceiled room, one of the two at the right of the four corners made by the right-angled double halls. The adobe ranch house of Del Sol was built like others of the Saxon Southwest, so that each breath of air might be caught from any direction of the wind; an arrangement cooler than a patio for a house surrounded on two sides by a grove of giant live oaks draped heavily in Spanish moss.

The interior gave a rude setting for a picture such as this young woman made. The ease and luxury of lower Louisiana, for a wealthy generation of sugar-cane planters the repository of Europe's best art and last luxuries, were not reflected in the first Saxon generation of the Texas border. True, the furniture in part was traceable to earlier days. Two paintings, three framed samplers, told of a mother's hands. There was a heavy claw-foot table. A few mismated chairs of the Empire stood in a row. But a rawhide settee and four splat-bottom chairs frankly admitted the limit of such supplies; the prevailing flavor of the borderland could not be denied. Not so much of a marvel, for at that time there was not a hundred miles of railroad within the boundaries of Texas, and everything from the East must survive the toil and danger of wagon freighting.

In one corner of the room was a conical upright Mexican fireplace. Opposed to this and covered with soft tanned baby-calf skins of varied colors, stood the one thing which had saved the soul of Anastasie Lockhart the first, as of Anastasie the second—the piano, regarded with awe by all the cattle hands. On the piano stood, now, a vase of flowers. They were very fresh flowers. Jim Nabours knew they had not been there an hour earlier, for he had called before breakfast and they were not there then; though he knew Taisie's garden had some blossoms.

What shall escape the eye of a maiden? Tapered conchas on a bridle strap, neat boots, a well-shaped hat, a way of sitting in a saddle, the air of a family that had once come down from Tennessee on the Natchez Trace and the Old River Road, to Louisiana, to Texas? Nay, not so easily are a maid's eyes baffled, though she shall have had but a single look at a newcome young man opening her gate a hundred yards away. Hence these flowers, hence this frock, the reason for which Jim Nabours could not analyze.

Mr. Dan McMasters, new sheriff of Gonzales, mighty young for that job, was a proper man. A vague sense of uneasiness came to the soul of Foreman Jim as he saw his comeliness and ease of manner. He felt he had been betrayed—did not feel familiar with these new little ways.

"You see, Miss Lockhart," went on McMasters, when he had taken his own seat on the cowhide settee, "I've been north, up the Indian roads. As I was only fifty miles away, I thought I would ride in."

"You are very welcome, sir. Our families always have been friends."

The voice of Anastasie Lockhart was the color of her hair. Almost, you could call her hair vibrant.

"Yes, my family always has known your family. I wanted to see you once more. That must have been my main reason. You—you have grown, Miss Lockhart. I'd not have known you. But just now I was talking with your segundo. He thought you might like to hear some word I am bringing down to Texas from the North."

"He means they've started a cattle market up North on the railroad, Miss Taisie," broke in Jim Nabours.

"Market? There's going to be a shipping point—do you mean that, sir?" The girl turned swiftly.

"I think so, yes," replied Dan McMasters. "It's at Abilene, in Kansas, right north of Wichita. You see, Wichita's not far across the Kansas line, above the Nation's."

"Abilene?"

"No one ever heard of it. It's head of the rails on the Kansas Pacific, the new road that's building west. They want cattle. They are promising a market."

The girl's eyes kindled.

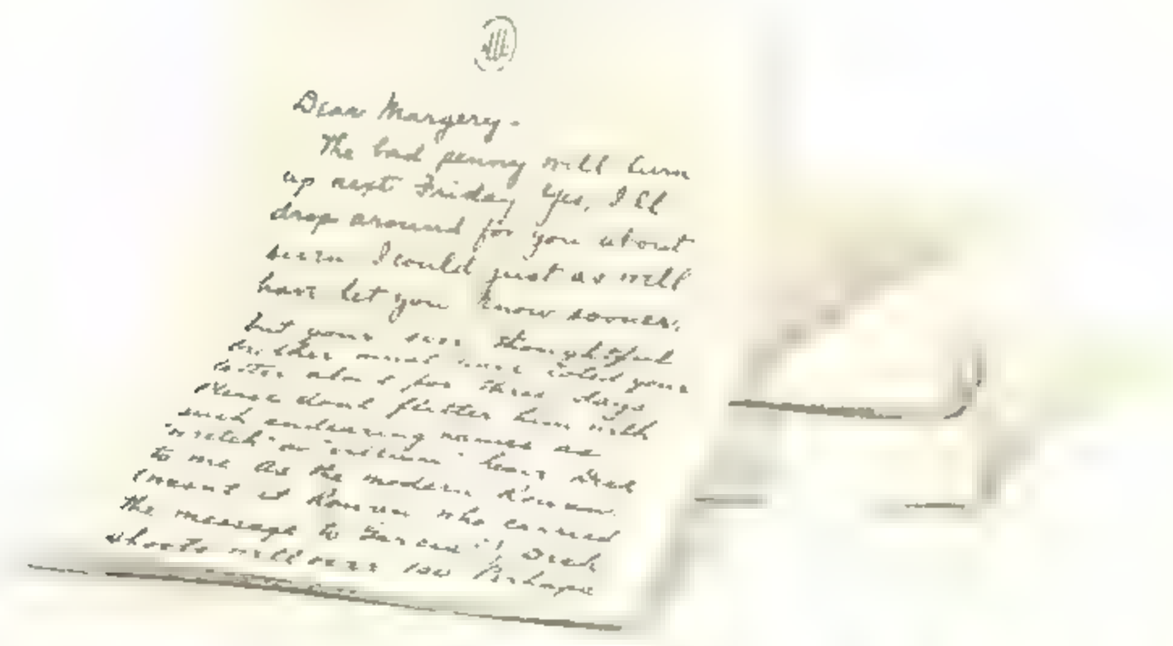
"That's news!"

He nodded.

"Yes. The railroads are planning to run up the Arkansas the same as up the Platte—and that's done, now. That whole country north of here, from all I can hear about it, is a thousand by two thousand miles of natural cow land. Grass? They tell me that farther on west there's millions of acres of what they call buffalo grass—short, like our grama. Maybe it won't carry cows, but some say it will. It certainly fattens the buffalo. And there isn't a cow in it all; it's empty and waiting for range stock—to say nothing of the Eastern demand."

(Continued on Page 132)

THE LIFE-LONG CO-WORKER THAT IS ALL BUT HUMAN


Dear Margery -
The bad penny will turn
up next Friday. Yes, I'll
drop around for you about
seven. I could just as well
have let you know sooner,
but your note was thoughtful
and other sweet things
Please don't flatter him with
such endearing names as
to me as the modern Roman
the message to Garcia. I think
the

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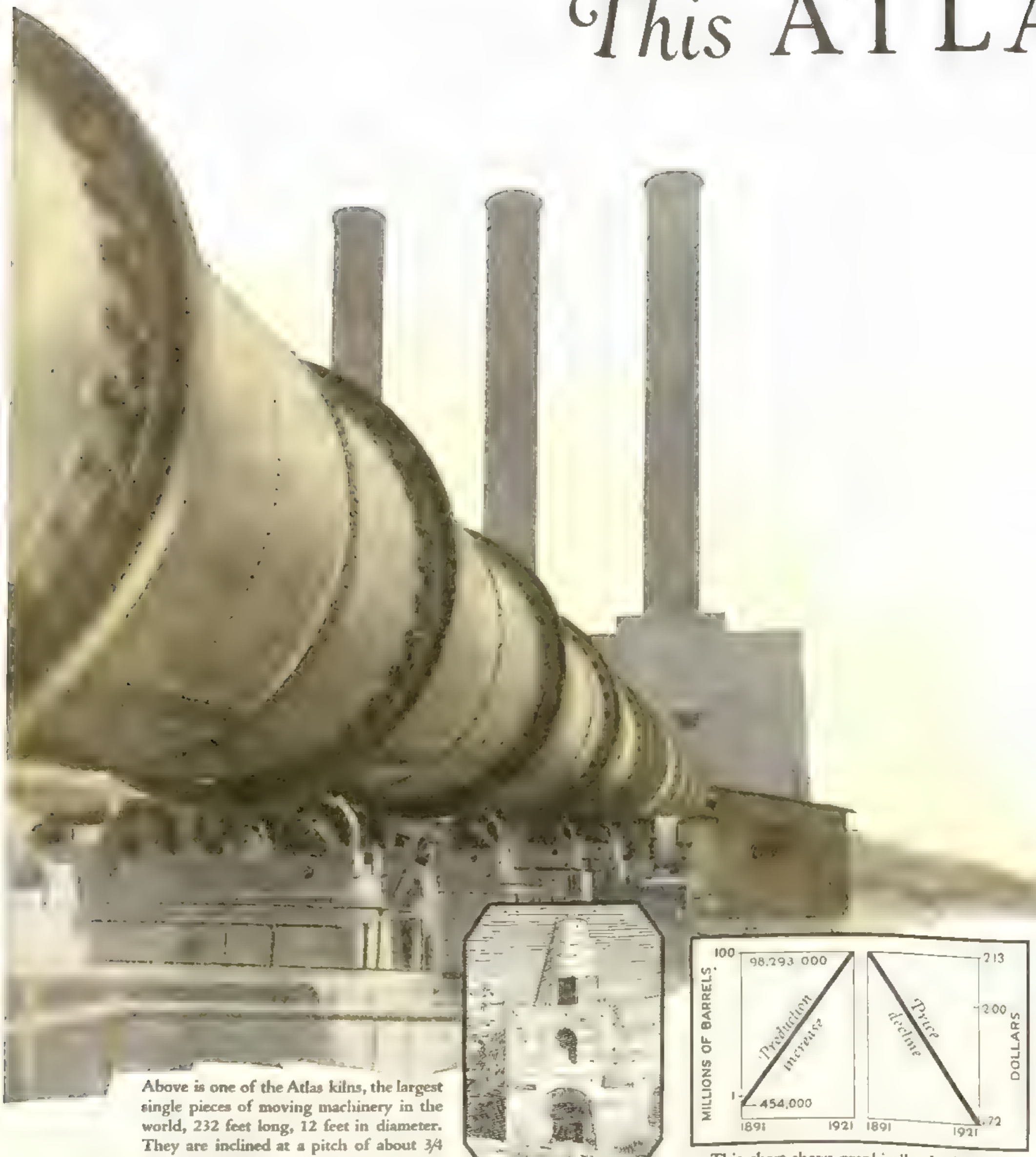
This ATLAS



Above is one of the Atlas kilns, the largest single pieces of moving machinery in the world, 232 feet long, 12 feet in diameter. They are inclined at a pitch of about 3/4 of an inch per foot of length and rotate slowly, making three-quarters of a revolution per minute. An Atlas kiln has a capacity of about 564 tons or 3,000 barrels per day.

The old dome kiln shown above is still standing, though discarded years ago. The powdered rock was placed with alternate layers of coal or coke. Such a kiln had a capacity of about 19 tons or 100 barrels per day.

This chart shows graphically the increase in the amount of cement produced in this country since the early days of the Atlas Portland Cement Company. A striking fact is the decrease in the price during the same period, although the two greatest factors in the price of cement—coal and labor—have constantly risen.

contribution to the Cement Industry Insures Building Economy

AN Atlas kiln, stood on end, would be as tall as a twenty-story building —its diameter is ample for a large touring car to drive through. It is the biggest single piece of moving machinery in the world—is conceded to be the greatest single factor in making possible the present low price of Portland Cement. And it is an Atlas contribution to the cement industry.

The first cement kilns were dome-kilns, in shape and operation much like a brick or lime-kiln. Their capacity was limited, the quality of their output uncertain.

The Atlas Portland Cement Company first developed the rotary kiln in 1895, increasing output through continuous operation, increasing quality by control of heat, which at its maximum reaches a temperature of 2800 degrees Fahrenheit. Ten years later came the Atlas development of the long kiln—still further improving quality and reducing cost.

The chart on the opposite page shows graphically just what this effect was. Though the two greatest factors in the price of cement—coal and labor —have constantly risen, the cost of cement has decreased. The consumer today reaps the benefit.

While this economy from the development of the rotary kiln was an Atlas contribution, the Atlas Portland Cement Company feels its greatest achievement was in uniformity and improvement of quality—a fact which helps explain why Atlas is called "the Standard by which all other makes are measured."

THE ATLAS PORTLAND CEMENT COMPANY

NEW YORK CHICAGO BIRMINGHAM

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The Atlas Portland Cement Company will be glad to answer any questions regarding the cement industry or the use of Atlas. Its Technical and Service Departments, as well as its large assortment of informative literature are at the public's disposal.

What a Famous Dietist Tells You

FOR many years the Battle Creek Sanitarium has been known the world over as a center of dietetic investigation and treatment. And one of the foremost authorities on foods and health is its founder and superintendent, Dr. John Harvey Kellogg.

In his recently published book, "The New Dietetics—What to Eat and How", Dr. Kellogg says of sauerkraut:

"It deserves a larger place in the national bill of fare. The cabbage is a valuable source of iron, vegetable salts, and vitamines. In addition, it is a valuable means of giving the alimentary mass the necessary bulk to encourage peristaltic action. When properly made, sauerkraut is a most wholesome foodstuff."

It is facts like these which have aroused everywhere a new interest in this old-time favorite. Thousands now are eating sauerkraut, not alone because it is good, but because it does good. In disorders due to faulty elimination or disturbed digestion, the inclusion of sauerkraut in the diet has in many cases brought marked improvement.

All who are interested in health through correct eating will want to read the free booklet, "Sauerkraut as a Health Food", which has aroused such nation-wide interest. It contains also new and tested recipes for preparing this delicious food. Mail the coupon now for your copy.

(Sauerkraut may be purchased at grocery stores, meat markets, delicatessen stores)

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Please send me postpaid your free booklet "Sauerkraut as a Health Food," with new tested recipes.

(Continued from Page 128)

Nabours broke in.

"We know we could herd as far as Wichita. Shore we could get from there to Aberlene."

"Yes," said this prophet of a new day: "and we would find Eastern buyers—farmers and feeders and beef men—waiting to buy our stuff as fast as we drove it through."

"Really?" Taisie Lockhart almost forgot her morning's troubles. "Really?"

"Why, yes, I reckon it's true, from what the men told me that came down to cut the trail in the Nations. They declare there'll be buyers for all we can drive, up to a hundred thousand head -yes, two-three hundred thousand!"

Inarticulate sound came in Anastasie's throat. She cast a triumphant glance at her foreman.

"Well, now, ma'am, how was I to know?" defended Jim. "I never did hear of no Aberlene, not in my whole life, till this young gentleman rid in here this morning."

"Well, you ought to have heard of it!" rejoined his employer with a woman's logic. "Why, man, that's what all Texas has been starving for for years! Didn't I tell you? Haven't I been telling you? Haven't I been begging you to make a herd and drive north, somewhere, and trust to God to find buyers there, since there's no hope here, south or east? Haven't I told you, Jim?"

"I reckon you did, ma'am," admitted her aid. "Same time, you didn't know a damned thing about it."

"Oh, you!" Taisie turned to him. "Do you expect to have people show you what's in their hands before you draw cards? Can't you take a chance?"

"For my own self, yes, Miss Taisie. For you—we all was scared. Especial we was scared when you said you was going along."

"But I am going along! And I am going to put up a herd!"

"Now, Miss Lockhart," ventured Dan McMasters, "you couldn't do that. Your men can put up a herd and drive north for you, but no woman ever has gone north of the Red, or ever ought to try it. There's no real trail—it's all wild north of here for fifteen hundred miles or more. There's not a bridge—I've swum ten rivers and forded a hundred. There are Indians. There are storms—and no shelter for you. Miss Lockhart, there's not a man in Texas ever would let you go."

"There's not men enough in all Texas to keep me from going!"

Taisie's grief was entirely forgotten now.

"Even your father ——" Jim began.

"Don't!" Sudden tears came to the girl's eyes.

"She allus bogs down—about her father," explained Nabours.

"I'll not bog down! I'll get over this some day. Why, the reason I want to go north is to find the man that did it! He's somewhere up there."

McMasters, captain in the Rangers, looked at her with a sudden kindling of his own cool eyes; but he said nothing. The mistress of Del Sol stamped her foot in its cross-banded slipper.

"Always you treat me like a girl. I'm not!"

"Yes, you are, Miss Taisie," rejoined Jim Nabours. "You're a girl, and I'm your mother and your father both, till you get a new segundo."

"Listen at him!" Taisie turned to the young stranger. "The whole state of Texas dying on its feet, and the men of Texas scared to drive, with maybe five dollars a head waiting for them at the railroad! That's riches!

"How long would it take?" she demanded of her informant.

"All season, practically," replied McMasters. "I rode about forty miles a day, coming south, and I was eleven hundred miles away at one time. Cows could go ten miles a day, maybe, if you could keep the herd going, say two-three hundred miles a month. Say three-four months—that would cover a heap of trail."

"All the distance between here and heaven! All the difference between poverty and self-respect! Oh!" she looked him fair in the face. "It's no use to pretend! Do you know what I did this very morning, sir, just before you rode in? Do you know why I'm crying now? I can't help it. Why, I was down there to tell my men that I'd turned them all loose this morning. I discharged them all. I told them I was broke, that I couldn't pay my hands.

"Poor? Don't I know! Go back to Gonzales and tell your people that the last Lockhart's down in the dust. I've got no pride left at all, because I'm broke. Do you wonder that I cry?"

"She did!" said Jim Nabours. "She is!"

McMasters turned away and looked out the window. The tears of such a woman made one thing no man could face.

"But, of course," added the foreman, "I taken all that in my own hands. I just sont the hands out like usual. Seems like I can hear the irons sizzling on about a dozen long ears by now already."

"And the lot not worth a pinch of old Milly's snuff!" commented Taisie. "The market that's the one thing! Mr. McMasters has brought news!"

"I almost hesitate over it," said the young man. "I can't bring it free of risk and danger."

"You don't know my men!" broke out Taisie proudly.

"Oh, yes, I do! I know us all, ma'am. They—we would all die first. But suppose that was not enough?"

"And if I'm a woman, at least I'm not an old woman. I'll drive the first Texas herd to the railroad with my own men if it takes our last horse and last man! It's north for me, or I'm gone. When you rode in, sir, I was at the lowest ebb of all my life."

"I wish the tide may turn, Miss Lockhart," said young Dan McMasters quietly.

"It will—I believe it has!" She was on her feet, her eyes bright, her color up. "Why, listen! I'll take Anita and Milly both along. We've two carretas left. Jim, you old coward"—her hand was on his shoulder affectionately—"you know you told me you could make a herd of five thousand fours in our brand inside of a day's ride from Del Sol. Even if it was beeves ——"

"Tell me, what ages?" She turned suddenly to McMasters.

"I can't say yet," was his reply. "Fours and long threes would do best for shipping East. But the talk I heard is that there'll be use for stockers—even yearlings, too, because the range is open all in north and west of there. People are crowding out to the buffalo range, following the railroads. It's unbelievable how crazy they are. It seems as though they felt they just have got to get West. They'll all need cattle."

A new expression came to his face as he went on:

"There's millions of acres of unbroken land up there, north of the old slavery line of 36-30. It will take North and South both to make it. It will be the West! It will be the heart of America!"

"We'll be the first to see it! There's no age from calf to fifty years Del Sol can't drive!" said Taisie Lockhart decisively. "How many?"

"That depends on your force of hands. Some said three thousand head was around what a herd should be. A dozen hands could drive it—say fifteen-twenty. Each man ought to have at least six or eight horses in his string. There'll be riding."

"Well, what of that? I can turn out twenty men who can talk to cows in their own language. We wouldn't miss thirty-five hundred fours, Jim says. When shall we start?"

She still was smiling, eager; but the look in her eyes was one of resolution; and as Jim had said, a Lockhart never changed.

"Jesse Chisholm just followed the grass," answered McMasters presently. "It's green here in March, and it's February now. Once across the Colorado and the Brazos, we'd go clean to the Red, easy—I know my father always said that. He said a driver could go in west of Austin and Fort Worth, and get to the north edge of Texas and be almost sure not to see an Indian. The Comanches are away west of that line. We're about on the ninety-eighth meridian here, and near the thirtieth parallel. My father said that it was a new world north of thirty-six degrees north latitude. That land is all unmapped. No one lives there but the Indians."

"She eats Comanches," said Jim Nabours. "Little thing like them don't bother her none. As for swimmin' a herd across a spring fresh, with quicksand on both sides, why, she don't mind that none a-tall!"

An ominous silence and a heightened color did not impress him. At length his employer went on, addressing the visitor:

"Very well. Say fifteen men and a wrangler and a cook, with me and black Milly, my cook, and Anita, my Spanish woman. We'd take the two carretas, with oxen for them and the cook's wagon. Sixteen riders by six or eight horses is a hundred or a hundred and fifty for the remuda—we'd do it easy."

"Plumb easy!" came Jim's solemn comment. "A thousand miles in a carreta without a spring, right over a crooked mesquite ex, is right simple. About one week and Milly'd die, her going three hundred net right now; and Anita'd die of homesickness for her jacal she's used to living in.

"Besides, ma'am"—here the foreman's voice changed—"I may as well talk plain. Not joking, we can't live on beef straight. Three-four months of meal and beans and molasses for twenty men is more than we have got, though meal and beans and molasses and side meat we'd have to have, and coffee if we could. The hands work better for coffee, mornings, and after rains or hard rides."

The color on poor Taisie's cheeks grew deeper in humiliation. She spread out her hands

"I'm broke! I've said that!"

There was silence for some time. At length the young sheriff of Gonzales spoke gently

"Miss Lockhart," said he, "I don't like to hear that word in Texas."

"Truth is the simplest!"

"Yes, I know. But what one ranch in Texas doesn't happen to have the neighbors do have—they always have had. Take in one or two neighbors with you for the drive—say a thousand head, each brand. They'd be glad to put up the wagon and the remuda. You must not push away your neighbors. This is Texas."

A cold rage met his sincerity and friendliness.

"I'll have help from no one! Del Sol will drive a lone herd north, win or lose. I'll take it all back, Jim—you're all hired on again, the last man of you. You'll stand by me? I'll sell my cows and pay my men; and then I'll see if there's any law in the North or any men in the South to help me find a murderer."

"Ma'am," said Jim Nabours, "you've put it now so's't not one of us can help hisself. We got to go. When hell freezes we'll all walk out on the ice together.

"But you got to thank Mr. McMasters for what he's done told us, Miss Taisie," he added. "I reckon he's our best neighbor."

"I do thank you, sir!" The girl rose and held out her hand frankly. The young man bent over it. He did not seat himself again. "But you'll stop a day or so with us?"

"No, I must be riding now," he answered.

He found his hat, bowed, passed out the door with no dallying or indecision; nor said a word about return. He was abrupt to coldness, if not to rudeness.

Anastasie Lockhart looked through the window shades so intently that her hand remained not fallen after it had drawn them; so intently that she did not hear old Milly as she entered.

"Laws, Miss Taisie, is that young gemman gone? I done brung in some likker fer him. He's quality, Miss Taisie! Who is he, an' whah he come from? Is he done ask you about marryin' yit?"

"Not yet, Milly," answered Anastasie.

She sat down in the one rocking-chair, staring at the uncarpeted floor. She was older now than she had been an hour ago. Why had this neighbor not promised an early return?

And was he not a strangely stiff and silent young man? Were the honors of sheriff and captain so much as to render him superior to a girl with red hair who wore her mother's clothes, years old?

Anastasie Lockhart, astonishingly vital, astonishingly beautiful, rose to find a mirror so that she could read an answer. As she did so she recognized, standing at the end of the rawhide settee, where her visitor could not have failed to see the sudden disorder of its interior, the rawhide trunk which long had served alike as wardrobe and safety vault for her. Vexed at the revelation of her first untidiness in housekeeping, she bent now to close the heavy lid once more. Suddenly she went to her knees beside it, her eyes wet once more at what she saw of silk and lace gone to bits. She caught up the fragments to her cheeks.

A daguerreotype in its disintegrating frame lay to her hand. She opened it. Her mother. Yes, she had been beautiful. And

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Eight Billion Bottles

America's enthusiasm for wholesome beverages has elevated the Bottler to a position of high rank among the country's leading industries. Last year 12,000 Bottlers put up approximately 8,000,000,000 bottles of soft drinks and mineral waters, which the public bought in 150,000 stores at a cost of $350,000,000. Bottlers employ 120,000 persons, pay $125,000,000 a year in wages and operate 60,000 trucks.

The proportion of Graham Brothers Trucks among this fleet of 60,000 is increasing enormously every year—because Bottlers, particularly, require *good* trucks. And because, in this business, as in the 263 others in which Graham Brothers Truck is serving, owners are always impressed by its exceptional ability to give long service at low cost.

GRAHAM BROTHERS
Detroit *Evansville*

GRAHAM BROTHERS TRUCK
SOLD BY DODGE BROTHERS DEALERS EVERYWHERE

Paint for Profit

Here are 8 true stories of handsome profits made by "saving the surface"

(The originals of these letters and thousands more like them are on file at Save the Surface Campaign Headquarters, Philadelphia.)

"Paint doubled my investment"

A FIVE-ACRE farm had been on the market for a long time but the price was so temptingly low that I decided to buy. All the buildings were woefully in need of paint, and after studying the matter I came to the conclusion that the unpainted buildings alone were the drawback. Acting on this belief, I invested heavily in paint. The change was startling and within one month I sold the place, doubling my original investment.

Juanita E. Roos, Los Angeles, Calif.

Bought for $15,000 —sold for $1,500 (due to lack of Paint)

THE house, though unoccupied and unkempt, had all the earmarks of solid construction and expensive design. One day I met an old man coming out of the house.

"Who owns that property?" said I.

"Why," said he gruffly, "do you want to buy it?"

"Well no, I don't," I responded, "but a few coats of good paint would make that a dandy house."

"Look here, young man, I paid $15,000 for this property and now I'll sell it for $5,000 plus the tax arrears. Do you want it?" said the old man with vigor.

"What's against it in taxes?" I asked.

"About $1,100, and I am going to let the city have it for the taxes if it don't sell," he snapped.

"If you fixed it up a bit I believe it would pay you," I suggested; "you know what a little paint will do."

"Not I," said he, "I have sunk every cent I am going to. Good day!"

Six months later a speculator bought the premises for $1,500. He put $500 more in three coats of good paint, properly applied, and sold his bargain at $7,500. It has since turned over again for $10,000.

J. A. Shanks, Victoria, B. C., Canada

Saving the Surface brought a profit of $2,000 on this house

A FEW years ago I bought a piece of property in an Illinois city "for a song." No paint had touched the house in years and it looked as forlorn and neglected as could be imagined. My first move was to call a first-class painter and decorator. I put $400 in paint and varnish, touched up the landscape with shrubbery and I had a house the envy of the city. Within three months I sold at a profit of exactly $2,000.

R. A. Wooldridge, Nashville, Tenn.

Paint makes sales for this real estate firm

I KNOW a real estate concern that has always sold property when other firms complained of no demand. The plan they pursue is simple. They buy old places that apparently are ruins. Their crew of carpenters puts the place in good repair, their painters follow and make the house new. They never put a place in the market until this is done.

Painting a place is the most profitable investment a home-owner could make, they maintain. A place properly cared for with paint brings enough to pay the bill over and over again. An unpainted place either brings a much lower price or cumulative interest in the way of repair bills. They paint for preservation as well as for looks, whether the property be for rent or for sale

William A. Goddard, Los Angeles, Calif.

Painting cost—$4,000 Sales profit—$21,000

AN apartment building was recently offered for sale at $75,000 but real estate dealers could find no buyers, due to the dingy appearance of the building outside and the bad condition of the interior. The owner was finally convinced that he would have no difficulty in disposing of his property if put in good order, so that he spent in the neighborhood of $4,000 for having the building painted inside and out. The sale is recorded as having been made at $100,000. Property owners please take notice.

—A San Francisco newspaper item

$600 in paint and repairs rolls up $3,400 profit

A MAN of my acquaintance purchased a cottage several years ago. The house was solidly built, although its appearance was not very attractive. My friend expected to sell the house before settling for it. Expectations did not materialize, so the cottage was rented to a tenant who agreed to do his own repairing. When this tenant moved out last fall I noticed that the house looked as forlorn as ever. To my knowledge there had been no offers to buy the property during the whole time my friend had owned it.

I suggested that he paint it and then try to sell. He considered the property a poor investment and could see no reason for "sending good money after bad." After advertising several times, he accepted $7,500 for his cottage and complimented himself on his business ability. He had sold to a real estate speculator. Not so long ago I passed the house and hardly recognized the property. It was one of the most attractive on the avenue. I afterwards learned that the speculator spent a trifle under $600 for painting and minor repairs. He sold it for $11,500—a profit of $3,400.

Reuben Hoffman, Atlantic City, N. J.

This true story comes from a Master Painter

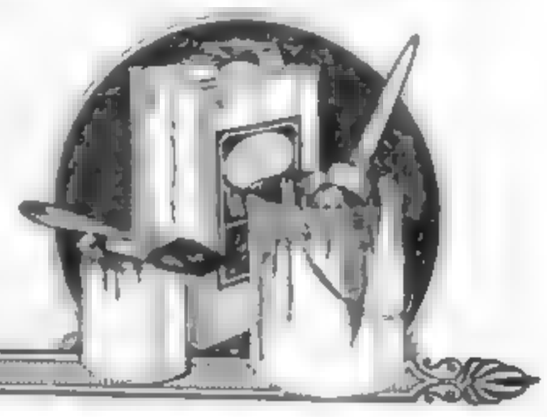
ABOUT three years ago I was asked to look at a house that was in real bad shape. It had stood years needing paint. I assured the owner that he could make money on the house by having it painted. I told him what it would cost, and we did the work He sold the house inside of a year from the time he bought it, making $800 more than he paid for it, or three times more than my job cost him.

George H. Baxter, Winnipeg, Canada

Makes big money painting and selling *neglected* houses

I FOUND a small house for sale at a small price. I at once painted it on the outside from top to bottom, varnished the floors and enameled the woodwork inside. Sold same at a big profit. With the profit I looked around again for the same kind of a proposition. I soon found another house in bad condition for the want of paint and varnish. I bought this place. Painted it. Varnished the floors and woodwork. Also painted the basement floor. The porch was of stucco. This was cracked and in bad shape. With a little cement and paint I put this in A-1 shape. Sold this place at a handsome profit. Today with the money I made painting and varnishing neglected houses, I have money enough to buy several homes.

J. A. Fischer, Cleveland, Ohio



It costs more not to paint than to paint. Rust and rot go on till you check them. Paint and varnish NOW, or you'll pay far more, later, for repairs and replacements. Don't *put it off—put it on.*

SAVE THE SURFACE CAMPAIGN—507 The Bourse, Philadelphia. A co-operative movement by Paint, Varnish and Allied Interests whose products and services conserve, protect and beautify practically every kind of property.

403 © Save the Surface Campaign, 1923

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this frame was the twin of it -her father. She turned it to catch the light so that the likeness would show. A bold, bearded face, aquiline, high. She sighed as she looked at the picture of a man cut down by an assassin in the full of his strength and resolution.

Below these things and others lay to half the depth of the old chest a mass of papers, all similar. Contemptuously she thrust in her hands, her arms, to the elbows.

"Scrip!" she murmured to herself. "Scrip for more Texas land, to raise more Texas cows! He was mad about it—scrip, scrip was all he thought! I only hope that he did not see it!" She meant Dan McMasters. "But of course he did—he couldn't help it, where he sat.

"Well, it's no matter," she added mentally. "He's not coming back again. If I'd known how cold he was I'd not have troubled!"

She spread out her long brown hands over her mother's frock as, still kneeling, she sat back on her heels, in her mother's cross-banded shoes.

IV

THE sun-drenched landscape of the Southwest lay warm, indolent, full of somber fire. The home buildings rested in the arm of a great live-oak grove, opposite whose opening appeared a wide land of rolling contours, now almost in the thin green of coming spring. Six miles away the tree lines showed a stream, and beyond that, as most folk knew, lay the great lake which originally had led Burleson Lockhart to take up this range. This side and that ran miles of mesquite, stretching south, tall cactuses showing betimes among the twisted thorny trees.

It was a little-known corner of America, in what one day was to be known as the great breeding range, last of the holdings above the Rio Grande to fall from the lax hand of Spain. The lack of rain left the vegetation anguished. A thousand distorted souls in torment lived in these gray trees. Soon the direct sun rays would again be searing into brown the new and tender grass, though it scarce had had its one annual chance to gasp in green.

A lizard scuttled across the dust of the dooryard. A road runner sped along the fence of poles and rawhide, bent on its own mission. War was marked in every sign and token of Texas from its very first. No manner of pest and curse ever lacked in its cynically indifferent confines. Starvation, thirst, filled these mud-thickened bayous every year with hundreds of dead horses. The bones of cattle lay uncounted for a thousand miles, each dried hide and rack of whitening bones enriching soil that had no answer to its own fecundity in animal life. To live, to breed and to die—that was all that animal life there could do. Nothing to the dead creature that it had never known the shambles. The rack of bones was good enough for Spain.

But now had come Saxon men. Texas, savage, abounding, multiplying undisturbed, was now for the first time seeking outlet for her superabundant life, which for fifty years had increased undisturbed. Texas owned millions of worthless cattle; how many, no owner knew, nor could any man tell how far his cows ranged. He did not care. Unbranded cattle still ran in thousands. No one hunted strays, and the increase of strays belonged without reservation to the land that fed them. There was no cattle association, no general rodeo; and the home gatherings never claimed to be complete. Title, whether in land or cattle, was much a matter of indifference.

Of law there was little. A vast and unknown empire was controlled by a rude baronry whose like the world has never seen; who later were vastly to extend that empire and its ways.

These men set up the one great law of custom. The custom of the range was based on the natural habits of the cattle and the natural peculiarities of the grazing lands. The accepted brand, the right of the finder to an unowned range or water front, the tendency of cattle to cling to home, the law of natural probability in all things—such were rigid natural laws which no man might ignore with safety. As animal life ran wild, so also did human life, one no more restrained than the other. Only the saving grace of the Saxon instinct for some sort of law brought Texas, literally born in the wilderness, up to what she is today.

There was no market. At least, rambling and unconcerted attempts had found none till now. After the Civil War a seething unrest passed over all Texas. The demand for some sort of market was first in the thought of all men who owned nothing but cows and reasoned only in terms of cows.

"She's going to drive!" said Jim Nabours to his new-found friend as they crossed the Del Sol dooryard. "That's her pap's old idee. What you've said cinches it!"

"Yes? When can you begin the herd?"

The old cow man's face clouded.

"Listen here! Keep what I tell you. That girl knows a lot about cows, but a heap of things about her own cows she don't know. She knows how many her father had and she thinks she's got more. She hain't."

"Combed?"

"Yes, combed! We're too close to Austin! Hide hunters and calf hunters and plain thieves and politics—that's since the war. The damn Yankees are trying to run a country they don't know nothing about. All Central Texas has took to hunting cows. This here's a good place for thieves—or for men who can see ahead a little ways.

"We didn't know it till just now, but there must of been a band of skinners and slick hunters working our range all last winter and winter afore. She ain't got one cow now where she thinks she's got fifty. What could we do? We didn't know, and don't know, who done it; but we didn't durst to let her really know it was did. Now she's going to find out."

"But surely you can make up a mixed herd anyhow!"

"Oh, yes, maybe. But if we do hit a market, where'll we round up the next herd for her? Someone else has got our cows. There's a big steal been going on in Central Texas.

"You see, we done our damnedest to take care of her and not let her know. God ha' mercy on me! I'm the worstest perjured liar in Texas, and that's a big claim. We've had a rodeo now and then, here at the home place, but she didn't know how fur we driv some of them cows!

"But how could we fool her if we put up a big herd? She kin read a brand as well as us. We'd road brand, I reckon—yes; but that wouldn't change the facts none. She'd ketch on. She ain't no fool, that girl. What do you say then?"

"Why, I say start your round-up tomorrow! Keep in the T. L., the Del Sol brand, or do the best you can. It will come to a show-down anyhow before long, so why wait? Let hers be the first herd north of the Red this spring. While the others are thinking it over, let's be up the trail! Believe me, all Texas will be moving north before long!"

"She pops!" said Jim Nabours suddenly. He had decided.

"How long to make the herd?" McMasters also kindled.

"Two weeks. We could brand out within another two, only we'll have to rope and throw. Our pens won't hold. We got no chute."

"Build one today. It will pay you."

Nabours looked at the newcomer curiously, with an eye not free of suspicion.

"You taken a mighty interest." He spoke slowly.

"I have! I want to go up the trail with you-all. I've reason for going north again. My business there wasn't settled."

"But what's your reasons for being so brash about coming in with us? I dunno's I've give you leave, and I know the boss didn't."

"Two reasons. One I've told you—the business that took me north and brought me south will take me north again. Never mind what that is. I'm a captain of Rangers, and we can't talk. The other reason you can guess."

"I reckon I do guess."

"*Muy bien!* Our families both came in with Stephen Austin. They both had men massacred with Fannin at Goliad. They both had men in the Alamo. Her father and mine were both killed up the trail. Do you think any McMasters would let any Lockhart starve?

"Listen! You say she's poor; say her range is skinned. Tell her nothing—but please let a McMasters help a Lockhart. Let me send you fifty horses and two wagonloads of grub. You needn't let her know. Make it a loan or gift, either way you please. And let me ride with you."

A surprising irrelevancy marked Jim Nabours' next remark.

"That girl can marry twenty-seven men tomorrow morning. She ain't going to marry no one until she knows who killed Burleson Lockhart. 'Bring me the man that finds my father's murderer,' says she, 'and I believe I'd marry him.'"

"She said that?"

"*Si, señor.* Maybe meant it, or thought she did. You can't tell much about no woman, and least of all about Burleson Lockhart's daughter. One thing, she'll be slow to quit anything she starts. She's sot now on driving. I reckon she will."

By now they had approached the cook house and the corral. McMasters had his bridle from the saddle that straddled the pole near the bunk-house door. Soon he had his horse under saddle. His pistol belt was now in place again.

The foreman looked at it curiously as the two walked toward the rawhide gate. Nabours pushed it open. As he did so a warning rattle sounded almost underfoot. He sprang back with an oath. With the word came a shot, not from his own weapon. The brown body of the serpent was flung writhing, headless. McMasters' pistol was back at its belt when Nabours turned.

"Who done that?" he demanded.

"I did," said McMasters. "You'd have stepped on him."

"Well, if I want to step on a rattler, that's my business, ain't it? Maybe I like to step on them. You shooting made me jump. Still, quick work, huh?"

"I don't know."

"Are you a good shot?"

"I was elected sheriff of Gonzales. I am a captain in the Texas Rangers."

His face was grave as he spoke, sad rather than boastful.

"What's that?" suddenly exclaimed Jim Nabours. "Listen!"

The sound of hoofs had come suddenly from around the bend of the trail that wound through the mesquite thicket screening the gate; hoofs of more than one animal, not coming but going.

"Wait!"

The sound of the young man's voice deterred Nabours as much as his hand. He stood, absorbed, frowning, listening to the receding hoof beats. The rhythm told him the horses had riders. At last he beckoned to Nabours. The two set out down the trail.

"Look here!" said Dan McMasters at length as they rounded the bend.

At a clump of huisache the tracks of six horses could be seen, making a trampled spot back of the bushes. It all was plainly visible to eyes experienced as these.

"They was tied!" said Jim Nabours.

McMasters nodded, bending over the bruised stems which the reins had covered.

"They must have closed up a lot last night," said Dan McMasters cryptically, as though to himself. "They couldn't have been far off this morning.

"Thank you, Mister Rattler!" He smiled grimly as he kicked at a crooked stick for substitute of the dead snake. "You served me a good turn!"

V

THE foreman of Del Sol stood, hands in pockets, for some time, looking down the trace whither the late visitor had disappeared. His head was dropped forward, as one in studious distrust of his own judgment; a frown yet more wrinkled his forehead. At length he turned and found his way, not to the corrals, but to the house.

Blancocito still stood dozing in the sun. The mistress of Del Sol was not riding this morning. Jim knocked at the front door.

"Come!"

He entered. Taisie was sitting at the end of the rawhide settee, still in her bravest finery. Her hands lay in her lap; her eyes were somber, clouded; doubt, distrust appeared her portion also.

She had looked about her with appraising eye; had reflected also. All about, in every token, she saw evidences of lapse, of retrogression, of decay, indeed of poverty rapidly running to seed. The lack of a strong hand was not to be denied. Moreover, the conditions of this property were reflected all over a state, where not even the strongest hand or the clearest mind had been able to achieve solution. It was the hour of travail for a great, unknown, forgotten country. Taisie Lockhart might have known that the travail of a country is only the multiple of many individual pains.

She looked now at her faithful henchman, silent for a time.

"Now, ma'am ——"

"Yes, Jim?"

Nabours dropped into a chair, gripping the legs with twining spurred feet.

"I was going to ast you how you liked this Gonzales man, ma'am. He's went now."

"Were you taking a shot at him for luck, Jim? I heard a shot." She tried to smile.

"No'm. It was him. A rattler was by the gate. He shot its head off. I must say he done it quick and easy too."

"Well, he can ride."

"Uh-huh—and shoot. Yes, I reckon. Fact is, he's got a reputation now, for a young man. He's the youngest sher'f in Texas, like enough. He's only in six months, and in that time his county has done shrunk more'n a thousand population. He ain't killed that many, ma'am—no; but he has done killed four or five, and them bad. Then when the Rangers was pulled together again and him put in as a captain, a good many of them people taken the hint and moved. It was time. Down there and in Uvalde there was plenty of men that didn't own a head or a acre, who'd agree to put you up a herd of five thousand head on a month's notice.

"I tell you, ma'am, the times is bad. The cow business in this state is in one hell of a fix. . . . Well, it takes good shooting to be a sher'f, let alone a Ranger."

"Four? Four men? He killed them?" A sort of horror was in her voice, her eyes.

"In duty, ma'am. It don't hardly count."

"He did not look—like that!"

"Huh! He didn't? Well, I'd say he did! When he put on his guns they was two, and he wore his right-hand gun pointing back and his left-hand one pointing forward. I never seen no man do that before. If that don't look perfessional killer I ain't no jedge. Now, which gun he done use to kill the rattler I never could tell.

"He makes me study, ma'am. His eye is cold as ice. He don't talk and he don't laugh. He's got something on his mind. Somehow ——"

"You'd trust him, Jim?"

"Ef he was on my side. But how in hell can you tell by looking at him whose side he is on?"

"Four men! Yes"—her voice trailed off—"I thought he was—well, cold. He never did—start."

"No; and most does, Miss Taisie. And you that was dressed up your best for him; and him a stranger you hadn't saw sence he was a boy, and hadn't spoke to now till he come in and seen you. And he didn't start!

"Miss Taisie, I've set in some games, but I can't read that feller's game. He's friendly, but he's so damned mysterious I can't get no line on him."

"What brought him here, Jim?"

"You, Miss Taisie! You bring 'em all here. Trouble is, all that comes is dead broke; no more'n a saddle and a pair of spurs to their name. But the McMasters family ain't broke.

"Now, one thing is shore, Miss Taisie: This here can't go on forever. I ain't no good at advice to womenfolks; all I can advise is cows and caballos. But it looks plain to me that before long, you being a orphant, you got to be married to some kind of a man. Peaceable ef we can, by force ef we must, it looks plain to me, which am both yore paw and maw, Miss Taisie, we got to get you-all married. It can't no ways run on this way much furder'n what it has."

A dimple came in each of Anastasie Lockhart's brown cheeks.

"Well, Jim?"

"But not to this man, no matter what he do, Miss Taisie! Not till I can clean up my own mind. I'm uncertain on him somehow. Friends and neighbors he ought to be—shore he ought. But Calvin McMasters, his dad, was agin slavery and secession, and your paw was with the South he was raised in. Them two was friends. I wouldn't call the McMasterses damn Yankees. But I can't place him yet.

"Now, how about Del Williams? You know he's been waiting and hoping. He went to the war because you wouldn't. He hung on with old Kirby Smith to the last, wondering ef you would. He's come back after the surrender, hoping you would. He's a good honest boy, that wears one gun one way and saves his money—when he gets any. He's a good segundo and he knows cows."

"Is that all I may ask?"

The girl's voice was almost wistful. True, she was of the border. But she had seen the

Continued on Page 138

Willard

As good a wood-insulated battery as can be made

This battery, which originally established Willard reputation with millions of motorists, is a better battery today than ever before.

Above is shown one of the selected wood insulators (or as they are sometimes called—"separators") in the Willard "Wood" Battery. The purpose of these insulators is to separate the plates from each other and keep the electric current within bounds. At the same time they are sufficiently porous to let the battery solution seep through, which permits the chemical action between the plates, generating the current. These selected wood insulators have more good qualities than are found in any other purely natural product adapted to the purpose.

Willard wood-insulated batteries have the highest quality of construction in their plates, jars, connections, acid proofing, sealing—every detail as good as we can make it. Wood-insulated Willards have been proved good by the satisfaction of millions of motorists ever since the beginning of electric starting and lighting. They sell at prices within reach of any car owner and are made in sizes and capacities for all makes of cars. There is no better "buy" in a wood-insulated battery but it will pay any car owner to seriously consider the superior merits of Threaded Rubber Insulation.

Has Both

and the only battery with Threaded Rubber Insulation

This Still-Better Willard is original equipment on 134 makes of cars and in great demand for replacement among car-owners everywhere.

Willard Threaded Rubber Batteries are being purchased by constantly increasing thousands of car-owners for replacement. They buy this better battery not only for greater assurance against repairs, but also because Threaded Rubber lessens the danger from overheating in summer and of freezing or exhaustion in winter. Its uniform porosity also assures a definite increase in vim and punch to start a stiff motor. Winter days now seem far off, but don't forget that they'll come again!

WILLARD STORAGE BATTERY COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO
Made in Canada by the Willard Storage Battery Company of Canada, Limited, Toronto, Ontario

The Threaded Rubber Insulator shown above is the most important battery improvement in years. Rubber is a superior acid-resisting and insulating material, and the big problem of giving it pores through which the acid might flow has been ingeniously solved by piercing it with tiny threads, 196,000 to each insulator. The even spacing of these threads produces uniform porosity. The use of hard rubber in the ribs greatly increases the insulator's ability to withstand not only the electro-chemical action but also the often severe wearing action of the plates.

Drink it through a STRAW

"The best drink tastes better through a straw"

Ask the kiddies, they're so used to drinking milk at school out of the original sterilized bottle through Stone's Straws they shout a loud "yes" every time Stone's Straws are mentioned.

Ask mother, she always knew that serving Stone's Straws with cold drinks adds a touch of original daintiness. Everybody knows they safeguard your health and protect your clothing.

Always ask for a straw or two at the soda fountain.

Always use Stone's Straws at home. Keep them on the pantry shelf. Get a handy box at your druggist's to-day

The Stone Straw Co

(Continued from Page 135)

wider world. There were books on shelves in that very room. The portraits of her father and her mother were [illegible] of aristocrats. Their lives had been those of adventurers. To know cows? Was that all the husband of the daughter of these two needed to possess?

"Miss Taisie, cows is all we got—and we ain't got them."

"I know it, Jim. I told you this morning. I'm broke. I was going to sell out, move out. I was going to try to teach school, or something, over East somewhere. Jim, it's awful to be poor."

"It's awfuler when you ain't been always, Miss Taisie."

"But I'll not be, now! We're going to drive!"

"You say so, ma'am. It sounds so easy!"

"Why can't we? Tell me! Haven't I got cow hands working for me? Haven't I got fifty thousand cows in the T. L.? You say sixty-five thousand. Isn't the world full of grass and water north of here? Didn't you hear what he told you—hasn't my father told you—that there's a whole other world waiting up north, not a man nor a cow nor a horse in it, hardly; just waiting?

"Jim, the time to make money is when times are bad. If we haven't got cash we've got sand. This may be a time of despair or a time of opportunity. It's always been that way all over the world. When some despair others win if they've sand to do it."

"You talk like a book I read oncet, ma'am. It was full of maximuns."

Taisie stamped her foot.

"We'll put up a herd and trail it! I'll go along! We'll be utterly broke—or else we'll win!"

"You can't go along, Miss Taisie. No woman could."

"But I will!"

"You make things right hard for yore segundo, Miss Taisie."

"Jim! Jim! Don't talk that way! Don't you think I know? Isn't all this hard for me too? But if we have luck I'll make it easier for you-all."

"You're just a girl, Miss Taisie. Let's get married first, huh? I don't mean me. How about you and Del?"

The girl rose, a native imperiousness in her gesture.

"Leave those things to me!"

"Oh, all right, all right," sighed Nabours. "But maybe you'll leave some things to me!"

"What?"

The old range man rose and spread his hands.

"Miss Taisie," said he, "fire me! I'm the damnedest liar in Texas!"

"What do you mean, Jim?"

"I am. I been lying to you. You ain't got no cows left, hardly. Our range has been combed and skinned; for two years it's been going on—I don't know how long before. You ain't got no sixty-five nor fifty thousand cows. You're lucky if you can put up a herd of four thousand. We've all lied to you. We couldn't tell you the truth. Ma'am, this outfit would all almost lay down and die for you. They'd do almost anything but tell you the truth. We couldn't do that. We didn't have the nerve."

The girl sank back, her face pale.

"Why, Jim! I didn't really know!"

"No, ma'am. Some gang's at work in here, and north and west of here—far north as Palo Pinto. We've been away, enduring the war and after the war. We're all broke, us Texans. But in Austin is plenty people ain't broke none a-tall. We don't know nothing, can't prove nothing. All I say is, in Austin is plenty people ain't broke a-tall."

"You mean the Yankee treasurer?"

"I don't say out loud what I do mean. All I know is, our range is skinned, and I know we're up against a strong game. That's why, ma'am, looking for the best of Del Sol and what yore paw meant for her, and looking for yore own good interests, too, I been advising you to get married. That'd simple up a lot of things."

"You see, then we could settle down and raise cows. We could build up the range again. They ain't going to be so brash about things when they know they's a real man in charge on Del Sol. But a orphant is easy picking fer a man like Rudabaugh and his gang of carpetbagging thieves."

"You mean Rudabaugh?"

"I shore do. In Austin, we don't know what's going on. In office and out, there's a new gang in there. They're organized fer to steal this here whole state, lock, stock and barrel. They don't stop at nothing. They allow the war ain't never done; that us Texans ain't never surrendered; that Lee's still a enemy; and that all this state is fair picking for men that wasn't never borned nor raised in Texas, orphants and all. They got wide idees, yes. But they ain't idees that was borned in Texas, ma'am."

"And are we helpless, Jim?"

"Damn nigh it, ma'am."

"But surely we could raise two or three thousand head, of some sort, to drive north this spring. Leave them the empty house, Jim! Leave them the Del Sol round pen without a horse in it! Leave them our range—empty! But by the Lord ——"

She smote fist in palm, walked. Her foreman's fighting blood kindled at the flame of the old courage that had brought families into this wilderness.

"Yes, by the Lord! Taisie child, ef ever we do get on our feet, us Texans, we'll line up against them people and we'll see it through!"

"Then we'll drive, Jim?"

"Yes, we'll drive! Ef it takes the last hoof, we'll drive this spring, come grass. I don't know nothing about the country; I never driv a herd so fur, and no one else never has. But ef you'll let us do our very best, we'll bust north inside of thirty days!"

He caught both her long brown hands in his own gnarled and crooked ones, his stubbled face grave, his gray eyes troubled, a figure not impressive in his broken boots, his torn checked trousers, but with a sincerity proved these years since his boyhood under this girl's father.

"You'll take it fair, child, ef we do the best we can fer you? You'll never holler?"

"You know I never will, Jim. And you know I'll go along and I'll go through."

"Lord help you, Miss Taisie! And Lord help us too! There's been times when my job seemed a heap easier than what it does right now!"

AUTHOR'S NOTE—There is no Gregg, no Parkman, no Chittenden for the lost and forgotten cattle trail. Although almost as important as the east-and-west railroads in the early development of the trans-Missouri, it has no map, no monument, no [illegible], almost no formulated tradition. There is a comprehensive literature covering our westbound expansion, but of the great north-and-south pastoral road almost the contrary must be said, such is the paucity of titles.

The classic of the cattle trade of the West is a crude book, now rare, by Joseph G. McCoy, called Historic Sketches of the Cattle Trade of the West and Southwest. It is upon this book that the author has rested most largely in endeavoring to restore the feel of the early cattle drives. It was printed in 18[illegible].

Within the past two years Mr. George W. Saunders, of San Antonio, Texas, has printed a book, The Trail Drivers of Texas, containing brief life stories from the pens of more than a hundred men who trailed cattle before and after the railroad days. These sketches are human documents. The author wishes to acknowledge obligations to this work, which he has used almost literally in many passages for the sake of known accuracy. It is one of the authentic original sources of information concerning not only an industry but an epoch and a country.

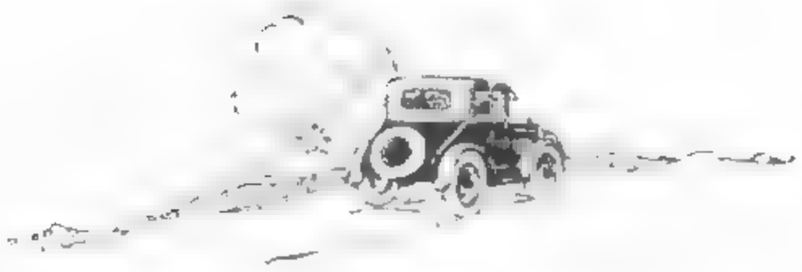
The books of Andy Adams—The Log of a Cowboy, Wayne Anthony, Cow Man; Wells Brothers, A Texas Matchmaker, The Outlet—are the most authentic fiction or quasi fiction of the trail days. Mr. Adams made trips on northern drives, his experience beginning in 1882. His books are storehouses of later trail data. The author makes acknowledgment to that source of information. Records of army expeditions also have been useful.

The recent biography of Charles A. Siringo, A Lone Star Cowboy, is still another and very useful record of life on the early Southwest. It abounds in facts as well as in thrilling incidents. The author can personally testify to its accuracy in many details of the bloody history of New Mexico. Mr. Siringo's boyhood dates back into the Texas that existed before the Northern trails began.

The author himself went to the Southwest in 1881; has lived and traveled in the West all his life; and has followed or crossed the old cattle trail at perhaps fifty points between the Gulf and our Northern boundary lines. The term of years thus indicated covers many changes. The future will bring yet swifter changes. As to the great pastoral days of the West, it is high time for a fiction that may claim to be faithful and reverent.

Fiction cannot be exact, else it would be history and not fiction. That it should fairly reflect the spirit of its chosen day goes without saying. To lurid writers who never could have known the West, the author has found himself unable to contract any debt, but would make full acknowledgment to all who have aided from a wider information or experience.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



The Problem of Riding Ease

IT is solved only when the leaf springs of your car are so controlled that excessive and violent spring action is impossible.

That is the purpose of Hassler Shock Absorbers. Ten years' intensive application of the most highly developed automotive engineering have given them extraordinary efficiency. They minimize rebound and upthrow — the cause of most discomfort to passengers and most injury to cars on rough roads.

Over a million owners value Hassler Shock Absorbers not only for the unique riding ease they make possible, but also for the important economies of slower car depreciation, greater tire mileage and lower fuel consumption.

ROBERT H. HASSLER, INC., INDIANAPOLIS, U. S. A.

ROBERT H. HASSLER, LTD., *Hamilton, Ont.*

Hassler Shock Absorbers are for sale throughout the country
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HASSLER
Shock Absorbers
PATENTED

Is Your Watch a Timepiece Or only an Ornament?

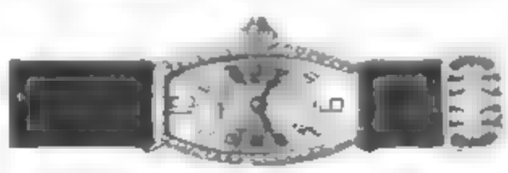
THERE is nothing which violates the laws of good taste quite as much as a wrist watch worn when it won't keep time.

Yet how often a watch is selected for appearance alone, with dependability taken for granted—only to prove that it wears *all* its beauty and value on the outside.

It is in this respect that BULOVA watches invariably differ. Were you to select a watch for beauty alone, you would undoubtedly select a BULOVA, for BULOVA cases are the most beautiful that artists can design. But, equally important, BULOVA works are made by craftsmen whose duty and pride it is to make *accurate* watches. Thus, the movement of even the least expensive BULOVA is invariably worthy of the richest setting.

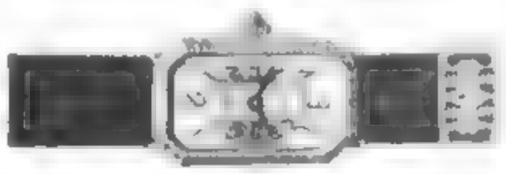
When you next select a watch, whether a miniature wrist watch or a man's pocket watch—whether a $25 watch or a $2,500 watch—look for the name BULOVA. Having found it, you have assured yourself not only of outward beauty, but of *beauty* and *accuracy* combined—true beauty that is useful as well as ornamental.

J. BULOVA COMPANY
FIFTH AVENUE, AT 36th STREET
NEW YORK

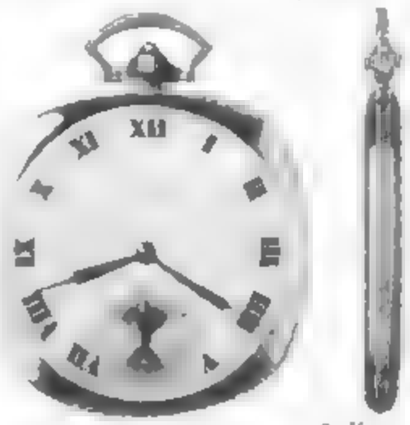


6716—18 Kt. solid white gold engraved case; fine 17 Jewel BULOVA Movement $50.00

6720—18 Kt. solid white gold engraved case; fine 17 Jewel BULOVA Movement $50.00



6714—18 Kt. solid white gold engraved case; fine 17 Jewel BULOVA Movement $45.00



684—BULOVA PHANTOM—18 Kt. solid white gold case handsomely carved; fitted with thinnest and finest 18 Jewel BULOVA Movement $150.00

950— [illegible] handsomely engraved; 15 Jewel BULOVA Movement . $35.00

154—14 Kt solid white [illegible] handsomely engraved, [illegible] Jewel BULOVA Movement . $30.00

BULOVA WATCHES

As Beautiful As They Are Serviceable

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Continued from Page 34

WASHINGTON *(to* NAPOLEON*)*: Is this true?

NAPOLEON *(sardonically)*: The woman is crazy. What you call a nut.

MARY: It's true! I swear it. Listen, Oliver [illegible] in the employ of the [illegible] Congress as a secret agent for more than a year. Yesterday, when I discovered by chance that plans and valuable papers had been stolen from the American Headquarters, I at once suspected this treacherous Corsican. So last night, disguised as a British admiral, I plunged into the icy waters of the Delaware and swam over to the British camp. In the darkness I crept into Napoleon's tent, and, as I suspected, beneath his pillow I found the stolen papers.

WASHINGTON: Mary!

MARY: Stealthily I crept from his tent and again I plunged into the icy stream. As I was swimming back, to return the papers, I was captured by some of your soldiers. If you doubt, here is the proof!

She throws off her cloak and stands revealed in the uniform of a Red Cross nurse.

WASHINGTON *(clasping her in his arms)*: Mary! Can you ever forgive me? *(To* GRANT*)*: Take that spy out and shoot him. [*Exit* GRANT *and* NAPOLEON.

MARY *(looking coyly up at him)*: Oliver!

[*The curtain falls, and rises again a moment later showing a tableau of Lincoln Freeing the Slaves. It falls again for a few seconds, and when it rises a tableau is seen showing the Goddess of Liberty clasping the hand of a doughboy with her right hand and that of an American sailor with her left. Above her head the Stars and Stripes floats gayly in the breeze!*

—*Newman Levy.*

It Never Dawns on Him to Turn It Off at the Source

Safe Remarks for Use in Times of Stress

On Being Shown a New House

"WHY, I think you've done wonders getting everything fixed up so quickly."

"Isn't it perfectly terrible, what moving costs these days?"

"I bet it was a lot of fun, deciding where everything should go, wasn't it?"

"My, you must be glad to be settled."

"After all, there's nothing like having your own home, is there?"

On Being Shown a New Baby

"WELL, this is a real baby, isn't it?" "Certainly is a pretty healthy looking specimen, eh?"

"Just wait it won't be any time at all before he's running all around and talking a blue streak."

"Ah-h-h! So here he is!"

"I have a picture of myself somewhere, taken when I was about this young fellow's age. You just ought to see me."

"After all, there's nothing like having one of your own, is there?"

On Being Shown a New Hat

"HOW nice your hair looks under the brim, there!"

"My, my, another new hat? Well, one simply can't keep up with you."

"Isn't it remarkable how a new hat improves one's morale? It just gives one a whole new outlook on life."

"Now, what I like about a hat like that is, it's so useful. You can wear it with anything."

"After all, there's nothing like buying a new hat, is there?"

On Being Shown Wedding Presents

"WELL, you [illegible] have too many sandwich plates, you know."

"Wasn't it exciting, unwrapping all the pieces?"

"You certainly were fortunate—when you think of the terrible things some people get!"

"You'll really be surprised to find out how handy all these things will come in."

"After all, there's nothing like wedding presents, is there?" —*Dorothy Parker.*

The King of Bores

GENTLE reader, have you ever
Been to party or reception
Where a brilliant crowd and clever
Are well known, without exception?
Have you tried to mingle with them and be
gay,
And wondered who that girl was there in
gray?

[illegible] "*Hello,*
[illegible]
Or [illegible] "*Why, Mrs.*
[illegible]
[illegible]
Tortured you, and teased you, tried you
With the complicated story of his play?

—— and I've got the greatest climax [illegible] ever heard—absolutely [illegible], now, get this—the husband, you [illegible] discovers his wife has been using his hair brush on her Pom, and he comes in while she's opening letters with his razor ——"

Gentle reader, are there places,
Like a football game or skating
Carnival, where many faces
Keep you wishing, watching, waiting—
Where you want to see the races or the
play,
And hear what all the other people say?
"There's a good one!" . . . "Blue is
leading!" .
"Bully shot!" . "His nose is
[illegible]
And you wish that you were friendless,
While your comrade's talk is endless
With the complicated story of his play?

—— and I can't just get the third act yet, but I think the villain puts blacking in her cold cream or something—wait a minute, now!—and why, you see, I need a good strong situation, pathetic, you know, an innocent little child eating [illegible] in bed, for instance, that just ——

Gentle reader, are you gentle?
Do you stand for it, and listen?
Do you mutter curses dental?
Do your eyes shoot sparks and glisten?
While "Oh, yes!" and "Fine!" and
"Certainly!" you say?
"Very interesting." . . . "Yes, that's
always just the way!"
"Yes, I see!" you madly mutter
While with weary wrath you stutter.
Why's the playwright never strangled
By the folk whose nerves are jangled
With the complicated story of his play?

—*Gelett Burgess.*

Ballade of Reciprocity

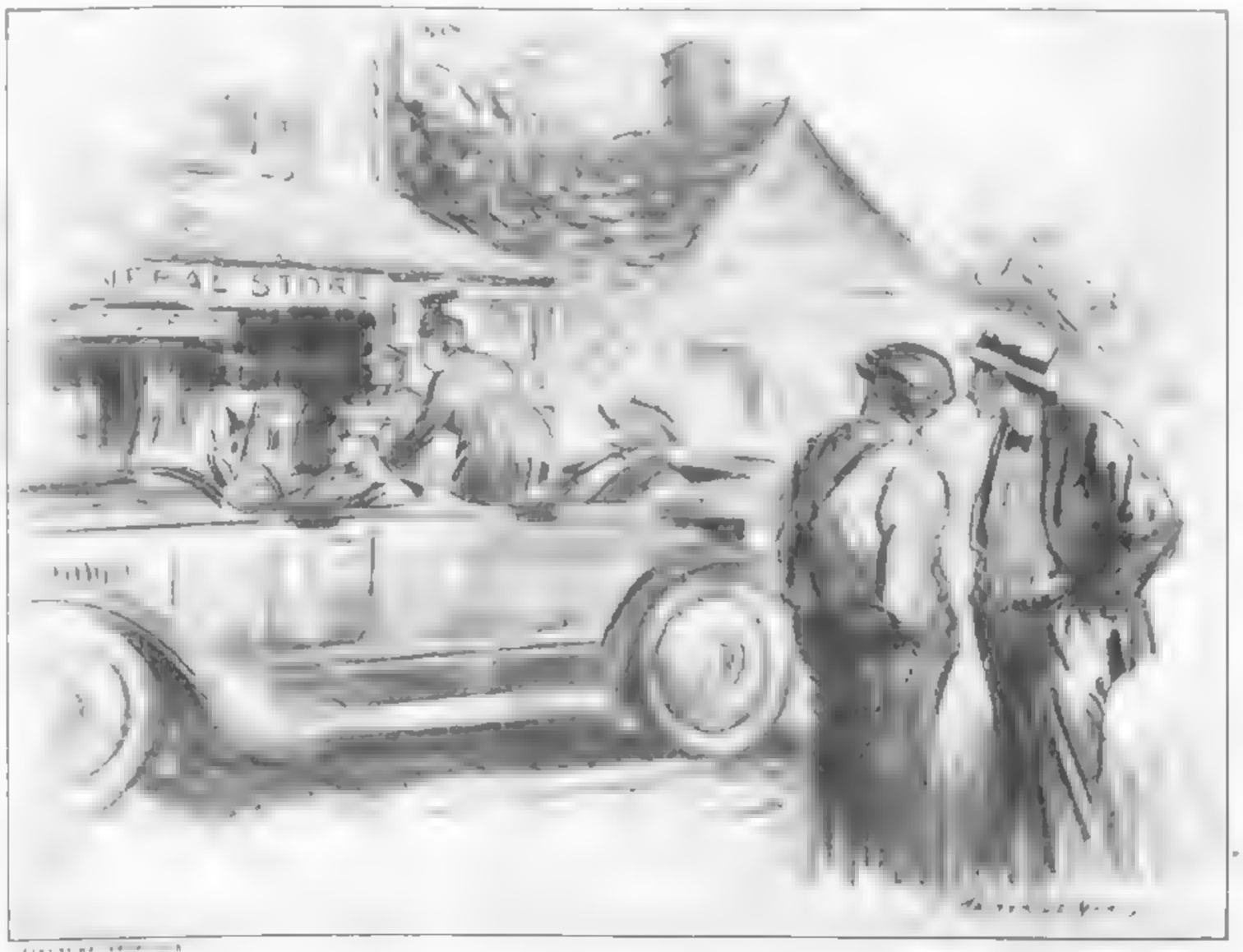
I'D BUILD you palaces of gold
In regions where fond dreams hold sway,
And then I'd sing, like bards of old,
Your beauty in a roundelay.
How lightly would we dance and play
Through green lush meadows to the sea!
And I would keep you glad and gay,
If you would do the same for me.

Tristan did never love Isolde
As I would love your eyes of gray,
And poets would term Paris cold
Could I my burning tribute pay.
Bold Lancelot rushing to the fray—
A paragon of passion, he—
So would I low, sweet coryphée,
If you would do the same for me.

Through countless ages knights are bold,
And maids blush like the rose of May
When some mysterious tale is told;
But I could speak as soft as they,
I'd show you kingdoms far away
To which I have the golden key,
And there, with you, I'd always stay,
If you would do the same for me!

L'Envoi

Princess, take goodly heed, I pray:
The envoi hastens forth my plea,
Dearest, I'd marry you today,
If you would do the same for me!
Francis W. Bronson.



"Isn't That Old Ed Simkins?" "Yep." "Found Oil on His Farm?" "Nope. Daughter Actin' in the Movies"

And a Film Contract?

TICK *(a front page bound)*: Huh! Chicago woman hacks hubby to pieces with a hatchet and then kicks about getting seventeen years.

TOCK: What did she expect the jury to give her—a loving cup?

Ambition

"BEFORE this happened, what was your ambition?" asked the dashing young interviewer of the ditto ditto murderess.

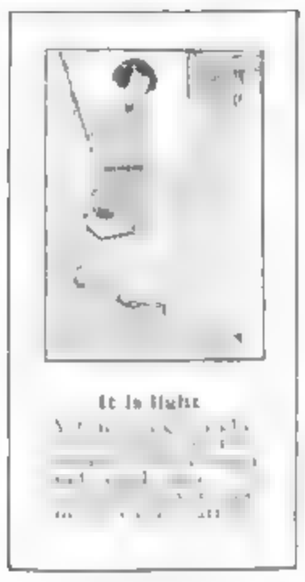
"I," she replied, smiling coyly, "wanted to be the first homicidette who hadn't kept a diary."

The HOOVER

It Beats.... as it Sweeps as it Cleans

-a Wonderful *New* Hoover

Lighter, handsomer and even more capable—the finest electric cleaner for home cleaning ever devised by the industry's oldest and largest makers



When you are given a demonstration of this wonderful *new light* Hoover, you will say it is the most remarkable electric cleaner for the home that you have ever seen.

Designed by the oldest and largest makers in the industry, it widens further the gap which has always separated The Hoover from other cleaners.

All that has been learned in building those more than a million Hoovers now rendering superlative satisfaction the world over, is incorporated into this radically improved new model. Neither patience nor expense was spared in its perfection.

The result is an electric cleaner such as the world has not seen until now—a Hoover, of household size, that is matchless in efficiency and unparalleled for convenience.

It utilizes, of course, those three vitals of thorough cleaning—beating, sweeping and suction—that have made The Hoover the largest selling electric cleaner.

But they are employed in a manner which gives this new Hoover a wider range of cleaning efficiency and a greater power to add years of life and beauty to carpetings.

* *

A glance at the accompanying illustrations and descriptions of some of the many outstanding improvements conveys only a partial idea of what an epochal achievement this is.

You must see the new model in operation —you must try it yourself, to realize fully the value of all its wonderful features.

Do not, therefore, allow anyone to sell you an electric cleaner until you have had an opportunity to judge the latest Hoover.

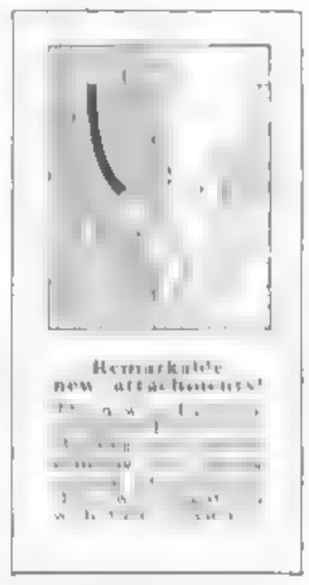
Despite its great superiority, this new model 541 is obtainable at the same moderate price as its celebrated predecessor, the Hoover *Special.*

And 21c to 23c a day, payments to be made monthly, soon pays for one of these wonderful new light Hoovers as you use it! What could be easier?

Hoovers are also obtainable in a smaller and a larger size on proportionately easy payments.

Phone any Hoover Branch Office or write us for names of Authorized Dealers and arrange for an immediate home demonstration, wholly without obligation, of course.

We advise you to act promptly. The demand, following this announcement, may delay deliveries on the new model for some time to come.



THE HOOVER COMPANY, NORTH CANTON, OHIO
The oldest and largest makers of electric cleaners
The Hoover is also made in Canada at Hamilton, Ontario

The HOOVER

It Beats.... as it Sweeps as it Cleans

Take your Dentist's Advice!

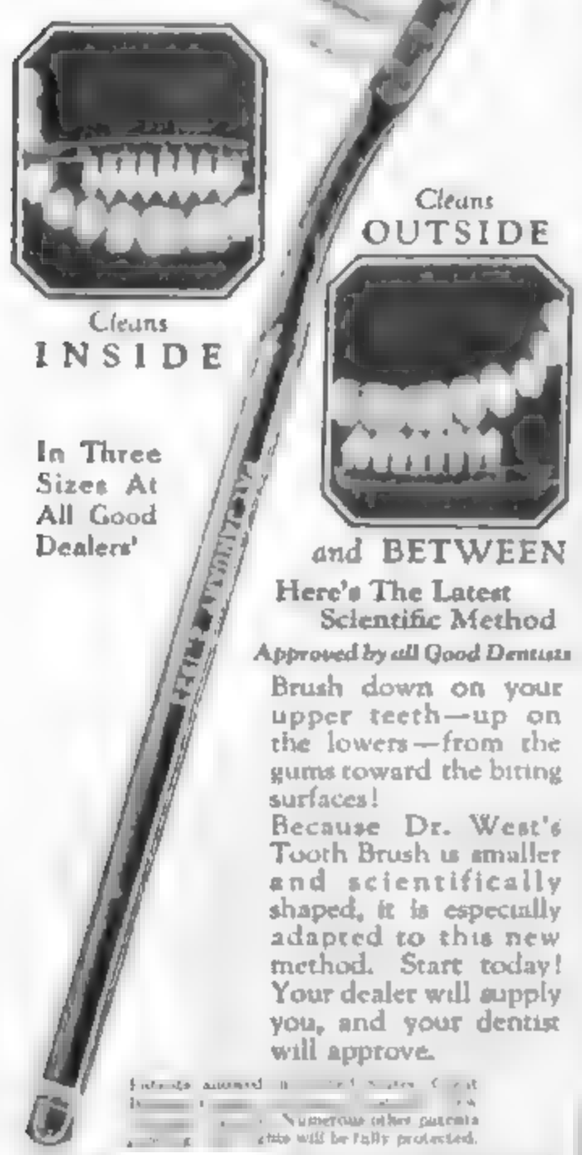
Dr. West's TOOTH BRUSH

CLEANS INSIDE and BETWEEN

YOUR TEETH
Do You Clean Your Teeth The One Correct Way?

95 Out of Every 100 People *Do Not!*

95 out of every 100 people brush their teeth from right to left. The tooth brush skips the spots and crevices where decay most often lurks!



Cleans INSIDE

Cleans OUTSIDE

and BETWEEN

In Three Sizes At All Good Dealers'

Here's The Latest Scientific Method

Approved by all Good Dentists

Brush down on your upper teeth—up on the lowers—from the gums toward the biting surfaces!

Because Dr. West's Tooth Brush is smaller and scientifically shaped, it is especially adapted to this new method. Start today! Your dealer will supply you, and your dentist will approve.

Numerous other patents also will be fully protected.

THE WESTERN COMPANY · Chicago New York

TRIUMPH

(Continued from Page 29)

And he stopped, giddy with pleasure, and touched his lips with his tongue to whet them for more. He found himself suddenly whirled round, taken by the scruff of his neck.

"King!" cried Mrs. Garnet in a helpless, imploring voice as she rose.

Silver found himself rushed through the gold room. The mirrors ran by—flashes of lightning. He was rushed through the hall, where the butler unquestioningly flung open the front door. He was picked up bodily and thrown down the steps into the cold street, the muddy paved street.

"You go to hell!" said King Garnet behind him, and the front door closed.

The driver of Silver's limousine saw all this with enjoying eyes.

The front door opened a moment after to let out the butler, coldly bearing hat and coat. Silver snatched them and flung them into the car. His mind was now fairly chaotic, his body burned, his soul was a caldron of hates.

The butler went back, and Silver called after him, "I'll damn well pitch you out tomorrow, you fat swine, you!" But the rich, secure front door closed obliviously.

Behind that door, and behind another door, King Garnet had his weeping mother in his arms.

"It's true! It's true!" she was wailing.

"Mother, do you really think ——"

"I know! I know! It's worse than I thought; but I always knew! Oh, King! Oh, darling, what shall we do?"

"If it's true we'll worry along. I'll get a job ——"

She wailed, "A job! Oh, darling, yes—but what can you do?"

After she had gone to bed King Garnet still sat there, and he asked himself, "Yes; what in hell could I really do?"

*

ANNA LAND went to her work with extraordinary turmoil below her quiet surface the next morning. There was extraordinary turmoil in the works too—seething, suppressed. Furious female lamentation ran in an undercurrent through the binding room. The men were more noncommittal. But nobody except Silver's next assistant was happy.

Silver did not come till late that morning. His next assistant, telephoned on the matter and scenting promotion, was on his job, sickeningly alert, expectant.

The papers had been full of the story. They were fully primed, with details past and present, legal and biographical. Anna knew Silver's hand in all that. He had planned, with his love of the spectacular, a public sensation; and the newspapers, nothing loath, had flung themselves in with him, paper and ink, body and brains. There was even a portrait of him already. His brooding face, blurredly limned, looked out at Anna, she thought, very triumphantly.

Then, about eleven o'clock, Silver came in a taxicab. He did not repeat the limousine of the night before, but that was because he was in a hurry. The clamors of all the business about him already were louder than even he had foreseen and prepared for. Lawyers, friends, enemies, reporters, tradesmen, photographers—all were thus early besieging him. But he could not resist that rush down to the works, sandwiched between a visit to his bank and a visit to Moss & Parkinson. Entering, he received humble salutations from the doorkeeper and the timekeeper, both of whom had always privately disliked him; both of whom knew that he knew it, and were privately afraid. He wore a new gray lounge suit, and the gray overcoat and Homburg hat of the night before. He went to speak to his deputy.

"Got the news, I suppose, Morrison?"

"Got the news, Mr. Silver. I should say so! Great! They're all stunned here; mustn't take any notice of 'em, Mr. Silver; haven't got their breath back yet. May I tender my congratulations?"

"Thanks, I'm sure," said Silver, literally chewing the end of a cigar.

"We shall have a boss now who really understands the business. It'll be a privilege to work under you, I can assure you, Mr. Silver."

"My name's Garnet now, of course."

"Why—I apologize. 'Course! It had never struck me. We're all of a heap here, you see, sir. Mr. Garnet, of course, it is. Funny how you miss a point like that."

"I'm going to keep Silver, too—Bertie Silver Garnet."

He ached to talk; he ached. He had never so ached before. And he had none but paid listeners. It was hard.

"Fine name, sir. Yes; 'course, they're all wondering here how the—the other Garnets, if I may so put it, are taking the news."

"Bad," said Silver, and a vein throbbed in his throat, and the blood seemed to fill his head. "They're taking it pretty bad—hard. Well, the wheel turns. I shall do something for the old lady."

"Old lady, Mr. Sil—Garnet?"

"King's mother."

"Oh, ah, yes, sir. Ha-ha! 'Course! I didn't recognize her from your description. One don't look on her as an old lady somehow. Handsome woman; fashionable woman like that."

"She looked pretty old last night."

"Last night, sir?"

"When I talked it all out with 'em."

"She would! My word! What a blow! It must have been a difficult talk for you, too, Mr. Garnet."

"It was; it was," said Silver, with the blood in his head again, and he moved away. He was lowering his new prestige by this confidential conversation. And he was recalling that talk, too; that talk which later in the day adorned the evening papers, embellished accurately and feelingly, in loyal disobedience, by King Garnet's butler.

At present Silver enjoyed thinking of the wrath to come for the butler. Somehow he never imagined that humiliating scene published in the very papers that seemed such genial friends. But published it was; and it kept him away from the works, in shame, for the space of some days.

He passed on to the binding room and saw as in a haze across the lofty place Anna standing beside her still raw recruit at a binder. Anna's instruction seemed, from that distance, to be as punctilious as ever. But he thought her heart must be beating—beating high.

He approached, and felt rather than heard the rustle of dire amazement, awe, anger and trepidation that ran through the room. It was natural to his exalted mood that he should mistake it, however, and he was not displeased. Excitement coursed through him. He cast the shrinking girls smiling looks. He saw no traces of tears on their little, sorry faces. No echo of the consternation in their romantic hearts reached him. He saw and heard only what he wanted.

When Anna opened her lips to ask of King Garnet, something sealed them again—a pride the strength of which held her silent against herself. And Silver did not speak of him either. Humiliation, which came over him in devastating snatches in the midst of his glories, kept him quiet.

He only whispered: "Now, Anna, you must think of me all day, and tonight I shall come to you, or write to you. My offer's firm." It was not really possible that this dear, strong girl—so wise as she was—was fool enough to refuse it. "Firm, Anna. I want you so. We'll be married just as soon as the thing can be done. What do I want all this for, if not to halve it with you?" And he believed himself passionately.

"Leave me alone," she said abruptly.

She looked from him out over the binding room—her room—over her girls. She did not love her work in particular; but it was hard; it was clean; it progressed; it was a symbol. She thought: "If I do not marry you I go. Of course! You may not know it now, but in another week of frustration you will know it as well as I do. Oh, of course!"

She did not resent it. Only the idea wearied a little; the idea she knew so well from its actual practice—the leaving once more a simple highroad of work for the probable byways of unemployment, poorer work, recurring penury.

He stood by Anna, speaking to her in a louder voice of authority: "A word with you, Miss Land."

So they drew aside and stood under the high and grimy window under which she remembered—vividly in this moment—she had stood with King Garnet.

"Well?"

He was too full of the pleasing sights and sounds of his imagination to see clearly how white her face was; how large and rimmed with darkness her eyes.

"What has really happened?" she replied.

"What has happened? You've seen a morning paper?"

"Yes; but last night?"

"I went to see them, as you know I intended."

"So late?"

"If I intend to do a thing, Anna, I do it, whether it's morning or midnight. They took it hard, of course."

"What happened?" she repeated.

He did not answer.

"I shall do something for that poor fool of a woman, of course," he said; "a little allowance."

Anna regarded him. She realized him; his new suit; his new vanities overwhelming him; his new power. He did not know that he was fairly light-headed with all this; but she knew it.

"I will leave you alone to think of me," he said. "And tonight I shall come or write. I love you."

She smiled.

"They are beautiful words," she said doubtfully.

"And true!" whispered Silver. "True!" Then he added, "You understand my name is Garnet now. Always has been of course. But I shall keep the Silver. Bertie Silver Garnet's my name. . . . How I wish I could kiss you! Good-by."

He was gone.

Anna heard a girl sob.

While Bertie Silver Garnet talked to Anna Land under the grimy window of the binding room King Garnet and his mother sat in the library of their home and realized to the full their beggardom. Their lawyer was there. He, almost as deeply concerned as they, had explained all. But his explanations were hardly more than reiteration of the abominable news of the night before. He could add little of weight, save to confess that it was true.

"We can fight it, I s'pose," said young King Garnet.

His brow was furrowed, but he was not truly despondent, because the joy of throwing Silver out last night had not yet effervesced. It was a healthy physical joy, and it still bounded in his veins and had made him laugh in his bath this morning, remembering the flabby feel of Silver. He had not known that Silver was a little flabby. He had always taken the thin figure under the baggy clothes he usually affected to be that of a fairly muscular man. But the job had been regrettably easy.

"My boy," said the middle-aged lawyer, "you have no case, and nothing to fight it with. I was hours with Moss & Parkinson yesterday. They have everything; we have nothing. If your father had only signed that new will! But he did not sign it; he was hesitating just at last about leaving a certain amount to charity, and between the choice of charities—and sudden death overtook him. And we have nothing. There is no doubting facts—every one proved up to the last split hair—which are as clear as daylight. What you and I have to do is to save all we can out of your personal assets for your mother."

"Her jewels," said King, "the cars, the ——"

"Her jewels are certainly personal," said the lawyer; "but the cars, the furniture, and so on—well, they have all been bought with your half brother's money, as you can see, and he has a right to everything there is. It belongs to him. All is his. More belongs to him than that. All that you and your mother have spent belongs to him. Not that it is recoverable, of course. That, as a matter of common sense, is waived. But please try to understand, both of you, that you have nothing."

"My bank balance ——"

"You have none. It is not yours."

King Garnet sat back and considered.

"Your debts?" suggested the lawyer.

"They're only reasonable debts."

"Reasonable for a rich man; unreasonable for a broke one. My boy, every creditor you have will be hot on your tracks, and you'll be dunned for the very boots you wear!"

"But look here!"

"Realize it! And you, too, my dear madam, realize it!"

"I can't! I can't!"

(Continued on Page 147)

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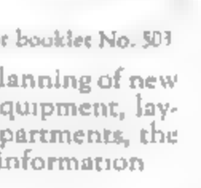

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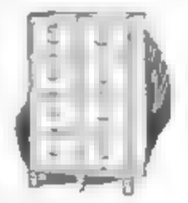

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(Continued from Page 144)

She sobbed. She had not slept, and was a bundle of frayed nerves and palpitating fears.

"You must," said the lawyer inexorably.

There was a short silence.

"You will not even be able to pay my account," went on the lawyer dryly. "No." He held up an amiable hand. "I am not saying that in any tactless or offensive spirit. I am bringing it home to both of you—as it is my duty to do—that you have no time to waste, no money to squander at all. You depend on Mr. Bertie Silver Garnet—as he styles himself, I hear—actually to pay off the servants whom you engaged. You have no ability to pay for any services from anyone. All the comforts or considerations which you may for a very short while continue to enjoy, you have on sufferance. Forgive me. I am trying to bring it home to you in a manner which you cannot evade or misunderstand."

"We're all in," Garnet muttered.

"Briefly, yes. I'm sorry. All my sympathy is yours, dear lady. But you will find that sympathy accomplishes little. You have to brace yourself."

"I can't! I can't!"

King Garnet sprang up and petted and comforted his mother. She wept.

"As for enjoying considerations or comforts by any sufferance of Bertie Silver Garnet's," King said, "there'll be little chance. I've torn that. I threw him out of this house last night, well into the middle of the street, and he'll be sore this morning, I'm afraid. So much for Bertie Silver, damn him!"

He walked about.

The lawyer exclaimed, "You should have kept your temper!"

"You didn't hear what the little louse said!"

"He had a right to say what he liked, young man, and you should have taken it for your mother's sake. We might have arranged something comfortable for her; but if you take the aggressive to the extent of manhandling him we shall do nothing."

"We want nothing from him either."

"Oh, we do! We do!" wailed Mrs. Garnet.

"Mother!" said King.

The lawyer looked benign and wise, and tolerant of them both in their mutual helplessness.

"Tut, tut!" he soothed. "Look here, young man, you must keep your head and your temper. Swallow anything he hands you and keep your fists down."

"I'm damned if I will!"

"I advise you for your own good."

"If he comes here again I'll pitch him out again, same as I did before. It's a game I shan't tire at."

"Listen to me, you young fool. You've everything to learn. Pardon my saying so, Mrs. Garnet, but your son has everything to learn. If he comes here again he can pitch you out, and don't you forget it."

"Let him try!"

"The law will see to that, Mr. King Garnet. His position is unassailable."

The young man stood looking this way and that bewilderedly.

"Mother," he demanded, "you don't mean you'd ask or take favors from a cur like that!"

Mrs. Garnet gasped, sobbed, struggled, nodded.

"I do! I do! I'd ask and take them from anybody!"

"Mother!"

The lawyer looked wise and experienced.

"Your mother is a woman, my boy. Don't allow yourself to forget that. She must be provided for."

There rose suddenly before King the very clear vision of Anna Land.

"Some women would work their fingers to the bone rather than ——"

"Oh, King! Oh, darling! Have I ever worked my fingers to the bone?"

"And have you?" the lawyer demanded, turning suddenly with a shrewd look upon King.

The young man resumed his seat very soberly indeed.

"I never have; I—I suppose I shall."

"Do you?" replied the lawyer, without faith.

The young man lifted his head and looked at him, aghast.

Maddox the lawyer began slowly to put together various documents and place them neatly in a small dispatch case, watched by mother and son in equal silence. Maddox betrayed by the fluency of his mobile legal face great sympathy; and also by a certain final sternness counseled resignation. But Mrs. Garnet, womanlike, broke and rebelled against this. So long had she been secure here, thus—a rich marriage following an extravagant girlhood—with only that uneasy feeling about Silver tucked away in her consciousness so deep as not to disturb her very much, that she could neither admit nor accept the catastrophe. She had never so much as touched poverty with her white finger tips.

"But," she cried, her voice mounting—"but something must be done, Mr. Maddox! Done! I must have enough to live upon!"

"By favor you may get enough to live upon, dear lady; or you might have done if this son of yours, who has a good deal to learn ——"

He returned a serious, reproachful gaze upon King Garnet, who sat up and opened his mouth to speak.

"—— if this son of yours, my poor lady, had not seen fit to estrange the sympathies which no doubt this quite excellent half brother of his might have felt. I infer from Moss & Parkinson that Mr. Silver Garnet is really an excellent person in his way. Was it really worth while, my boy, to deal with him so drastically?"

"Worth while! I should damn well think it was!" King shouted. "It didn't last long, but I enjoyed every second of it."

"You should have paused to consider," said Mrs. Garnet in a weak rage, turning upon him.

"Paused, mother? Paused?"

"It was a time for diplomacy," said Mrs. Garnet, her voice mounting again hysterically. "We should have been civil to him—pleasant. He could easily make me a good allowance; not—not this, of course"—hopelessly she looked around her—"but a little flat. I could have had a little flat, a French maidservant; if I could only have kept one who would have helped with my clothes. I could—I could ——"

She struggled against tears, anger and despair.

Maddox the lawyer realized more than she how bitterly her son was hurt; how hard every craven word of hers struck him. She had hit right home. Maddox saw that, although sympathy—more than a mere matter of form—was not his business. He, more than she, read King Garnet's shame and amazement.

"But, mother, you repeat that you'd take it—you'd actually take it after all he said, after all the insults?"

"Oh, words, words!" said Mrs. Garnet, rocking.

"More than words, mother. He didn't come decently. He meant to do nothing but taunt us both, and you know it."

She turned to Maddox.

"You will approach him ——"

"Mother! No!"

"You must approach him, Mr. Maddox ——"

"I will approach his solicitors, dear lady, although I fear—still, they may feel justified in advising him, and he may possibly take that advice even now; even now." He glanced once more remonstrantly at King. "But one can't say. I hold out no hopes."

"But," cried Mrs. Garnet in her high voice of tension, "what can I do?"

King broke in. "I tell you I shall work, mother!"

She cast him a look much as the lawyer's look had been, without faith. His heart seemed to swell within him.

The lawyer continued, "You have friends, Mrs. Garnet."

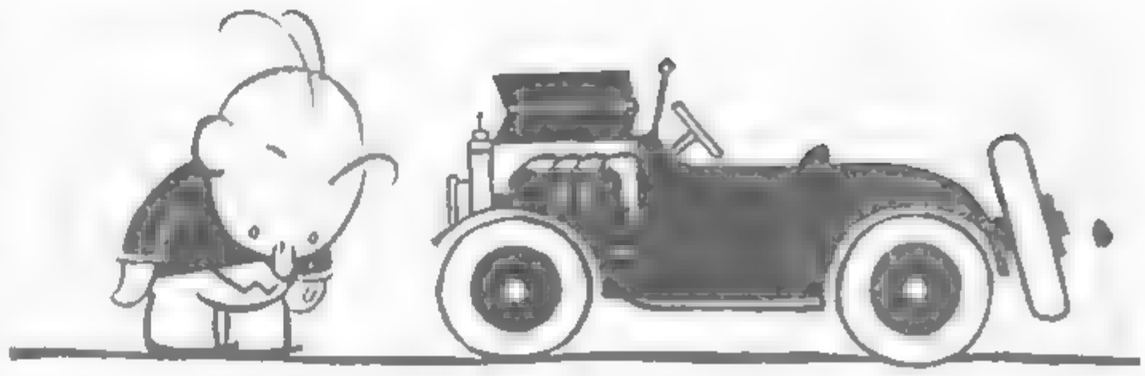
"I had friends," she said.

For suddenly she looked clear into the pool of troubles, and her friends were not there with her. And already her mind began to cast about among those throngs of friends. Who were they? Had she an intimate—even one? Did anyone love her? Did she love anyone? When the wealth and the ease which made smooth the running of those scores and hundreds of acquaintances had vanished, did not all else vanish too?

She had laid up no treasures save her son, and in him she had no faith, believing him to be much as she had made him. All this she did not lucidly understand as yet; but she had taken a very sudden, deep look into that pool of the near future, and its waters were strange to her.

"Ah!" said Maddox, shaking his head. "Ah!" He rose. "In time of tribulation," he added tritely, "we find our friends. We weed them out."

(Continued on Page 149)



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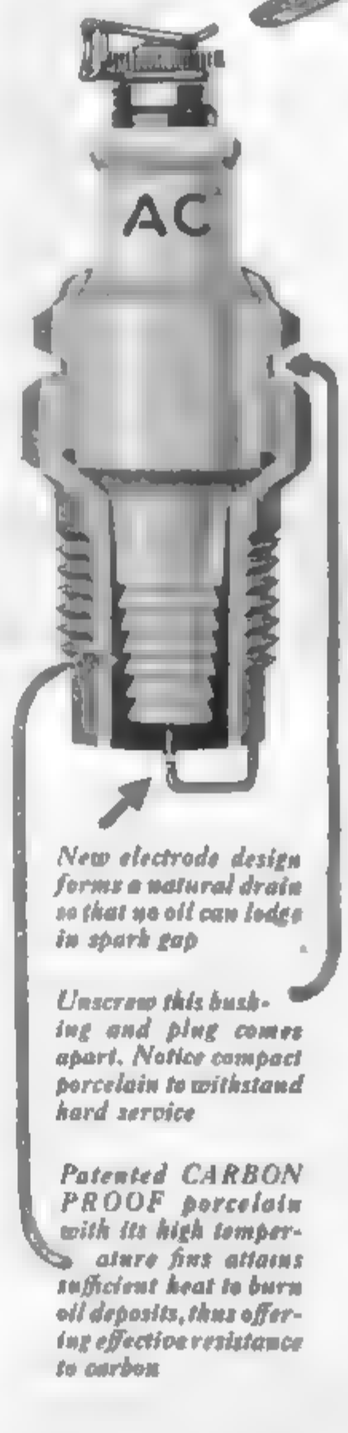

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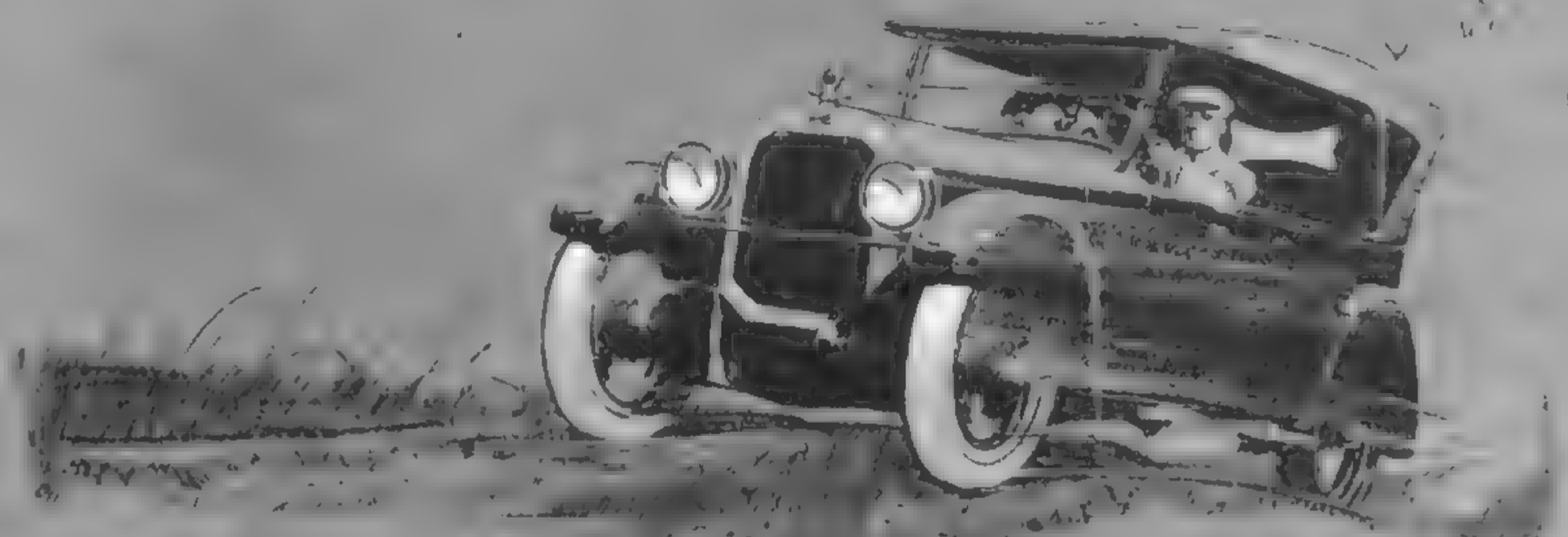

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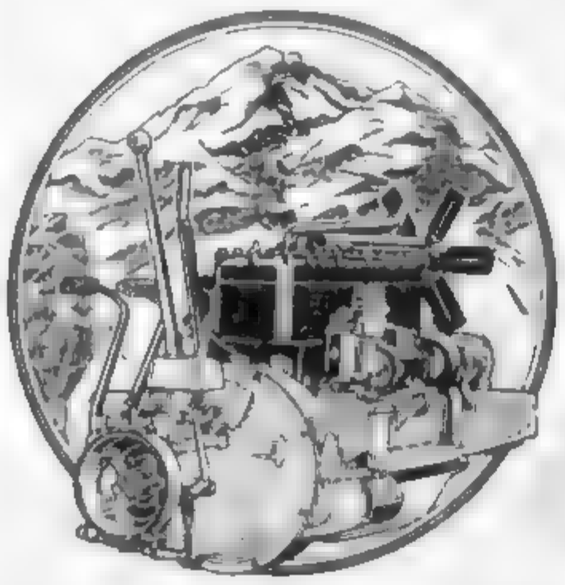

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(Continued from Page 147

"It is I who am weeded out!" said Mrs. Garnet, quite fiercely for her languid frailty and hauteur.

The lawyer made a sympathetic sound of protest; no more. It had no conviction in it, and carried none. He knew their world; none better. It clothed him and fed him, bought his fine house and car, dressed his smart wife; and he had studied and knew it. He knew it bare: he had seen its naked soul. Greed, pride and revenge were the watchwords of the fights generaled by him; and into his rich office love seldom stepped at all. So he knew the cold weather into which the Garnets were going.

"I shall do all I can in your interests. Rely on me," he promised.

But even already, decent and humane man as he was reckoned, their value was fading, their plight was of no profitable importance. He had not so particularly and personally prized their acquaintance; as business assets they were as good as lost to him.

King Garnet checked him at the door.

"Do you know of a job for me?"

Maddox paused to weigh his answer.

"What can you do?"

"Anything!"

"That means nothing."

They were alone in the dark, shadowy patch by the door of the huge library. Away by the fire, out of earshot of their low voices, Mrs. Garnet drooped and dabbed her eyes. The lawyer felt minded, and kindly he meant it, to speak out to this ornamental youth. He said:

"In the streets of this city are hundreds and thousands of men as good as you, as useful as you, who are willing to turn their hands to anything—which means they can do nothing well. Have you ever looked aside from your car as you drove through the streets and seen them? There they were to be seen: fellows getting daily haggarder with anxiety; fellows so dumb with shame at their own incapacities—discovered thus late—that they can hardly, sometimes, beg aloud for the job they're after; fellows with no soles to their boots, hoping the uppers look a bit more respectable than bare feet would do, without overcoats, without a change of linen, without the price of a shave; yet they must be shaved if anyone's going to listen to 'em; fellows with their old jackets buttoned up over their bare skin because they've pawned their shirts and waistcoats. They'll run a mile after a cab, hoping to be allowed to lift the luggage on it down for sixpence. And half of 'em are just as competent as you—and that's not saying much, Garnet.

"What I ask is: Have you ever looked aside and seen 'em? I'll bet I can answer that. You have not! Now, who is going to look aside for you?

"You inherited, rightly or wrongly, a big printing works. Did you learn the business? Could you walk into the works that have been your own and set up a page of a daily newspaper? I can answer that, my boy. You could not! And you ask: Do I know of a job for you?"

Maddox shook his head.

"Go out, Garnet, into the streets of this city—for you'll have to—and learn how other men like you get jobs."

King Garnet uttered no sound. He had hung on Maddox's words. The lawyer held out a hand.

"Good luck!" he said. "Good luck!"

"Thank you," Garnet nodded.

Maddox went out. At the soft closing of the door, Mrs. Garnet lifted her tear-stained face from futile contemplation of the fire. She drew her shoulders together and shivered

"Come here, King. Sit down. What was he saying to you."

"He was telling me the truth."

The door of the library opened again. Furred, scented, velvet-clad, little Mabel Conway fairly burst into the room. Her quiet, demure personality was transfigured; she was distraught, yet enraptured with some passionate project. She ran straight to Mrs. Garnet, although her first look and all her thoughts must have been for King.

"Oh, my dear!"

Mrs. Garnet rose.

"Oh, Mabel!"

They fell upon each other's necks and hugged and kissed and wept. King stood looking on somberly at the two excited women, till Lady Mabel, still in Mrs. Garnet's clinging embrace, half turned to him and held out a hand. He took it and squeezed it. Then she struggled from the elder woman's arms and gasped her questions:

"Is it true—what all the papers are saying? Have you really lost everything? Is that horrid Silver who hated you so m-m-much ——" she broke off with a sob.

"It's true," said Mrs. Garnet.

"B-b-but you'll fight it? You won't let him — "

King took her fluttering little hand again.

"We've no fight to put up, Mabel. Everything's proved, clear as daylight. There is nothing to be said or done in any way whatever."

"But, King, what shall you do?"

So They Drew Aside and Stood Under the High and Grimy Window Under Which She Remembered She Had Stood With King Garnet

The question again! He knew what he was by now, of course; but that everyone else should know it, too, and show it so plainly maddened him

He replied shortly, "Find a job of course."

"Of course you will," said little Mabel hesitantly.

Then color began to flow into her pale face. She blushed under the guilt of thoughts which, nevertheless, were causing her a happiness so exquisite as to be nearly pain.

"I thought ——" she began.

"Yes, darling?" moaned Mrs. Garnet, caressing her hand with eager fingers.

"—— that you would come away at once," said Lady Mabel, "and stay with me for a few months, till—till you have made your arrangements. Come right out of all the unpleasantness, both of you. There's room in my little house and it will be delightful."

"What will your aunt say?" moaned Mrs. Garnet of the aunt who purported to chaperon Mabel.

"Aunt does as I tell her, always."

"Oh, my dearest Mabel, if you only knew what a weight your dear, kind suggestion lifts from my poor shoulders! I'm so mazed, so tired, so absolutely distraught, darling, that to come and take refuge with you for a while would be just heaven."

"You are to come back with me now in the car," cried Lady Mabel, tremulous with her own unaccustomed resolution, but blushing and radiant through the tears that still filled her shocked eyes

"Oh, my darling! You dear, true friend!"

"And King?" Mabel murmured, turning to him very touchingly.

"Mabel—mother, we can't victimize Mabel or anyone else."

Mabel uttered a little cry.

"Victimize me—when I'm only longing to have you with me to try to comfort you! Oh, King, she must come! And you ——"

"For me, it's impossible, Mabel. A thousand thanks. But there'll be much for me to see to, and—and I must look round at once—and if I'm not turned out I shall stop here tonight to—pack, and so on."

"B-b-but after tonight, King?"

Suddenly, with deep shame, he cried out, "You too! You think I'm useless! A damn man baby in need of any kind of protection!"

"Oh, I don't! I don't! But I thought ——"

"You thought all that was kind, Mabel; only I can't do it. I can't!"

She drew back, irresolute, distressed, doubting her wonderful and gorgeous dream of a plan.

"I want to go back with Mabel," said Mrs. Garnet in a voice of weak obstinacy.

King turned away from the two women. He put his elbows on the mantelshelf and stared down into the fire, hiding his eyes from them. He heard their little murmur of talk and broken planning going on without him. Presently his mother touched his arm.

"Mabel is coming upstairs with me while I give orders what to pack, dear."

"Very well, mother."

He did not move from the fire when they left him.

Time went by; and then King Garnet's mother was beside him again, touching his arm.

"Mabel wants you to come and dine with us tonight."

"I can't. I'm engaged."

Quite suddenly it came to him that there was only one woman with whom he could spend this evening if she allowed it—and she was far removed from his mother's world, and Mabel's. As soon as he thought of her he became steady. He felt like a rock.

His mother was speaking again, slyly, cajolingly: "King, Mabel is crying."

"I'm sorry. Why?"

"About you."

He said somberly, "I can do nothing."

"King—why don't you ask her to marry you?"

He was startled out of speech by the greedy naiveté of this. He ground his teeth. Then he took his mother softly but forcibly by the arms

"See here! You—you've put that up to Mabel!"

"Darling, it wasn't I. Truly! She—she—really, King, she did!"

"What? Mabel said ——"

"Listen, dear boy. I'm so upset, you mustn't harass me." She dropped into a chair and felt for her handkerchief. "You must do all I want—or I shall never bear things!"

He stood over her, and suddenly he saw a truth and spoke it.

"You can bear things as well as any other woman."

"I won't be spoken to like that! You mustn't! I'm your mother. Besides, it—it worries me. My nerves are all to pieces. I've a good mind to ring up Doctor Vere and ask him to come around at once."

"You're not the rich patient you were, mother; get rid of your whims and fancies. Any doctor'll tell you the truth now; as will any lawyer. But don't let's sidetrack. You came here to tell me all that Mabel said."

"Am I not trying to tell you?" She cried a little. "The dear girl's first words when we got upstairs were: 'This will make all

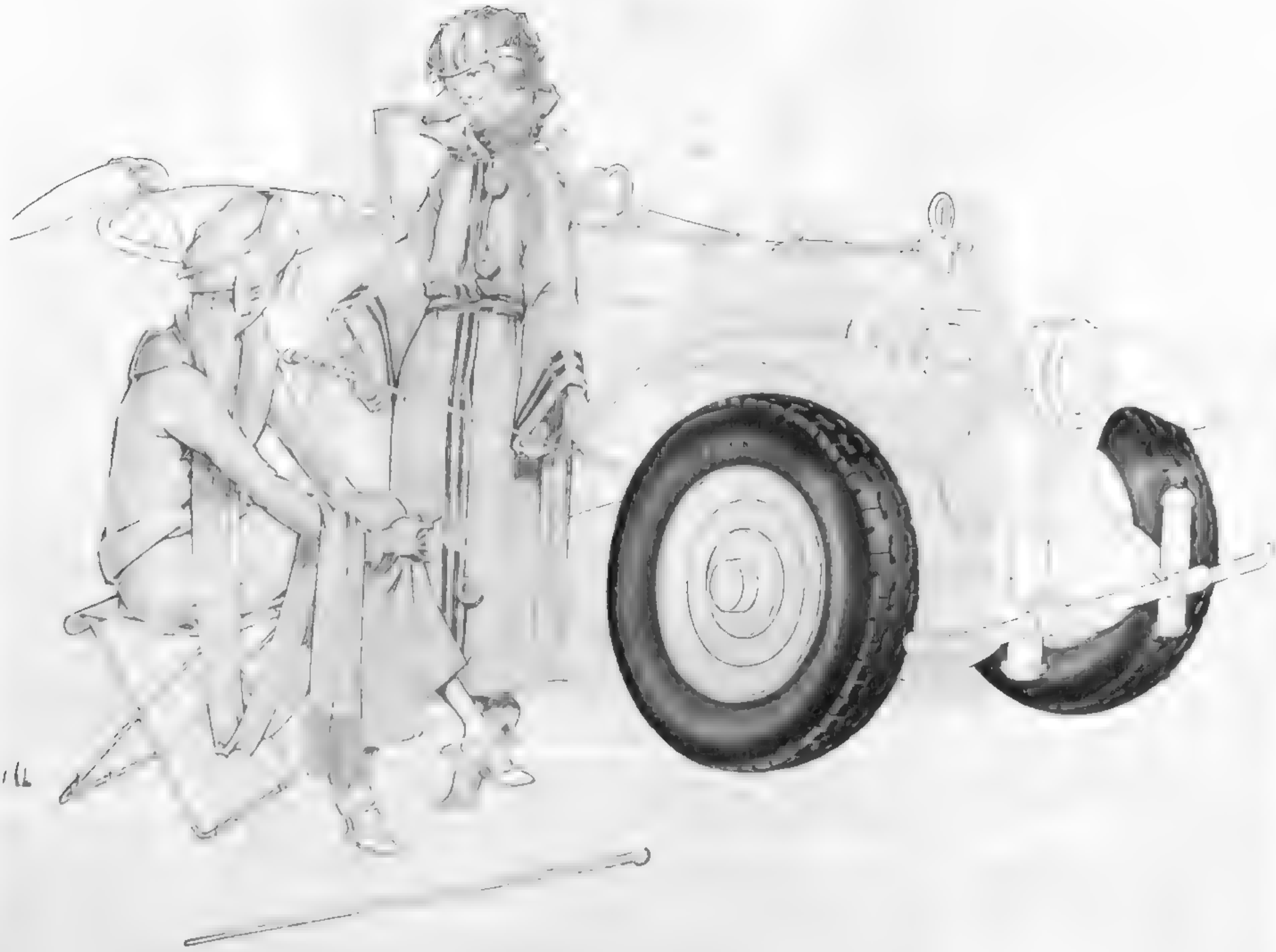
(Continued on Page 152)

THE

GENERAL

CORD TIRE

—goes a long way to make friends



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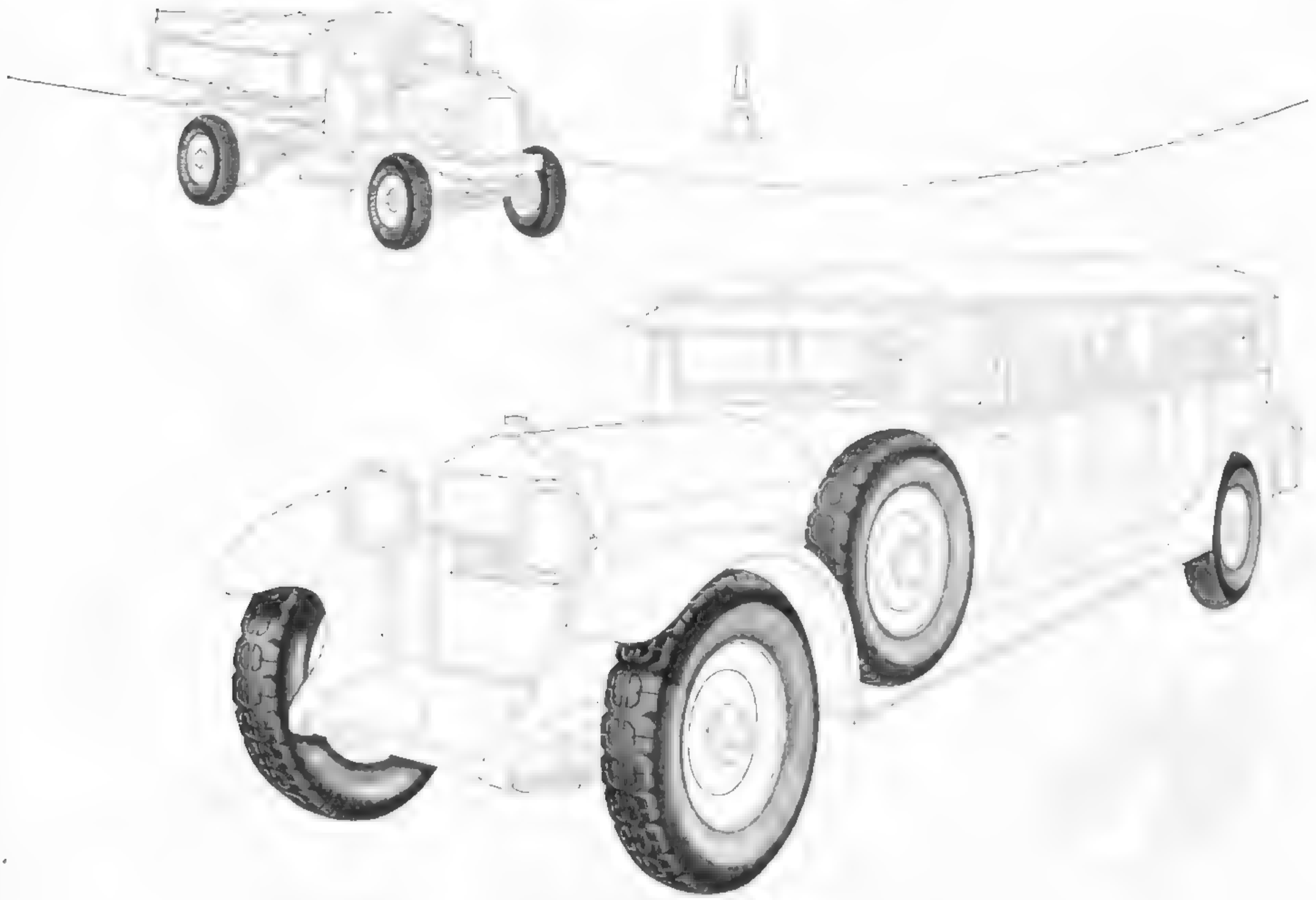

ALWAYS a successful tire, General's most interesting gains in sales have been made in the last few years—or, to be more exact, during the days of the so-called "buyers' strike." Not that prices have been of the "cut-rate" variety, or that quality has been tampered with, but because buyers have sought actual values more carefully. They have been quickened by the times into a better appreciation of General's ability to "go a long way to make friends."

GENERAL TIRE AND RUBBER CO.

The Spirit of Youth in Your Feet

Learn to WALK—and to SMILE and to know how wonderful this tired old world really is when viewed from a foundation of buoyant, FLEXIBLE ease

IF more MEN would realize that *happy, unrestricted feet* play a very vital part in promoting business efficiency and increasing earning power, there would be more successful BUSINESSES!

GROUND GRIPPERS "perk you up"

These famous ORIGINAL Flexible-Arch, Muscle-Developing Shoes are now made in handsomely MODIFIED STYLES for Men and Women. Two new models are shown here.

IF more WOMEN would treat their feet as part of their *understanding* instead of as mere "ornaments" to driven body and nagging nervous system, there would be more happy FAMILIES!

GROUND-GRIPPERS "harmonize"

Write for our interesting and instructive new Book, "What You Should Know about Your Feet."—IT'S FREE!

GROUND GRIPPER SHOE COMPANY, Inc., 141 Brookline St., EAST LYNN, MASS.
(Largest Exclusive Manufacturers of Health Shoes in the World)

Widely Imitated

GROUND GRIPPER WALKING SHOES

Never Duplicated

See the many smart new MODIFIED "Ground-Grippers" before making your Spring and Summer footwear selections. Refuse substitutes. Exclusive Stores in the following Cities. 2000 Agents Everywhere

Akron, Ohio, Shumaker Shoe Co.
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ALEMITE

lubricant

PURE SOLIDIFIED OIL

Don't gamble with "*cheap*" lubricant —it will cost many dollars in repairs

Some car owners still think any old lubricant is good enough for chassis bearings.

"Bargain counter" grease often contains grit, soap and acids which soon disintegrate and *score* the bearings instead of protecting them.

That is why we recommend Alemite Lubricant—solidified oil, free from harmful matter of any kind.

Being *solidified* oil it has all the good lubricating qualities of oil yet it stays with the bearings like grease.

Alemite Lubricant won't cake or harden. It won't drip away and leave bearings dry. And it comes in auto-loading containers for filling the Alemite Compressor quickly and cleanly.

It costs only a little more than "cheap" grease but is more economical in the end because it lasts longer and prevents wear.

Use Alemite Lubricant and you know you're using good lubricant.

A Product of

THE BASSICK MANUFACTURING COMPANY

2660 N. Crawford Ave., Chicago, Illinois

Canadian Factory: Alemite Products Company of Canada, Ltd.
Belleville, Ontario

For the convenience of motorists Alemite Lubricant is packed in ½-pound, 1-pound and 5-pound auto-loading containers to fill the Alemite Compressor. For dealers and other bulk users it is packed in barrels, half-barrels and 100-pound drums

The Bassick Manufacturing Company, 2660 N. Crawford Ave., Chicago, Ill.
My car is ... regarding the ... Alemite-equipped ... Please send me information
Alemite Lubricating System ... Alemite Lubricating Spring Cover
Name ...
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Look further than the outside of the garment

Make sure the lining is Skinner's Satin.

You want good material in your suit or overcoat, of course. You want a pleasing pattern, fashionable cut, correct fit—but just as important is the *lining*.

Skinner's Satin, because of its remarkable wearing quality, keeps its good looks and helps a coat retain its shape.

When you pay a fair price for a garment you have a right to expect a Skinner lining—for 75 years the standard for durability.

Ask your wife about Skinner's. When men know what all women know of the great service in Skinner's Satin, they will insist on Skinner linings.

In buying a suit or overcoat ready-to-wear, look for the Skinner label shown below. Or ask your tailor to show you the satin and

"Look for the Name in the Selvage"

WILLIAM SKINNER & SONS ▪ Established 1848 ▪ New York ▪ Chicago ▪ Boston ▪ Philadelphia ▪ MILLS—Holyoke, Mass.

The world's largest manufacturers of satin linings—both all-silk and cotton-back
Also makers of the famous Skinner's Serges and Mervellieux and Skinner's Dress Silks

On request we supply this label to clothing manufacturers

1848 THE SATIN LINING IN THIS GARMENT WAS MADE BY WILLIAM SKINNER & SONS 1923

Skinner's Satin

All-Silk or Cotton-Back

(Continued from Page 152)

His mother, dressed for the street, was careful, masked, attractive; there was nothing woebegone about her. With a display of ultra-slim ankles she climbed lightly into the limousine. Mabel, little and subdued, and with an air of anxiety, followed. Both glanced up at the library window, but the thick curtains sheltered the watcher for whom they looked.

So they drove away.

KING Garnet had been waiting all the afternoon for the stroke of six. And at six he was thinking, "At seven I'll go to her. I'll see if she'll let me sit quietly in that odd room of hers and just talk. Both in the same ship now, she and I."

Then it struck him that they were not in the same ship. She had beneath her a solid deck, steam was up and she was headed out to sea, while he merely stood, castaway, out of work, at the harbor's edge, and looked towards an unguessed horizon. He had not found his ship at all.

Garnet was not the only man who was thinking towards Anna at six that afternoon. A stout man had alighted from a taxicab at her door, and interrogated the landlady. He waited in that drab person's parlor until Anna came home. The landlady met her with the news.

"There's a gentleman to see you, Miss Land, about yer singing. A stoutish man. Foreigner, miss. I don't mind the looks of him. Shall he come up?"

Anna suddenly sat down on a stair and put her hands over her heart, went even whiter than the thoughts of the day had left her, and replied simply, "Yes."

She gained her room a few moments before the heavy-breathing visitor toiled to the top of the staircase, and she put a match to the fire. The wood was dry and rotten. It crackled and blazed instantly. Her last gift of flowers was fresh, making the mean room look rich. Into the firelight, to the tall, white girl with eyes like flames, came the stout man.

He smiled; and she, who was used to reading men at a swift look, found him honest, also reasonably kind.

"You are the song bird, hey?"

"I sing," said Anna, her voice trembling because of the beating of her heart.

He smiled again—one saw his large yellow teeth glisten in the firelight—and felt for his cards. He produced one.

"If you would light the gas, miss, you could see my card; and I could see you."

So she lighted the gas, and they faced and looked at each other. They looked very keenly. He was a prosperous man, a clever man. She was a tired girl, a poor girl, in her woolen working frock and her old hat of corduroy pulled down over her brows.

"Read my name, if you please," he invited.

She looked at the card and read that he was Mr. Ferrugi of the Charlton Restaurant; then looked up again and saw that he was using his momentary opportunity to stare at her. His look was vivid, absorbent, yet of so obviously a business nature that it was entirely inoffensive. Again he smiled reassuringly.

"Shall we sit down, Miss —— "

"Land—Anna Land. And how rude of me! Please sit down!"

So he took the uneasy oak armchair which she indicated and she took a straight chair by the table. His interested glance roved the room.

"The piano—it is all yours?"

"I have nearly finished paying for the piano."

"I believe you are a true artist, Miss Land, not to be daunted by the difficulties of buying for yourself a fine instrument like that. Besides, I know you are a true artist; I have heard you sing."

"You have heard where?"

His smiling gesture indicated the street.

"I stood outside one night. I was passing—I heard—I waited, and took the address. Now I have the name. And now, may I tell you my errand?"

"Please!"

"You are more eager," he said with an interested look at her, "than I think you will be a year hence. I am the manager of the Charlton Restaurant, as you see. I thought if your looks equaled your voice that I would like to offer you an engagement to sing at dinner—from 7:30 till nine. You have no other engagements?"

"No; I work all day."

"At what?"

She told him, and he said, "A pity!" very feelingly.

Emboldened by his frank interest, Anna said: "Of course, I had hoped sometime for some such chance as this. Only I was going to ask for it—when I felt ready. It never seemed as though it could possibly come to me." Under her battered hat brim her eyes glowed.

"Ah, you are young!" said Ferrugi, alive to the glowing of her eyes. "How nice! And you are very eager. That makes my errand easier. You would be willing to sing for dinner in the Charlton, hey?"

She answered in a way that convinced.

"Willing! Am I not!"

It made Ferrugi laugh a little.

"You know the Charlton?"

"Yes. But, of course, I have never been inside."

"Ah, well," said Ferrugi, waving this away, "that side of life is all to come. I will tell you a little of our clientele. The Charlton has a very wonderful clientele, Miss Land. The more important half of the stage; all society. And if some great foreign impresario visits London he comes to us to dine. Yes, the Charlton is a fine arena for your talent. And we should pay you five pounds a week, and your dinner when you had finished singing."

"I take it," said Anna promptly, with no hesitation or bargaining whatever.

"Of course you take it, child!" Ferrugi answered. "But first remove your hat."

She threw the old corduroy hat on the table, and the crown of her sleek, shining hair rose unmarred. Then Ferrugi saw that his first impressions were right, and that his new singer was very beautiful.

"You will sing to me, Miss Land?"

She went to the piano, opened it and sang the Barcarolle of Hoffmann.

Ferrugi did not say what he thought; he only demanded more. But his small, black and very shrewd eyes were fixed on the top of the girl's head that rose, shining, above the shining piano. He was a business man who knew when he had found a pearl, and he had priced her low, and bought her, and he was well content. As for her, she would have sung as long as he commanded, in a rapture of anxiety to please; but at the end of the third song he stopped her and came over to the piano. He laid a hand on her shoulder.

"You are very nice; more than nice. The voice is fine. I'll have a contract made for you, my dear, eh?—and we'll sign it tomorrow. A year?"

She half closed her eyes, to recall to herself the power to think undevastated by Ferrugi's piercing black regard; and suddenly she had an inspiration, a sort of vision of the golden stair rising to the heights, not far away, but sheer before her. And in the strength of that moment's vision she opened her eyes again and said stoutly, "A year is a long time; three months at a time, renewable—something like that, please."

Ferrugi leaped on the proposition and tore it to shreds, but Anna picked it up and pieced it together, and presented it again. He said she was a foolish girl, a reckless girl, not to assure herself of a year's comfortable employment when she had so fine a chance. He hoped she was not thus early allowing imagination to run away with her. Did she expect at the end of the first three months, then, that some great foreign impresario would hear of her and make her name and fortune on the spot? These bright things only happened in books, my dear. Come! Come! Was not a year's security worth risking a fairy tale for? But the more Ferrugi talked to her in this prudent and paternal fashion, the brighter did that golden stairway shine, and the more did she hold to her amendment.

So in the end Anna Land got her way and a three months' engagement, with option of renewal.

She had forgotten her supper; forgotten the chilly journey home from the works; forgotten the work—nothing was real but Ferrugi and the Charlton Restaurant. She sat on the piano stool in a dream of happiness. That Ferrugi knew all about it goes without saying, and he laughed at her. He bore no grudge for the girl's caution. He patted her shoulder again.

"Now, my dear, you start from now. What about a frock?"

"I have none," she answered simply.

"The management will provide," said Ferrugi, crinkling up his eyes. "Go to Rosette in Shaftesbury Avenue. Tell her Ferrugi sent you to be fitted out in a very

(Continued on Page 157)

A candy never faced a more exacting test than this

ONCE in every few years it happens. A new candy becomes the chosen leader in the big metropolitan centers.

Discriminating, difficult to please—these people are slow to forsake old preferences. Only some rare new goodness will lure them into accepting a new candy.

Some years ago Romance Chocolates were first put out. New flavors from exclusive recipes! Thick chocolate coatings over meaty nuts and luscious fruit and cream centers! All compounded from the finest ingredients!

Little by little these candies, then new, grew in popularity. One person told another. Hostesses served them. They were passed about.

Today we are able to offer these same remarkable chocolates to people everywhere. The enlargement of our kitchens makes it possible to put them on sale in all parts of the country. Your confectioner or druggist carries Romance Chocolates. They range in price from 80c to $1.50 a pound. Cox Confectionery Company, East Boston, Mass.

$1.00 *a pound for* ROMANCE SELECTIONS. *If your dealer can't supply you send us his name and address and $1.00 and we'll send you a box prepaid.*

ROMANCE CHOCOLATES

Are the Devils Torturing Your Sole?

You need not suffer with callouses

IF YOU understand what causes callouses you will appreciate how quickly and effectively Wizard Lightfoot Arch Builders and Callous Relievers get rid of them. Callouses are formed by pressure from a lowered bone in the ball of the foot which has been forced out of normal position. Remove this pressure and the callous instantly ceases to hurt and soon disappears.

Wizards relieve callouses

Beneath the smooth, flexible leather sole of a Wizard Arch Builder and Callous Reliever is a series of pockets—one for each metatarsal bone. By placing a soft rubber cushion in the pocket directly behind the callous, the lowered bone is gently supported in its normal position. The pressure removed, the pain stops instantly, and gradually the callous disappears. The height of the support needed is regulated by the thickness of the rubber cushion.

Wizards cushion your feet

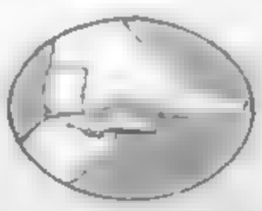
Don't confuse Wizard Lightfoot Arch Builders with ordinary arch supports, for they contain no metal, and are designed to give a cushion support to any part of the foot needing it. Wizard Arch Builders are made of smooth, flexible leather, so completely adjustable that you can form a cushion which will conform exactly to the normal shape of your foot. This cushion can be built up gradually, if desired. Your foot will rest upon it naturally and will function with freedom and grace. It is impossible to describe the comfort one immediately feels when properly fitted with Wizard Arch Builders.

Special shoes good but unnecessary

Wizard Lightfoot Arch Builders will correct foot troubles in any shoe that fits properly. They do not show when worn and will not affect the trim appearance of the smartest shoe. The sensible shoes, often called corrective, are a good foundation for Wizard Arch Builders, but they cannot take the place of them. For callouses and leaning heels Wizards are necessary. For weak and fallen arches Wizard Arch Builders form a support that can be adjusted to conform to the individual arch. As arches even in feet of the same size vary greatly in height, length and shape, it is essential, if you want complete relief, to have the support under your foot exactly fit your own arch. No fixed or rigid arch, either separate or a part of the shoe, can possibly take the place of Wizard Arch Builders in this respect.

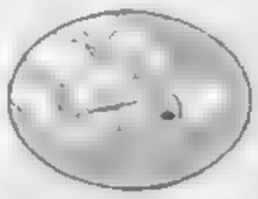
Where to get relief

Go to a shoe dealer where there is an expert who has studied the Wizard System. If you don't know of such a dealer, write us. We will send you our book, "Orthopraxy of the Feet," and a chart on which to make a diagram of your foot. This chart will locate your trouble and will enable us to direct you to immediate relief.



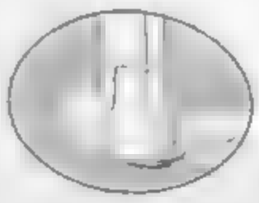
Relief for weak arches

Note how inserts in pockets permit building up arch any shape, height and position needed. No metal is used. The arch rests on a soft, flexible cushion.



For relieving callouses

Note the soft rubber inserts supporting the bone just back of the sore spot. This takes off the pressure and gives complete relief



Correcting run-over heels

Note how the insert under the heel straightens ankle. This prevents twisting the foot structure, avoids serious trouble, and causes heels to wear evenly

WIZARD LIGHTFOOT CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.:
Please send me your treatise on foot troubles and chart for purpose of locating my trouble.

Your Name _____

Address _____

Dealer's Name _____

Wizard
LIGHTFOOT
ARCH BUILDERS

(Continued from Page 155)

plain sheath of silver tissue with shoes to match at a total cost of fifteen guineas. She will do it. I expect great things tomorrow night. And now, *au revoir*."

As Ferrugi went leisurely down the stairs, King Garnet bounded up them.

Anna's door was still open, and she stood with the light behind her, silhouetted, dark and slender, watching her stout fairy prince depart. Too far removed in her ecstasy from immediate mundane things, she felt no surprise at King Garnet's lightning advent. At the back of her mind she remembered the catastrophe, and yet by the time he had come in and she had shut the door upon herself and him, she had not fully awakened to it. She held out a hand which he kissed—and she walked back, without a word, to the fire, in which she saw a shining world. Garnet followed her.

"Do you mind my coming here?"

"I'm very glad to see you."

"Anna," he said, puzzled, "turn round and look at me. Don't stare at the fire."

"Oh, I'm sorry. I was far off."

She turned and looked at him, and he saw her radiant, trying to subdue the radiance as unseemly. His heart missed a beat and bounded on; he stepped back incredulously.

"Anna, something's happened."

"Yes, something's happened."

She shone like the sun and stars; there was no concealing it. For a short while the young man and girl stood looking at each other, she so simple in her joy, he so simple in his dismay, that each emotion was traced plainly on each face. And it seemed to King Garnet that all the insurgent warmth which had filled him as he rushed here was turning to ice.

She was glad.

"You're glad, Anna?" he said in a falling voice.

"Glad! Why, it's wonderful! I'm crazy! I—how can you understand?"

"Only one thing would make me understand—if you loved him."

Anna's mind was on Ferrugi. She stared incredulously back at King.

"And you can't love him! You can't! I always knew you didn't! And a girl like you doesn't marry a man for his money. You've explained that to me clearly enough. You say you're crazy. What do you mean? Anna! For God's sake! You haven't all this time loved Silver?"

Anna caught herself then right back to the present—she had been away into the future—and she was ashamed that her own pleasure and glorification should have come for an instant before King Garnet's troubles, blotting them out. She remembered. He saw the soft changes fly into her face, and with a little passionate murmur he took her hand again and kissed it.

"You read the news in the morning's paper, Anna?"

"Yes," she said quietly, all alive now to his need, "and I heard it before then; I heard it last night."

"Oh, from Silver! That dinner ——"

She nodded.

"What difference does it all make, Anna?"

"How—difference, King?"

For the first time she called him by his first name, not realizing it. But he realized it and thrilled to the core.

"Between you and Silver."

"Why, none at all!"

He was searching her face, and he saw by the curl of her lip that this was true.

"You mean that, Anna?"

"I mean it. How hard it is for men to believe!"

"Then, what difference does it make between you and me?"

With infinite regret tugging at her, she answered, "None at all, King."

"You want neither of us?"

"I want a very big man."

"Oh, Anna! I will be a big man for you!"

She sat down in the oak armchair, and he cast himself at her feet, his arms on her knees.

"Do you believe that, Anna darling?"

She looked over his head into vague distances.

"I wish I could believe it, King."

"You wish ——"

"I want to believe it."

"But—you can't'"

She shook her head very slowly.

"I don't know."

"Take me and make me, Anna!"

"Make yourself!"

His passionate gaze fell. He knew somehow, deep in him, that this girl, beautiful, ardent, desirous, had summed up life with the hard truth of the most elderly cynic, if withal as kindly as a baby. He felt that her seeking eyes looked through all delusions, and yet that she walked with illusions upon the mountain top. He knew that she put away all unproved sentimentalities, all platitudes, accepted *clichés* and texts, even though she clung strongly and sublimely to the greatest faith of all. He sighed.

He said "I will"

Her look at him had the passion of a young woman and the pitying maternity of an old one

"You must fight for it."

"Do you believe in me, Anna, in the very least?"

"I will believe in you as long as you keep believing in yourself, King."

He muttered, "It's becoming hard to believe in myself."

He told her of Maddox's diatribe. She listened. He half hoped to hear from her some little alleviating cry of protest, of sympathy; but none came.

When he had finished she said, "King, a man must make himself. Women are taught to believe that men are in their hands. It has been convenient to appoint women the bearers of all moral responsibilities. That was taught to me by my mother, who feared to teach me anything that she hadn't been taught before me. I refuse to believe. I cannot take you and make you if you will not make yourself; or if I can, I will not. I would have such contempt for you, King, if you couldn't even do what I, a woman, try to do.

"I think a mother must make her babies; but after a man leaves his mother's hands let him proceed himself. Let him not try to place himself and all his faults and failings to be the charge of some woman, whom he may blame if he fails.

"And just so with a woman, King. She must make herself. Neither man nor woman should lean upon another while either has the power left to stand upright. When you lean on someone else, King, you are a thing to be pitied, not a man to be respected. A bad wife never ruined a good man; and a bad man never ruined the soul of a good woman. We make ourselves; and if we are worth while at all others cannot make us.

"Ask nobody to make you, King. Stand up!"

There was in King Garnet's mind that actual imminent question which must be answered soon somehow; that question which his mother and Mabel and Maddox had staled by repetition; that he had asked himself: "Yes; but what shall I do?"

Yet now, though he did not see any more clearly which corner to turn, though he knew no road to take, he was ashamed to ask the question of Anna.

She had said to him like a trumpet call, "Stand up!"

"Yes," he nodded. And impelled by the figurative words, he rose and stood on the hearth rug, looking down upon her. "Yes, Anna, I will."

She remained silent, looking up at him, as if waiting for more than mere promises; her attitude asked "Plans?"

He had none.

All day he had been revolving plans in his head, and they were all foolish and cowardly. They were unmentionable here anyway.

"Fellows like me, Anna, are terribly handicapped. There are no obstacles; we do no training. It sounds contemptible to you, I know, if I say that to a fellow like me the first time he has to recognize that life is a battlefield it leaves him fairly sick and stunned. He's no good on that battlefield. He ——"

"I know, King. I know. But don't think; not just now; go out and do"

He overcame his hesitation and asked, "Do what?"

"Find out, King. Work!"

"What work, Anna?"

"Find out, my dear, find out! You are a young single man with no ties. Your mother ——"

"My mother will be all right."

"Then you are free, King."

"Yes," he agreed bitterly. "And freedom is all I have."

"It is the second greatest possession in the world, King."

"What is the first, Anna?"

"Love; I think love would be first."

Once more Garnet cast himself kneeling at her feet, his arms on her knees. After all, they were both young; he loved her so; tomorrow was far off; there were no problems in this little room. He ached that she should kiss him.

"Let's have done with abstractions for a minute, dear; just for a little minute or two. I must talk about you. Anna, tell me, when did you begin to work?"

"At fifteen."

"Fifteen! But you—you're so well read, so"

"There are night schools; continuation classes, you know."

"Oh, Anna!"

He made Anna laugh.

"Half the world doesn't know how the other half lives."

"But, Anna, at fifteen! Why?"

"My mother was beginning to be an invalid then, and had to give up a lot of the lace work she used to do in her spare time; I mean in time spared from housework."

"But, my dear, what a struggle!"

"Many people struggle, as you may get better opportunities for observing. And if I seem hard, my dear, it is just that I would like everyone to observe these things. I'm not hard really. I'm not hard, King!"

"Oh, you darling, don't I know it! Can't I see? You, hard!"

He kissed her wrists, emerging very thin from the woolen sleeves.

"But I can't bear to think: I'm so sorry ——"

"You wait till I'm sorry for myself, my dear," said Anna. She added in her grave reflective way, "People are in the habit of being much too sorry for themselves."

"Not that you look sorry," King said. "You look radiant tonight, Anna, as if you had a secret. Won't you tell me, dear?"

The gorgeous future again overwhelmed Anna, so that she told him all.

"I have an engagement to sing at the Charlton at dinner every evening, 7:30 till nine o'clock. And, King, I shall have five pounds a week!"

He looked into her face.

"Oh, Anna, just what does this mean?"

"It means that I've got my foot on the stairs, King, the stairs to all I dream of—I know it! I just feel it in every little bit of me. That fat man you met going downstairs is the manager and he had just called to engage me."

"How did he know of you?"

The young man was suddenly in a frenzy of jealousy. Impotent to protect by money, by prestige, by name, he now was more fiercely protective than he had ever been. He recalled to himself swiftly the foreign-looking man who had cast him a quick, wise look on the darkish stairs.

Anna was speaking ecstatically, snatched from her determination, her strong composures:

"He heard me from the street, when I practiced. He offered me a year's contract, but I insisted on three months only. Because, my dear, I just feel—oh, I just feel this is the beginning of all I hope for! Do you know, when he was here, when he was making terms, I shut my eyes, and an extraordinary sort of half dream, half inspiration came to me. King, I saw success like a—a great golden body. I did, indeed!"

She had no conception of the bitterness that overwhelmed King Garnet as he knelt, listening at her feet. The bitterness of humiliation that this beloved girl should outreach him, the bitterness of loss, the bitterness of all partings, just ate like rats at his very soul.

"Oh, Anna, shall I lose you?"

She came to earth again; to his troubled eyes.

"Oh, King, come after me! Follow me! Pass me! Beat me! Turn round and wait for me! That is what I would have you do!"

He said most desperately, "If I can do none of those things?"

They looked deep into each other's eyes. Hers turned away, but not until they had answered plainly, "You must. You must be big. You must be bigger than I. If you cannot get me you cannot have me."

He sighed, seeking for words, but all were vain.

Instead he asked, after a long hesitation, "Then let me kiss you once, Anna. Be kind. Be soft. Be tender just once. Let me be weak this once. A kiss to take into battle, dear."

She went into his arms for that kiss, so kind, so soft, so tender. But there was only one kiss. The others waited—how long?

Anna Land set out to find the treasure she sought; and far behind her, King Garnet set out too.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

FIRST AMERICAN MANUFACTURE

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HATS *for* MEN

For many years the Crofut & Knapp shop has enjoyed the reputation of being the leader in the creation of new styles for young men. The Knapp-Felt signature is a guarantee that the hat is the C & K production and not a copy lacking the peculiar character and distinction of the original. The *Collegiate*, illustrated in this column, is in high favor with those of the younger set whose inclination tends toward a lower set brim. The variety of proper styles in a wide range of attractive colorings in which the Knapp-Felt grades are made, assures headwear that is becoming and appropriate. Knapp-Felt qualities as low as Six Dollars and as high as Forty Dollars.

Write for THE HATMAN

The Crofut and Knapp Co., 620 Fifth Ave., New York

Knapp-Felt

"Dollar Topkis is better than many that cost more"

"GETTING a Topkis Athletic Union Suit for one dollar is like finding another dollar. It's equal to any two-dollar suit I ever saw.

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The Topkis comfort-fit is due to correct designing and generous measurements. Topkis Athletic Underwear is planned according to actual human proportions—and more material is used than in most other athletic union suits. No skimpiness anywhere. Extra wide, extra long legs.

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TOPKIS
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THE CATCH-CANS

(Continued from Page 15

"That's a hell of a question!" says The Eel. "On me, of course! Don't you think I can throw this bum?"

"I think you can," I agrees, "but I just wanna be sure that you want to."

"Well, I does," says he.

They ain't no argument about rigging the match. Kennedy and his manager knows about McTague, and in less than ten minutes we got the row all fixed. We hook up with the guy that runs the dance hall in Skag, get out a flock of posters and advertise the show for two nights later, with ringside seats at fifty fish and the worser ones in proportions. Then I gets the barkeep to lay out my five hundred smackers at one to three and gets busy limbering The Eel for the mix-up.

Though the kid ain't worked much, he's in grand condition; and we's been so broke they ain't no fat to sweat off. I notice Kennedy doing most of his training at the bar and it look to me like a cinch for McTague. Which it is, only more so.

They is easy five thousand iron men in the hall the night of the row, but they don't hardly get no runs for the money. It takes about ten minutes for The Eel to send Kennedy spinning around on his eyebrows, and the only reason the next tussle lasts half an hour is because I tells my boy to get in good with the sports by letting 'em stay indoors long enough to get their feet warm.

When we checks up the next day we finds we is four thousand smackers to the good, counting in my bets and everything. The boat sails and Kennedy with it, but we get the news around town they is a coupla good grapplers in Dawson.

"What's the matter with sticking here?" says The Eel. "You can frame up some rows, can't you?"

"Maybe," I comes back; "but the big money is in the other town. Come on, kid. Beyond the Chilled Cat lies Italy."

"All right," agrees McTague, "them wops always was pie for me."

III

WELL, they ain't no use going into no details about the rough time we has getting to Dawson—building boats, taking shots at rapids and other light workouts like that.

To take a quick look at the town you'd think they wasn't dough in it to buy shoes for a snake; but when I drifts into a saloon and sees a cuckoo betting five grand on the double O like the folks at home push out two dollars on an ace-full pat, I decides the run-down shacks and the tar-paper roofs is just camel-flags to keep out the grifters and bull the tax collectors.

We ain't been in the burg ten minutes before I finds out that all the sport doings in Dawson is in the hand of a guy named Jim Tierney, and you can't even match up a coupla rabbits in an egg-laying race without seeing this lad, and you got to see him with something besides your eyes too. That being found out, and me having no wishes to start no reform waves or bust into the simple costumes of the natives, I proceeds to hunt up this Tierney baby.

"Know me?" I asks him.

"No," says he. "Should I?"

"You can't never forgive yourself," I comes back, "if you passes up the chance." Then I tells him my name and about my business in Dawson.

"McTague, eh?" says he. "Ain't that the bird that forgot his lines and crabbed the act down in St. Louis a year or so ago?"

"That's him," I admits; "but you don't need to lose no sleep over him now. Suffering has made a better man outta him."

"How much better?" Tierney wants to know.

"Not too much," I hastens to explain. "Just enough to play the game square and above the boards with his handlers."

"And the public?" he asks.

"Is they any here?" I comes back with mocked surprise, and Tierney laughs.

"All right, Higgins," says he. "I guess me and you can do some business. They is a coupla pretty good wrestlers here and I don't see no reasons why your baby and them can't spend the whole winter deciding who is the champ. The mat game's good here, and if you run right with me you and McTague can do as well as Kennedy did."

"What did he escape with?" I asks.

"Thirty thou at the leastest," says Tierney; "and I wouldn't be surprised if his side bets didn't pull it up to twice that."

"Sweet and pretty enough," I admits. "You heard what The Eel did to Kennedy down at Skagway?"

"Yeh," answers he, "I did. How'd you fix it?"

"How?" I asks.

"You make me," he growls kinda impatient. "What'd you have to slip the Rock-Crusher to take them spills."

"Nothing," says I, "except a toe hold and a head lock. The row was on the up and up."

Tierney don't say nothing for a while. He don't seem to be abe to get it into his conk that McTague could be good enough to knock over a two-hundred-pounder like Kennedy on the square.

"I guess the Crusher didn't try," he decides finally.

"Well," I suggests, "I got a coupla thousand in my kick that says The Eel can flop anybody in Dawson, without no tricks neither."

"Save your hen feed," says Tierney. "You don't know what we got here. What chance do you think that boy of yours would have against the Big Swede? He's only about twice the size of Kennedy."

"That's nice," I comes back. "Let's make the bet three thousand instead of two and at the same time spring a novelty on the town."

"What do you mean—novelty?" snaps Tierney.

"A wrestling match where nothing don't happen except wrestling," I explains.

"Forget it!" is the answer. "The gang is so used to the stuff they been getting that a square row would look like a frame-up to them."

"Just the same," I insists, "I'd like to get a chance to show you just what The Eel can do."

"Well, we'll talk about that later," says Tierney, and he gets up and leads me to the bar. The saloon belongs to him. I orders up a coupla jolts of varnish and when I starts to pay the barkeep shoves my money back.

"Tin roof," he explains.

"On the house," says Tierney. "Bring McTague over this afternoon. I'd like to take a look at the kid. Where you flopping?"

"At the Miner's Rest," I tells him. "Hot and cold running chills in every room."

"The Rest, eh?" says Tierney. "Don't let McTague fall for that man-eater over there. I think she had something to do with Kennedy's beating it out."

"Meaning who?" I asks.

"Omaha Sue," he explains. "Hasn't that jane flashed her lamps on you yet?"

"No, she ain't," I tells him; "and they is no danger of The Eel making any sucker plays with her. The kid's frail-shy."

"Keep him that way," advises Tierney. "The skirt knows too much now from the stuff Kennedy spills to her."

I beats it over to the hotel, and there sure enough is The Eel having a drink with a painted-up doll that wouldn't be such a bad looker if she'd scrape three or four coats of that dope offa her cheeks and lips. She's leaning over real confidential, and McTague's listening just like she was telling him the directions for getting the bale of dough the old miser hid under the tree.

I gives The Eel the come-on-over-here and he obeys cheerful like a kid running to get the back of his ears washed.

"You can sing if you wants to," I tells him, "but nix on the wine and the women."

"That's gin I'm drinking in the first place," says McTague, "and in the second place where did you get a license to butt into my socialist affairs?"

I don't aim to get the kid mad, so I tells him about my talk with Tierney and that bozo's tip-off to let the wren be or maybe she'll run him outta town like she's did Kennedy before we has a chance to get our share of the treasuries of Alaska. When you talk big money McTague loses interests in everything else, and pretty soon he's out on the street taking a walk with me.

"She ain't a bad kid," The Eel tells me; "and she's had a lot of tough luck."

"Maybe," I admits; "but her luck ain't near as tough as she is. Of course, it ain't no fun to have your husband desert you and leave you with a crippled child to take care of and so on."

(Continued on Page 161)

Teeth Glisten Now

A world-wide change has come—millions are fighting film

A few years ago dental science perfected a new and better way of teeth cleaning. It was based on modern research made to meet new-day requirements.

Authorities had proved it by many careful tests. So dentists the world over began to advise it.

This ten-day test was offered in many languages. Over ten million people accepted it and learned what this new way meant.

Now you see the results wherever you look. Teeth are whiter, cleaner, safer, and more people show them. You would see the same results in some 50 nations, if you met the careful people there.

Three great enemies

The teeth have three great enemies —film, acid and starch. This new method effectively fights them all.

Film is that viscous coat you feel. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. Food stains, tobacco, etc., discolor it. Then it forms dingy coats. Tartar is based on film.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acids. It holds the acids in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Germs breed by millions in it, and they cause many serious troubles, local and internal. Most tooth troubles are now traced to film.

Nature needs help

Starch is another tooth enemy. It forms deposits which may ferment and form acid. And acid causes tooth decay.

So Nature puts a starch digestant in the saliva to get rid of those starch deposits. And she makes the saliva alkaline to neutralize mouth acids.

But these protective factors are generally too weak, due to improper diet. Too little acid fruits diminish their efficiency.

The result is that tooth troubles became almost universal, and alarming in extent.

Men of some 50 nations now brush teeth in this way

What the new way does

Dental science, after long research, found two effective ways to fight film. One acts to curdle film, one to remove it, and without any harmful scouring.

It also found ways to multiply the natural tooth-protecting agents in the mouth.

Then a new-type tooth paste was created, based on modern research. And these new protective factors were embodied in it. That tooth paste is called Pepsodent.

Each application brings these desired effects. It combats the film in two effective ways. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. Thus a manifold power is brought to bear against film and starch and acids.

It leaves no doubt

The Pepsodent results are quickly seen and felt. You cannot doubt its benefits. Nor will careful people go without them when they once know what they mean.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

Learn the results, then judge for yourself if you and yours should have them. Cut out coupon now.

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Now advised by leading dentists the world over.
Combats the teeth's great enemies
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Pepsodent curdles the film and removes it without harmful scouring. Its polishing agent is far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

Ten-Day Tube Free 1163

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CRIMES AGAINST TREES

Beheaded and Ruined

Countless thousands of fine trees have been ruined by this atrocious practice of cutting the tops off. Some call it pollarding. It is tree butchery in the worst type. God Almighty knew what he was doing when he put the tops on trees. Save your trees from such fatal malpractice

To render a real service to the tree owners of America, we are publishing this advertisement. John Davey's life work, in addition to the vast experience of the Davey organization in treating hundreds of thousands of trees for a period of twenty years, has produced a wealth of accumulated knowledge that ought to be available to those who own and value trees. We want business, of course, but we also want to benefit those who may never employ us. We wish to serve America. We recognize a moral obligation.

MARTIN L. DAVEY
General Manager

Burying Roots Is Fatal

A common practice in developing a new place is to make a heavy fill of earth over the roots of some of the trees. Nine times out of seven it is fatal. Millions of trees have been killed this way. Don't bury the roots nor allow the roots to be buried unless you are willing to lose the trees

The Tree as a Living Thing

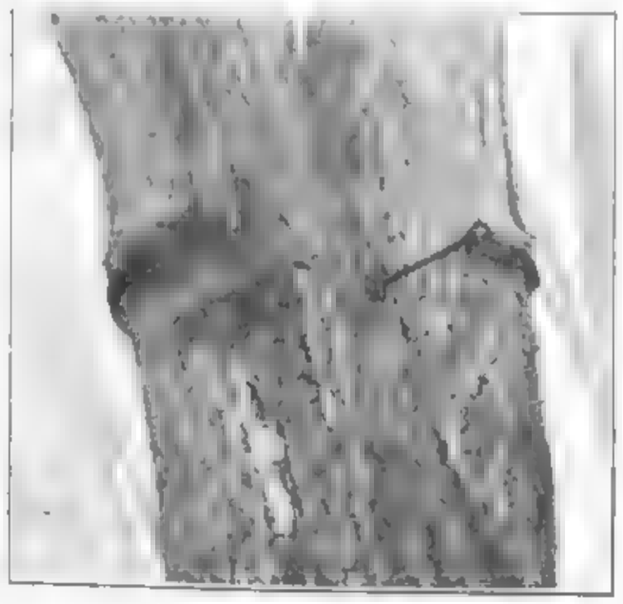
"And yet the tree lives—it breathes. It has a real circulation. The tree digests its food and assimilates it. It has sexual processes that are just as real and beautiful as in any other form of life. It has the power to adapt itself to its environment. To be sure it lacks intelligence and a nervous system and the power of locomotion. But in all the other elemental processes the tree functions just as truly as man himself."

* * *

"This question of reforestation is of monumental importance. America cannot continue to exist as a virile, forward-moving nation unless we protect what we have and start to build up that which we have so ruthlessly destroyed. We cannot afford to be a nation of vandals much longer. America must reforest, or America must drink the bitter dregs of national decline and impotency."—Excerpts from a speech in Congress, March 3, 1921, by Martin L. Davey, of Ohio.

Climbing Spurs Start Decay

The use of climbing spurs on live trees is inexcusable. Only tree butchers and careless telephone linemen use them. The spurs cut deep into the bark and admit water and decay. Decay follows inevitably. Experts do not use them—never use them. Save your trees from the man who does



Don't Use Iron Bands

A large percentage of home and city trees have V-shaped crotches that are structurally weak. Sooner or later such a tree starts to split apart. Ruin follows. Iron bands or chains around the limbs rust the bark and start decay. Davey methods hold the limbs together without harm and save the tree

Davey Tree Surgeons are near you—

have your trees examined by men who know

Assuming that you are an average tree owner, you have neither the time nor the desire to study in detail the technique and science of saving trees. You have no means of knowing Tree Surgery values, either in correct methods or reliable men. Therefore you must buy Tree Surgery service on faith. Twenty-two years ago John Davey published his first book, "The Tree Doctor." Then began the slow and conscientious building of the Davey organization. In those early years the business was measured in hundreds and thousands of dollars. In 1922 the business amounted to one million dollars. During the past twenty years, more than eighteen thousand clients have been served; more than four hundred thousand trees have been treated and saved. During the same period, many tree men have sprung up, lasted for a while and disappeared. The Davey organization is the only concern that has endured and grown steadily and proven its inbred merit. The law of cause and effect makes this success significant.

JOHN DAVEY
Father of Tree Surgery

The Davey organization is the one safe place to go. You do not need to know anything about trees or Tree Surgery values. Every Davey Tree Surgeon operates according to fixed high standards and under strict discipline. You could not lure or persuade him to give anything but standard Davey Service.

Davey Tree Surgeons are near you—if you live between Boston and Kansas City or in California. Write or wire nearest office for examination of your trees without cost or obligation.

THE DAVEY TREE EXPERT CO., Inc., 54 Elm Street, Kent, Ohio. Branch offices with telephone connections: New York, Astor Trust Building; Fifth Avenue and 42nd Street, Boston, Massachusetts Trust Building; Philadelphia, Land Title Building; Baltimore, American Building; Pittsburgh, 341 Fourth Avenue; Buffalo, 410 Franklin Street; Cleveland, Hippodrome Building; Detroit, General Motors Building; Cincinnati, Mercantile Library Building; Chicago, Westminster Building; St. Louis, Arcade Building; Kansas City, Scarritt Building; Los Angeles, Garland Building; Montreal, 252 Laugauchitere, West.

DAVEY TREE SURGEONS

Every real Davey Tree Surgeon is in the employ of the Davey Tree Expert Co., Inc., and the public is cautioned against those falsely representing themselves. An agreement with the Davey Company and not with an individual is certain evidence of genuineness. Protect yourself from impostors. If anyone calls to treat your trees who is not directly in our employ, and claims to be a Davey man, write headquarters for his record. Save yourself from loss and your trees from harm

(Continued from Page 158)

"She didn't say nothing about the baby being crippled," cuts in McTague.

"Didn't she?" says I. "I guess that part of the act ain't got over the Chilled-Cat Pass yet."

"When did she hand you this stuff about herself?" asks The Eel.

"She ain't yet," I tells him; "but I used to know lots of her sisters in Arizona and New Mexico, down in the copper camps."

The kid acts kinda puzzled, but don't say no more about the skirt. In the afternoon I takes him over to Tierney's place for the lookover and the boy makes a good impression.

"A little light," says the Big Noise; "but we'll see to it that nobody hurts you."

"Whatta you mean, hurt me?" yelps The Eel. "They ain't nobody in this tank town that can even muss my hair."

For some reasons that makes Tierney mad, and he forgets his business principles.

"They ain't, hey?" he shoots back. "I'll put you up against a bozo that will break you in two and throw your ribs outta the window. I was gonna fix it so you could start off with a coupla wins and get in good, but you're one of them fresh guys that needs a little taming before you're fit for a helping of gravy. Wanna go up against the Big Swede on the square?"

"For how much?" McTague seeks to know.

"Sixty per cent of the gate," answers Tierney. "Winner take all. Monday night. What say?"

I don't get no chance to answer.

"You're on!" says The Eel, and ducks outta the place. I goes after him.

"You sucker!" I hisses. "That bird runs the sport works of this town and you start off by getting in bad with him. Know anything about this Big Swede he's slamming you up against?"

"He ain't got no more than two arms, has he?" comes back The Eel.

"No," says I; "but he weighs about two hundred fifty, and your coat sleeve wouldn't come to his elbows from what Tierney tells me about this lad. Here I got everything sitting pretty for us to make a clean up with hardly no work a-tall, and you comes along and insists on making the game honest and hard."

In the next coupla days I tries to fix it with Tierney to lay off the boy and take him back into his good gracious; but no, they ain't nothing doing. He think's The Eel is too fresh, and anyways he says it's the Big Swede's turn to win.

I don't get to pipe Tierney's boy until the night of the fuss, and when I sees him I'm about ready to hedge every bet I'd made on McTague. He's at least twice as big as The Eel, and don't look so muscle-bound, neither. For a whale of a guy he's fast and shifty, and I don't see no chance for my lad if the Big Swede ever gets the hug on him.

They is anyways ten thousand berries in the shack that goes for a arena in Dawson. Five minutes after the milly starts The Eel is flat on his shoulders and the crowd is giving him the razzberry. Tierney throws a mean grin my way, and when I makes signs for him to go easy with McTague he shakes his head no.

The next spasm is a horse of a different whew. The Eel gets a toe hold on the Big Swede and they ain't no chance to break it. In no times a-tall McTague flops the cuckoo on his blades and that bird's been punished so hard that he's kinda wabbly when he comes back for the third and last riffle. Tierney don't look so happy, and he is a whole lot lesser than that when a head lock finishes up the Big Swede in a coupla minutes. All of a sudden the crowd starts hissing.

"What'd I tell you?" says Tierney. "This is the first up-and-up match they has seen in Dawson and they think it's a frame-up. That baby of yours is there. Square me with him, will you? I can make a lot of change with that lad."

"I'm agreeable," says I, and takes the matter up with The Eel.

"Not a chance," says the kid. "I won't play ball with that crook even if I has to be honest all my life. I don't like him, and Sue don't, neither."

McTague ain't so mad, though, that he won't let Tierney fix up a row with another professional in town; but he won't listen to no talk of arrangements. The match is a soft spot for The Eel and he makes a quick job of it, finishing the row by breaking the goof's arm above the elbow.

I don't see Tierney for a coupla days after. He gives me a funny grin.

"You might as well pack up your doll clothes and beat it," he says. "The wrestling season's over. The Big Swede hit out for Dyea last night and it'll take all winter to fix up Larsen's arm. That baby of yours sure cut up his face to spite his nose."

IV

THE next morning when I comes down for breakfast I runs into Slim Brannigan and his box boy. The fisticuff game in Skagway has fell on a evil day and they has come to Dawson for the grapes. McTague is about as glad to see Mahoney as a dog is to pipe the pound man; and when Scrap gives Omaha Sue the eye and she don't look so miffed about it, The Eel's about ready to sink his teeth in that cuckoo's good ear.

Slim gets together with Tierney and in the next coupla weeks they is two fights rigged up for Mahoney, both of which draws gates of so many grand I hates to think about 'em. We don't do so bad, neither, with a stunt we put on of taking on two or three amateurs a night and betting guys that nobody can't last no half hour with The Eel, which they can't. But what we makes is like pennies compared to dollars with the clean-ups that is coming to Slim.

Mahoney throws his jack around like it ain't got no values a-tall, and Sue can't see McTague for the dust — the dust that Scrap is passing her way. The Eel goes wild and does so much crazy talking about murdering Scrap that pretty near the whole town knows about the row going on between these two lads over that painted barroom patootie.

All of which gives me a idea which I takes to Tierney, when I knows Slim will be there.

"You're crazy," says Brannigan when I does my piece. "Scrap would bounce one off his jaw and that would be the end of the row. It wouldn't last no more'n half a second."

"I don't know about that," cuts in Tierney. "The idea of a battle between the champion wrestler and the best boxer in the gold fields don't sound like no bad attraction to me. Next week the gang will be coming in for the winter and we can get a hundred dollars a seat without no troubles a-tall. Something new about it, anyways."

"How the hell you going to work it?" asks Brannigan. "You might as well match a tennis player against a foot-racer."

"The way I figures it," says I, "the boys will each play their own game, excepting maybe Mahoney won't wear no gloves. The idea will be for Scrap to knock out McTague before that baby can flop him on his shoulders, and versus vice. It oughta be a peach. Both kids are cuckoo about that doll over at the Rest; and if they ever was a grudge scrap, this is one of them things."

The more we talks about it the better it sounds. Tierney shows us where the cream of the wrestling and fight games has already been picked, and if we wants to go outside before the Yukon goes stiff on us here is a chance for a big haul before the get-away.

"I'm about through with the sport stuff, anyways," says he, "and maybe I'll go south with your babies for a trip to the States. They ought to be ten thousand fish apiece in this if we works it right. Will The Eel play?"

"He'll do anything to get a crack at Mahoney," says I. "What you got in mind?"

"I was thinking of a series of three rows," comes back Tierney; "McTague to win the first ——"

"Nothing doing," cuts in Brannigan; "if they is anything like that my baby gets the call. Maybe they won't be no more than one. I wouldn't trust The Eel with a thin dime. Besides, if he ever gets Scrap down he'll surer than hell bust his arm or something."

We chews around here and there and finally decides to let it go at one scrap and let the worst man lose. Before we leaves we got all the details worked out. Mahoney is to wear skin gloves so McTague can't get no easy grip on his wrists, which he could if Scrap was wearing them regular pillows. The Eel's got to flatten Mahoney to win and Scrap's got to score a knock-out or make McTague quit in order to carry off the belt.

For Shaving without Soap or Brush

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- MŌ-LAY -

The newest, latest, and greatest advance in easy shaving

No need of brush or mug: no bothersome rubbing in of lather—

Simply apply MOLLÉ with the finger tips like a fragrant cold cream, then use the razor—*that's all!*

Off will come the hair growth with ease and smoothness—no "pull" or "drag" of the blade; no "smarting soreness" of the skin; no need of hot towels or lotions.

And after the shave a cool refreshing feel of face comfort that lasts the whole day long.

Treat your self to the luxury of a MOLLE shave.

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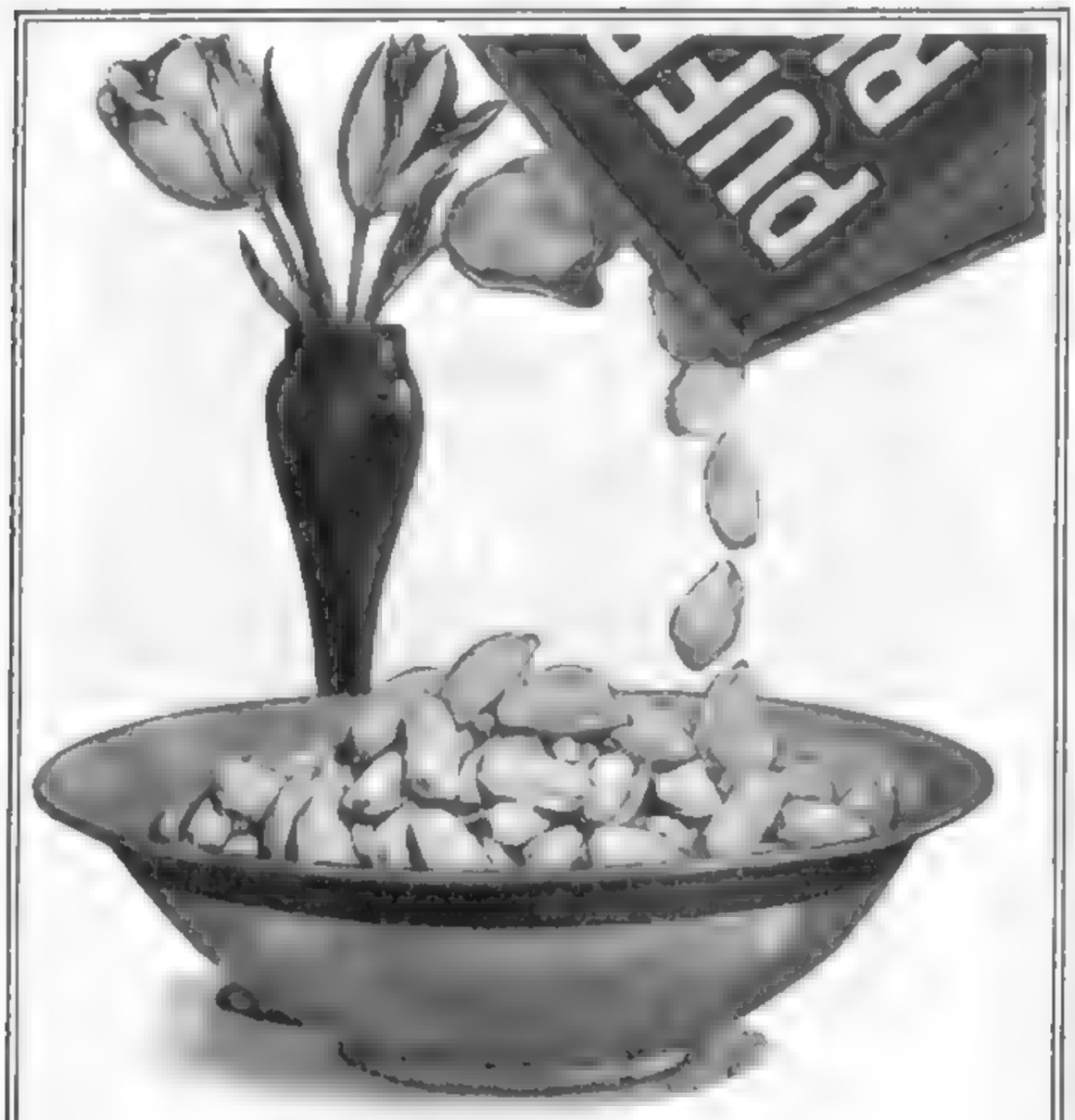

May Mornings

Greet them with Puffed Rice

Children never get a finer cereal dainty than Puffed Rice with cream and sugar. Nor a food that's better for them.

Serve it always these spring mornings, when the world is at its best.

Grains puffed to airy globules, 8 times normal size. Flaky, flimsy, flavory—enticing in their texture and their taste.

All food cells exploded

Then remember the reason for Puffed Grains.

These are Prof. Anderson's creations. The grains are steam exploded. Every food cell is blasted, for easy and complete digestion.

All the whole-grain elements are fitted to feed.

Then they make whole grains inviting. You know how children welcome Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice.

They eat them in a dozen forms, morning, noon and night. They use them as both foods and confections.

Thus millions have been led to eat more whole grains—the food of foods for children. They are getting the minerals they need, as many children don't.

These are more than breakfast luxuries. Serve Puffed Wheat in bowls of milk—to encourage the eating of more whole wheat and milk. Douse the grains with melted butter for hungry children after school. Mix them with your fruits. Use as airy toasted wafers for your soups.

Every time you serve a Puffed Grain, you are serving about the utmost in a food.

May Evenings

Puffed Wheat in Milk

The Quaker Oats Company

When I tells my boy about the plans he's almost ready to kiss me.

"I'll kill him!" says McTague.

"Maybe you will," I comes back, "if he don't clip you one on the jaw before you get started."

"Don't worry about me," grins The Eel. "I used to be a box fighter before I went in for the mat game, and I know how to sidestep his wallops. Bet your last jit on me."

Which I didn't. I got a hunch it ain't such a cinch as McTague thinks and decides to be satisfied with my split of the gate. I got about ten thousand smackers laid away and they is going to stay laid. The whole town goes cuckoo on the match and they ain't nothing talked about but it. Nearly everybody's got a bet made, and they is such a crowd on the big night they has to tear out the back of the joint to make eye space for the bozos that can't get in. Omaha Sue's present with a new pug that just drifted into town, which makes me and Brannigan feel better. We got that hank of hair off our babies' neck, anyways.

The fuss starts. McTague and Mahoney walk around each other looking for a opening for a jolt or a clinch. Suddenly The Eel lays down flat on the floor, sticks his feet between Scrap's legs and trips him up. That is K. O. as far as the rules go. McTague jumps up quick and tries to leap on Mahoney; but that lad ain't so slow, neither. He turns over on his side, and when The Eel hops at him cuts loose with a short jolt that sends my baby flopping back. Before he can get back to the job Mahoney is up again and backing away.

All the time McTague is trying to get a hold on the other boy that will clamp his arms against his body, but Mrs. Mahoney didn't raise no foolish children. For ten minutes maybe they monkey around without getting nowheres in particular, but the stuff's pretty just the same and the house is yelling its head off.

All at once Scrap cuts loose with a swing that catches The Eel on the side of the head and knocks him across the ring. Then McTague forgets he's a wrestler and cuts into Mahoney with both fists. Before that rooster can get over his surprise The Eel sends in a wicked left over the heart and a right to the stomach.

Then Mahoney does a funny thing. He drops to the ground like he was put out and before you knows it he's grabbed McTague around the legs and flops him to the floor. He follows this up with a toe hold on The Eel. The kid tries his best to break loose, but it ain't no use. Scrap's strong as a bull and in a few minutes he's got The Eel over on his back with his shoulders planted to the ground. The fighter has put out the wrestler with a wrestling K. O!

"Can you beat that?" I asks Brannigan.

"Maybe you didn't know," comes back Slim, "that Mahoney was a wrestler for five years before he bust into the fight game."

ZION VALLEY

(Continued from Page 21)

simply drenched by the rain; he was sitting in water and it was rising round him. He leaned forward and felt about in the darkness. The pit was filling rapidly, and its rim was above the top of his head. Already the water had reached his waist. He saw the stream as it was in flood, brimming the natural course and running down over the field.

He saw a hundred other things—the valley, the hills, the old stone house, the kind face of Primus, the hateful face of Mark. There his thoughts stopped. He had only one enemy, and that was Mark; he knew only one person wicked enough to have done this thing, and that was Mark. He remembered that Mark had spoken of throwing the fields together. Was it possible that he had come up and begun by removing the bridge? But Mark knew that he came on this path to see Elizabeth! Did Mark think he would kill him and deprive him of Elizabeth? It did not occur to him that Mark himself might aspire to her hand.

The water had risen to his armpits and the rain had not abated. Even if it did abate, the overflow of a score of little streams would flood the watercourse for hours. He began to shout again, "Elizabeth! Elizabeth! Elizabeth!" His voice was now strong with the inextinguishable hope of youth and life, now weak with terror.

Having scowled at Primus for a few minutes, Mark decided that even though rain was imminent he would spend the evening at the tavern in the village. There were a few good fellows there, and the tavern keeper's daughter had no principles and a great deal of coarse wit. He slammed the door and made his way to the barn and drove his noisy car out to the road. He could feel the impulsion of the wind and was glad that he was not going against it.

When he reached the main road he stopped. His route lay to the left, past the church and the other houses, and out at the far end of the valley; but he had an evil desire to know how David fared, and turning to the right he drove up the hill. Here the wind was against him and his car was sensibly retarded.

At the summit of the road he stopped once more. Out of sight in the woodland, but only a few rods away, stood the old posting house; across David's field to the right was the red gate. He opened the door of his car so as to hear better. He believed that he heard above the noise of the wind and thunder a voice calling, and he said to himself "Let him call!" The voice existed, in fact, only in his own evil heart; David had not reached the red gate.

Turning, he coasted down the hill. It occurred to him that David might have broken his leg. Well, a broken leg wouldn't be bad for a man who was as lucky as David. Primus, the fool, would go hunting him after a while and rescue him. It might be that he would have to stay at home and miss seeing his lady love, and that, too, would be all to the good.

The downpour began before he reached the level, but his windshield was clear. He saw Primus' light in the kitchen, and a light also at the Pfahlers'; and as he passed the dark mass of the church the lightning picked out the gilded weather vane. He sped on, the noise made by his worn-out engine and the tumult in his own evil heart dulling the loud confusion of the storm.

It was one o'clock when he came home. The storm was over and the night had a wild beauty. The moon rode high among scudding clouds, and its light was reflected from wide areas that ordinarily offered no reflecting surface. Creeks had become rivers, meadows had become lakes, and the road itself was like a brook. From the sycamores the rain still dripped in a silver shower. The noble façade of the church gleamed white, and the weather vane, whirling now this way, now that, shone golden.

Mark had been drinking heavily, but drink took possession of him slowly. At the gate he started to turn in; then, without any exact purpose, he backed his car out again to the road and went up the hill to the place where he believed he had heard David calling. There he turned off the engine and opened the door and listened. He could hear no sound. Muttering, he got out and climbed the fence and went toward the little bridge.

When he came upon the pool he stopped short, in amazement. There was water in the pit, and when David sprang in, it must have covered him! He thought of finding the rail and feeling about with it to see whether David was really there, but he gave up this plan for another. He lifted the bridge and turned it over into its place above the pool. David, he said aloud, and smiling, was under there for good.

He was a little alarmed when he heard footsteps and a low, queer whining. Confused, he turned, not toward the road and his car, but toward the woodland. Out of the woodland, illuminated by the moon, came a figure like that of a lumbering bear; and he lifted the rail and struck blindly, and the creature fell backward into a bush and lay still among the stones.

Then, forgetting his car, Mark made his way down the hill along the path that David had made when he went to visit his love. In David's kitchen there were warmth and a pleasant light of the moon and of the fire in the stove, which had burned up in the high wind. Taking off his hat and shoes, he lay down in blissful comfort and content upon the settle.

The jangling clock on the mantel woke Mark slowly. He had been dreaming of

(Continued on Page 165)

WHAT SURPRISED THE CHEF

Real Cream in Cream Soups

"You don't mean to tell me," exclaimed a noted chef, who was visiting the "Home of the 57"—"you don't mean to tell me that you put *real cream* in your cream soups!"

His specialty was cream soups. His exclamation of surprise came when he saw the great cans of real cream, fresh from the dairy, waiting to be made into Heinz Cream Soups.

"Of course!" was the reply. "What else?"

"But I never use cream in my cream soups—or even milk. It isn't necessary. Nobody notices the difference."

He was told, however, that real cream was necessary for Heinz Cream Soups.

Doesn't the label say
"Cream"?

When a Heinz Soup is called "Cream Soup" it is because it is *made with real cream.*

When Heinz Beans are called "Oven Baked" it is because they are *really baked in dry heat ovens.*

"Pure" means *pure,* and there are 57 Varieties of HEINZ *pure food products.*

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY
57 *Varieties*

57

Mother and Child doing well

Every year—

These glad tidings are sent out by more than two million proud fathers in the United States. They are sent from the bedsides of the two million or more happy mothers who have had competent care.

Multiply that one dying mother by 20,000 and you get a picture that not only fires the mind beyond the realms of imagination, but one that stuns by its brutality—for most of these deaths are needless deaths. *They can be prevented.*

Motherhood is Natural—

and where the mother's health has been safeguarded before the coming of her baby and where she has had proper care at its birth, the happy report follows: "Mother and child doing well."

But what of the thousands of unfortunate mothers—who have no pre-natal care and who, when their hour comes, are in careless or incompetent hands?

Two-Fifths of the Deaths from Childbirth

are the result of ignorance or criminal carelessness. The medical name for the direct cause is Septicemia. Septicemia is infection, caused by germs on attendant's hands, on instruments, on linen, or on some other article used in caring for the patient. Soap and water alone cannot produce the *cleanliness* necessary. Hands must be made antiseptically clean. Instruments must be sterilized (boiled). A little everyday knowledge and scrupulous care in each case—Septicemia is prevented—and these mother-lives saved.

5000 mothers die yearly from bodily neglect before their babies are born. The mother's body is working for two. This puts extra strain on the kidneys and other organs. Precautionary examinations by a physician show whether the kidneys are in good working condition, and care reduces danger from convulsions to a minimum.

10,000 Men Killed—

When this news was flashed from the front during the Great War, our entire Nation was hushed to tears and bowed its head in grief. Yet twice that many mothers die *every year* from childbirth here at home!

Millions are working for World Peace—working to save the loss of life in war. Then why permit the unnecessary sacrifice of mother-lives—the choice lives of our Nation?

20,000 Such Mothers Die Needlessly—

die *needlessly* every year in the United States. "Put just one of these mothers in a vast hall. Let her die publicly, where thousands can see her, and observe the outcry. Imagination fails!" So writes a great editor.

Mothers in every part of the country need help—

What shall the answer be? Husbands, physicians, hospitals, communities must ensure absolute cleanliness and provide skilled care.

More women in this country between the ages of 15 and 44 die from the effects of childbirth than from any other cause, except tuberculosis.

From its very beginning in 1909, the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company's nursing service considered the care of policy holders, before and after childbirth, as one of its chief obligations.

From January 1, 1922, to December 31, 1922, Metropolitan nurses made over 700,000 visits to policy holders in maternity cases, giving not only pre-natal care but after-care to mother and child and teaching the mother how to care for the baby when the nurse's visits were no longer necessary.

The death rate among Metropolitan policy holders from child bearing has been reduced, while the death rate among women lacking the visiting nurse service has actually increased.

Results obtained by the Metropolitan, together with the fact that wherever public and private agencies are working the maternal death rate is being reduced is an indication of the possibilities when every mother shall have pre-natal care and proper attendance during and after confinement.

The company is ready to send a simple but scientifically prepared booklet entitled: "Information for Expectant Mothers". Your request by letter addressed to Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, New York, will bring this booklet without charge or obligation.

HALEY FISKE, *President*

Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY—NEW YORK

(Continued from Page 162)

confusion and loud voices, such as he had heard last night in the tavern; and he felt a desperate desire to escape from the roisterers, though he had been their leader. At the same time he had great difficulty in opening his eyelids, though he knew that by this simple act he could banish his companions. He was awake enough to count the eight strokes—he had slept late! But it was Sunday morning and he need not get up; Primus would do the chores, and pious David would go to church. He turned over for another nap.

But the bed was hard, and he was accustomed to feathers. He opened his eyes for a drowsy instant and found himself looking at the solid back of the settle. Turning again, he groaned at the hardness of the boards. This was no place to sleep, and he sat up, to find himself stiff and sore. He was in the kitchen, but the kitchen had a strange look. The sun shone in brightly; but it did not seem to warm the room. The fire was out. Curses on that lout of a Primus!

His lips were parted to shout at Primus, when he heard a noise and looked round the end of the settle. To his unspeakable astonishment, he saw four men standing in the kitchen. He rubbed his eyes and looked again. They were unmistakable—here were Elizabeth Heim's father and Herman Pfahler and two men from the village, one the sheriff and the other his deputy. They were all large men except Heim.

Mark rose unsteadily.

"What do you want?" he demanded roughly. At the same instant he remembered the shining pool that he had covered with the bridge.

"Sit down," said Heim. Small though he was, he was physically fearless, and he came and sat by Mark as though to prevent him from escaping. The other men ranged themselves in a half circle, the sheriff and his deputy each with a hand in his pocket. Mark, bold, yet terrified, saw their attitude with alarm.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"We'd like to know exactly what you did after dinner yesterday," said Heim.

"It's none of your business," answered Mark.

"It is our business," said Heim quietly. "Go on."

Mark saw fingers moving inside the sheriff's pocket.

"I have no reason to hide my actions," he said roughly. "I worked in the field till three o'clock, then I walked up to your house. I went to see your daughter."

He narrowed his eyes and compassed a pale little reflection of his smile, as though his acquaintance were a reproach to Elizabeth.

"Yes," said Heim. "Go on. I know about that; I was there."

"Then I came down the hill," said Mark, a little taken aback. "I ate my supper and went to the tavern and at midnight I came home and went to bed. Plenty of people can tell you I was at the tavern all evening. Is that what you want to know?" he asked insolently.

"Partly," said Heim. "Now I'll tell you what you left out. You came down to the red gate in the afternoon and there you removed the bridge, which you knew David crossed when he came to see us."

"Us!"

Mark meant to mock, but a chill suddenly shook him. The room was like an ice house.

"David and I had talked about changing the fence and the watercourse," he said. "What's the matter with you fellows?"

"In the evening you went to the tavern," continued Heim. "When you came home you drove up the hill and crossed the field and put the bridge back over the pool."

"I did nothing of the kind!" shouted Mark.

"Where is your car?" asked Herman Pfahler.

"There!" Mark pointed triumphantly to the driveway. "Where I left it last night!" He tried to make a joke, though his teeth chattered. "I could see the barn, but not the door."

"You left your car on the hill and walked home," contradicted Heim.

"There is the car!"

"Pfahler drove it down," said Heim.

"Well," said Mark slowly, "what of it?"

Again he tried to smile, but he showed only the tips of his gold teeth. Was David dead, then? He saw a dangling noose and a black cap. But David could not be dead and they could not hold him possibly. David knew that he meant to change the fence and the watercourse. What he did afterwards in the night when he was drunk could not be held against him.

"Let me go!" he cried, rising. "You're crazy!"

"We're going to let you go," answered Pfahler grimly. "You're to go now and forever. We're tired of you. Zion Valley is tired of you, and so are the people all round. A large party could be assembled to see you off, but we're going to let you go quietly. We'll give you fifteen minutes to get your clothes together, and anything else you own, and we'll go with you to the state line."

"You can't run me off like this," whined Mark. "This is my home."

"It is your home for fifteen minutes," said the sheriff.

At half past eight Mark and the sheriff and his deputy and Heim got into Mark's car. The deputy drove and Heim sat beside him, with the sheriff and Mark on the rear seat together, the sheriff with his hand in his pocket. Behind, in his own car, came Herman Pfahler. They sped quickly down the winding road under the golden sycamores, past the stone houses and the church with its hundreds of flanking graves. Toward one grave Mark sent a passionate prayer. He would come back and explain to David—David, his mother's other son—he would prove that these men had framed a charge against him; that he did not mean to do him harm. Perhaps he had not been harmed; perhaps he was already home.

"What's the matter with you?" he demanded again, turning sharply round. "Where is David?"

"Never mind about David," said the sheriff. "You didn't quite kill him. Let that suffice."

Heim, now that the state line was near, softened a little. There would be no harm in speaking kindly.

"What has become of Primus?" he asked. "I thought he did your work. Where is he?"

"Primus?" faltered Mark. "Primus?"

He saw the shaggy figure advancing in the uncertain light. He felt the yielding of the great soft body to the impact of the heavy rail. Primus! In another moment he would scream and give himself away. He saw the church spires of Lineboro, where they would leave him. "Did you say Primus?"

"Yes," said Heim, leaning forward, vaguely suspicious, "I said Primus."

In his terror Mark happened upon the only plausible answer.

"Primus?" he said. "Oh, I drove that fool off last week."

At the edge of Lineboro the three men got out and let Mark take the wheel. He seized it quickly with both hands as though he could not wait to be gone. He heard Herman Pfahler laugh. Laugh? When they found Primus they would not laugh!

He drove all day, not continuing in Maryland, whither they had escorted him, but turning back into Pennsylvania, where they would not look for him; then into Maryland again, and over the mountains into West Virginia. In the night he slept in the car; then he drove on, and in the early morning he looked down from a great height into a wide valley divided into two by gleaming railroad tracks, on which a long freight train crept slowly. To his left was a precipice; it was the place for which he was looking. Starting his car, he sprang nimbly out and it sailed at a long slant across the road and, reeling drunkenly, toppled over the edge. He heard it crash far beneath. Then he dropped down into the valley and waited until the next freight should pause at the water tank. Clambering into a car, he laughed. He was safe, safe, and no other conceivable happiness seemed comparable to mere safety.

In the late afternoon David struggled to rise as though he were again in the pit under the bridge. A bed had been set up in the parlor of the Heims' house, and he lay looking at the beamed ceiling blackened by age. The room was filled with pleasant light from the sun shining through yellow hickories and crimson oaks, and from a crackling fire on the hearth. A clock ticked briskly and there was in the distance the sound of many voices. David did not turn his head or try to speak, or even to see whether there was anyone to speak to. It seemed to him that some horror was near by, and that if he breathed audibly or looked too hard it would show itself.

KAHN

Custom Made Clothes

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THOUSANDS of men are wearing commonplace clothes when they might be wearing the CLOTHES OF DISTINCTION worn by the tens of thousands who for years have had their clothes tailored to their individual measure by the Kahn Tailoring Company, of Indianapolis,

—and this without added cost.

Years of experience have qualified the Kahn dealer to measure you accurately and to give you an up-to-the-minute style service in selecting appropriate fashions and fabrics.

If you do not know your Kahn dealer, write for his name

KAHN TAILORING CO. OF INDIANAPOLIS

Have you ever tried it this way?

Cool, refreshed and antiseptically clean—after shaving.

TOMORROW morning try dousing Listerine on your face after shaving. It leaves your skin refreshed, cool—and antiseptically protected.

Often your razor leaves a nick or cuts too closely. Listerine takes good care of that.

Then some evening when your scalp feels itchy and tired, massage it vigorously with Listerine—clear or diluted with one part water. You'll find it has a wonderful exhilarating effect and, moreover, it is effective in combating dandruff.

Wonderfully exhilarating as a scalp massage; and it combats dandruff.

These are only two of Listerine's many uses. Read the interesting little circular that comes with each bottle describing many other uses.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
SAINT LOUIS, U. S. A.

After a long time he opened his eyes again. He was conscious now of a part of the threatening terror—this was pain, sharp and incessant, on his right side. His leg was heavy, and by it he was weighted down to the bed. He would go back to sleep, slipping away from torment as one might slip out of the grasp of an enemy. He meant to fold his hands across his breast in the attitude of complete repose, but a weight seemed to lie on his hand also.

He found that he could not go to sleep; pain clamored too urgently at his body and the impulse to recollection too fiercely at his brain. It was Saturday evening, and he was sitting at the table with Mark. He saw Mark's gold teeth lighting his unkind and sarcastic smile, and he thought that he had been patient with Mark long enough. He was going up the hill to see Elizabeth and then everything would be right. He smiled faintly, and then uttered involuntarily a long sigh of pain.

He had a queer idea that he could hold on to the thought of Elizabeth and let the pain go. Nothing mattered but Elizabeth; he would think of her blue eyes, her thick, smooth brown hair, the color in her cheeks, her round arms. His own arms ached. If he could put them round Elizabeth this agony would cease. If he could only even see Elizabeth!

Then horror enveloped him. He was leaping the red gate; he was sickeningly aware that the solid foundation that he expected was gone; he was in the pit. He seemed to hear his bones snap as he crashed down. He felt the water rising; it reached his waist; he felt it cold over his heart; it covered his shoulders; it reached his throat; in an instant it would reach his lips and smother him. He must call. Someone would surely come. It was not possible that he should drown here on this hillside! He would call Mark—no, Mark would not help him. He would call Primus, who would give his life for him. Alas! Primus was deaf! He would call—oh, he would call Elizabeth! It seemed to him that he was shouting so that they could hear him at the Pfahlers', and at the church, and beyond the valley. But the rain beat upon his mouth and he could only whisper:

"Elizabeth!"

He heard an unmistakable reply.

"Yes, David."

He opened his eyes. He saw the yellow sunlight and the golden firelight and Elizabeth sitting by the bed. Her hand lay upon his. How was it that it seemed so heavy, when it was light and warm? He saw her blue eyes and her thick brown hair and her soft neck. Her color was gone and she seemed to grow paler and paler under his gaze. Was she about to vanish?

"Elizabeth!" he said, terrified.

"Yes, David."

His vision cleared and his gaze sought her eyes, her forehead, her head, her mouth, and traveled back to her eyes. It seemed to be a long, long journey, and while he made it he recalled everything—his leap, the pit, the beating rain, his frantic shouting.

"Did you hear me calling?" he asked faintly.

"Yes," said Elizabeth.

"Above the rain and thunder?"

"I went to the door to listen. I was afraid you were out in the storm."

"And you came to find me?"

Tears filled Elizabeth's wide eyes. Would she ever be able to put out of her mind the faint cry and the single flutter of a grasping hand in the lantern light above the black pool?

"Oh, yes; all of us—mother and father and I."

"And you took care of me?"

"Oh, yes."

Elizabeth's tears brimmed over. David put up his brown hand; he touched her hair, her cheek, and drew down her bending head until her lips met his.

"I am to tell when you wake," sobbed Elizabeth. "The doctor is here again, and you are to have broth."

"Don't leave me yet!"

"Yes."

Elizabeth rose from her chair and crossed the room; but from the door she returned, as though leaving him even for a moment were impossible. She bent and kissed him again; then she opened the door into the hall.

The voices grew louder—there must be many callers. She was not surprised to see the kitchen filled with neighbors, who tried in vain to keep their voices low. Heim had returned, and everyone wished to hear from his lips the story of Mark's banishment.

But another arrival had taken their attention from Heim. In the middle of the floor, the cause of their excitement and the object of loud commiseration and unheeded directions, stood Primus Uhler, shaggy and muddy and bloodstained, an open cut on his head, uttering his queer, whining cry. In the next room on a table the doctor had spread a cloth and set out basins and bandages and gleaming scissors and needles.

"Come, Primus," he said impatiently.

Elizabeth's mother lifted the teakettle from the stove and carried it toward the shed. She was a woman of vast energy and many talents, who should have had a family of ten, or a hospital or orphan asylum to manage.

"Come on, Primus," she said loudly, as though by lifting her voice she could make Primus hear. "You get cleaned up; then we'll try to understand you."

Primus shook his head. When he saw Elizabeth he took a step toward her, clasping his hands, hope and terror alternating in his eyes.

"Are you afraid, Elizabeth?" asked someone.

Elizabeth smiled at Primus—she had often suspected that he knew her secret. She flushed scarlet and pointed first to the hot water and the cloths, then to the door that led toward David's room. Primus nodded frantically. He knew that Elizabeth would not smile unless David was alive and was going to be well, and he understood that when he was washed he could go in. He walked toward the doctor and the sharp needles.

But in the middle of the floor he paused and stepped to the wood box and picked up a billet and showed it to Elizabeth. He signified that its length must be increased, and he pointed down toward the valley. As though this were not sufficient, he curved his finger into a ring and moved it across his eyes.

"Yes," nodded Elizabeth.

She tapped with her fingers against her white teeth, and Primus looked at her as a long-banished alien at one who knows his speech. Before the gaping crowd he lifted the billet as though it were a long rail and brought it down. He bent his head on his shoulder to show that after being struck he lay sleeping. Quick of speech and gesture, Elizabeth made him understand that when he had seen David these men would go with him and he could show them what had happened. Nodding, he lumbered into the next room.

Elizabeth stepped backward toward the door through which she had come. It seemed to her that she had been away from David for hours. While she poured the broth from the pot into the cup someone might take her place beside his bed. She looked at her mother appealingly.

"David's awake, mother."

Mrs. Heim glanced at her and sighed. To be the one to hear one's lover crying for help, to aid in his rescue, to nurse him back to health—ah, what good fortune was Elizabeth's! Then she smiled—let Elizabeth not lose a minute of the bliss that would come soon enough to seem like a dream.

"I'll bring the broth," she said. "Go back to him."

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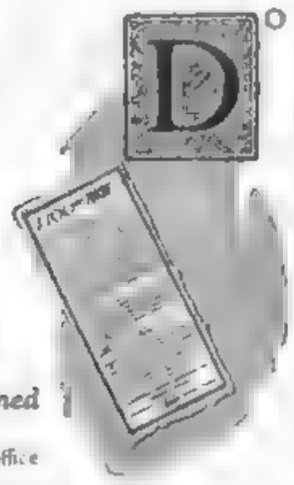
KEEPS CONTENTS STEAMING HOT 24 HOURS—ICY COLD 3 DAYS

A Message *from 369 Women* to the 38,737 Furniture Dealers of America.

The Romantic Story of— How Women were finally given the Chance to design the Kitchen Cabinets they want to buy.



DO YOU realize what a great change has occurred in the kitchen cabinet field this past year? All previous standards are revised. Sales possibilities are now expanded tremendously. A new leader has been ushered in

One year ago we realized that kitchen cabinet improvements had reached a standstill. Even we, their oldest manufacturers, were forced to admit that our cabinet had no real selling advantages over any other. All were practically alike.

Until that time MEN had designed all the cabinets for women to use "Why not ask the WOMEN what they want?" Strange no one had thought of it before.

So in the April, 1922, Ladies' Home Journal we offered a prize to the woman suggesting the best improvement in kitchen cabinets.

Real ideas poured in by the hundreds. Many suggested identical improvements, proving that some vital needs had been overlooked. It was almost unbelievable that men could have fallen so far short in designing the perfect kitchen cabinet.

369 of the ideas were practical—and from them were evolved three new kitchen cabinets—named Mary Boone, Helen Boone, Dorothy Boone.

Notice the women-designed features listed on this page. See them in the illustrations. Isn't it hard to believe that women ever bought kitchen cabinets without them? When these three new kitchen cabinets were perfected, the Boone National Advertising Campaign was launched. Full pages in The Ladies' Home Journal and The Saturday Evening Post, two of the nation's greatest periodicals, are telling this greatest kitchen cabinet story.

Almost overnight Mary, Helen and Dorothy Boone became famous. Their unprecedented demand came from all parts of the country. Housewives and furniture dealers united in their praise.

"The most wonderful cabinet ever," wrote one woman from Montana, and her letter echoes scores of others.

"Now," said a dealer of Louisville, "we have something to talk about when we try to sell a kitchen cabinet."

"Everybody says it is the greatest they have ever seen," comes from a Massachusetts dealer.

"As soon as we dispose of the cabinets we still have, we will handle the Boone line only," writes a Kansas dealer. And from Pennsylvania—"No competition at all."

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Women have now designed their own kitchen cabinets—*the cabinets they want to buy*, Mary, Helen and Dorothy Boone.

And the greatly increased sales of Boone Cabinets throughout the country prove that women *know what they want.*

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The features designed by 369 women

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A clock—to call you when the roast is done.

A mirror (beveled plate glass)—for a hasty glance when the door bell rings

An electric light—why work in your own shadow?

An extra socket—for your electric iron, toaster, percolator, or grill.

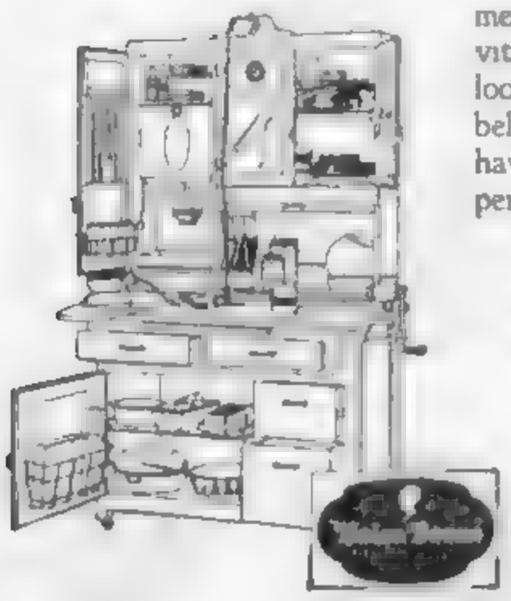
A disappearing ironing board—a touch brings it out in just the right position

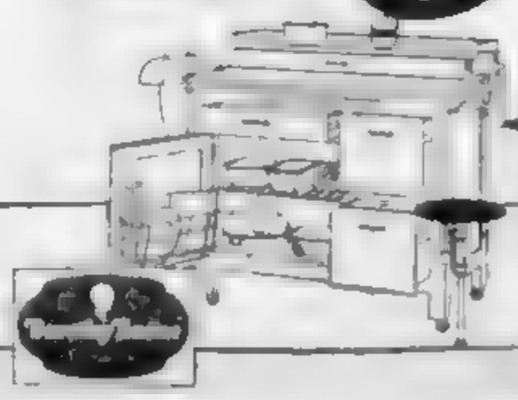
A Katchall—of enameled metal for refuse.

A swinging Stool—rest while you work

An Arcade Crystal Coffee Mill—preserve the aroma; grind coffee only as needed.

A cabinette top section—so Dorothy Boone may fit under a window or shelf.





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PAN OF THE PASTURE

(Continued from Page 13)

a questioning stare and Milo without the slightest difficulty walked up to him and put a hand on his collar. "You see?" he observed. "I told you he was a misogynist. And yet ——" He was seized with a sudden inspiration. "I don't know. It's all very curious. It was through Syrinx that you first met O'Beron, wasn't it?"

Miss Thisbe nodded her head.

"Well," said Milo, "I must be going. Tonight I'll lock Syrinx in a shed."

"Oh, but you must let me give you some breakfast."

"I couldn't think of it."

"Please."

Milo tied Syrinx to a pillar of the porch and followed his hostess through a small entrance hall, with a room opening off on either side of it and with a mahogany table along the wall of quaint wall paper and a banjo clock ticking drowsily above the table, to a sort of sun parlor where there were several little tables painted yellow, and yellow chairs decorated with stenciled flowers. On the ledges of the long windows that had been pushed back were geraniums and pansies and vines in pots, the pots also painted yellow; and in the tiny yard upon which the sun parlor looked, an elm cast a checkered shade.

"If you'll wait just a minute," said Miss Thisbe, "I'll have things ready for you."

She disappeared into another room and Milo heard the sound of sizzling bacon and smelled the delicate aroma of coffee. Presently she was back, standing at his side with a tray laden with food.

Milo sprang to his feet. "Dear me!" he stammered. "Sit down—do." And took the tray away from her.

She sat down and poured his coffee for him. Afterwards he smoked two cigarettes. She was not at all secretive. She answered his questions readily. Once—for a moment—he wondered what Israel would think of all this.

But afterwards, when he had finally said good-by and had untied Syrinx and had started up the road with him, walking slowly and thoughtfully through a morning that had changed from a cool misty veil to a flung out scarf of cloth of gold, he had to admit that on the whole he had been disappointed. Voices are disappointing. Or that is to say, they aren't disappointing, for a voice is a thing in itself and the loveliest of all things, but they are deceptive as far as the appearances of the persons possessing them are concerned. And Milo was now outside the range of that magic voice.

Being forty-five and entirely ignorant of women, his feminine ideal was, as it is of most men over forty who know little of women, and of many who know a great deal, an exiguous, bobbed-haired something, excessively young, yet marvelously sophisticated; a something that overpainted its lips and cheeks and stared at you with an innocently insolent look; something, in other words, that, despite its appearance, had been so completely good until it met you that in the radiance of your overpowering presence it might be goaded to almost any kind of recklessness. Not that you wanted any kind of recklessness—of course not. Your ideas about women were still as nice as they had always been, but the possibility of recklessness without its actual presence was in some subtle fashion flattering to both your charm and your moral character in not invoking it. The older a woman gets the more she likes a man for his common sense; it is just the other way about with men. We could do something about the wild young female if it wasn't for our grandfathers.

And Miss Thisbe was not beautiful, although she had fine dark eyes, and a mass of brown hair with golden lights in it, and a pretty mouth. She wasn't even very young, she was at least thirty-five, and her face was one of those sensitive faces—beloved by artists but not appreciated by the average spectator—upon which fatigue or unhappiness draws instant if temporary lines. Her history, moreover, was not encouraging. She was pathetic, and that is the last thing, despite the motion pictures and sentimental novels, that any woman dares to be. She had been an actress and had failed; she was an artist, without, apparently, success; she ran a tea shop to keep herself from starving, and wasn't very lucky about that. Milo wasn't even sure if she was what he called a lady.

Of course she was extremely well-bred and traveled and intelligent, but in Milo's categories being a lady was more than all these; it connoted a background and at least enough income to produce some impression of ease. However, for the first time in twenty years the thought troubled him a little. He had taken all this for granted; he couldn't understand now why he was a trifle ashamed of himself, why he wanted to blush with no one to see him but Syrinx. Miss Thisbe had no background whatsoever; no relations even, so far as he could make out. She was—well, she was sort of Provincetownish; ten years before, Milo would have called her Bohemian. But she had a lovely voice; oh, a lovely drawn-out, singing sort of voice!

She was dangerous. The whole thing was dangerous—that was what Milo decided. With another flash of intuition he realized why O'Beron had fled to Europe. Of course! This woman had been bothering him. And no matter what one might think of O'Beron's private life, when it came to bothersome women men had to stand together. Very well, Syrinx would be locked in a shed that night. There would be no further escape for that mischief-making goat.

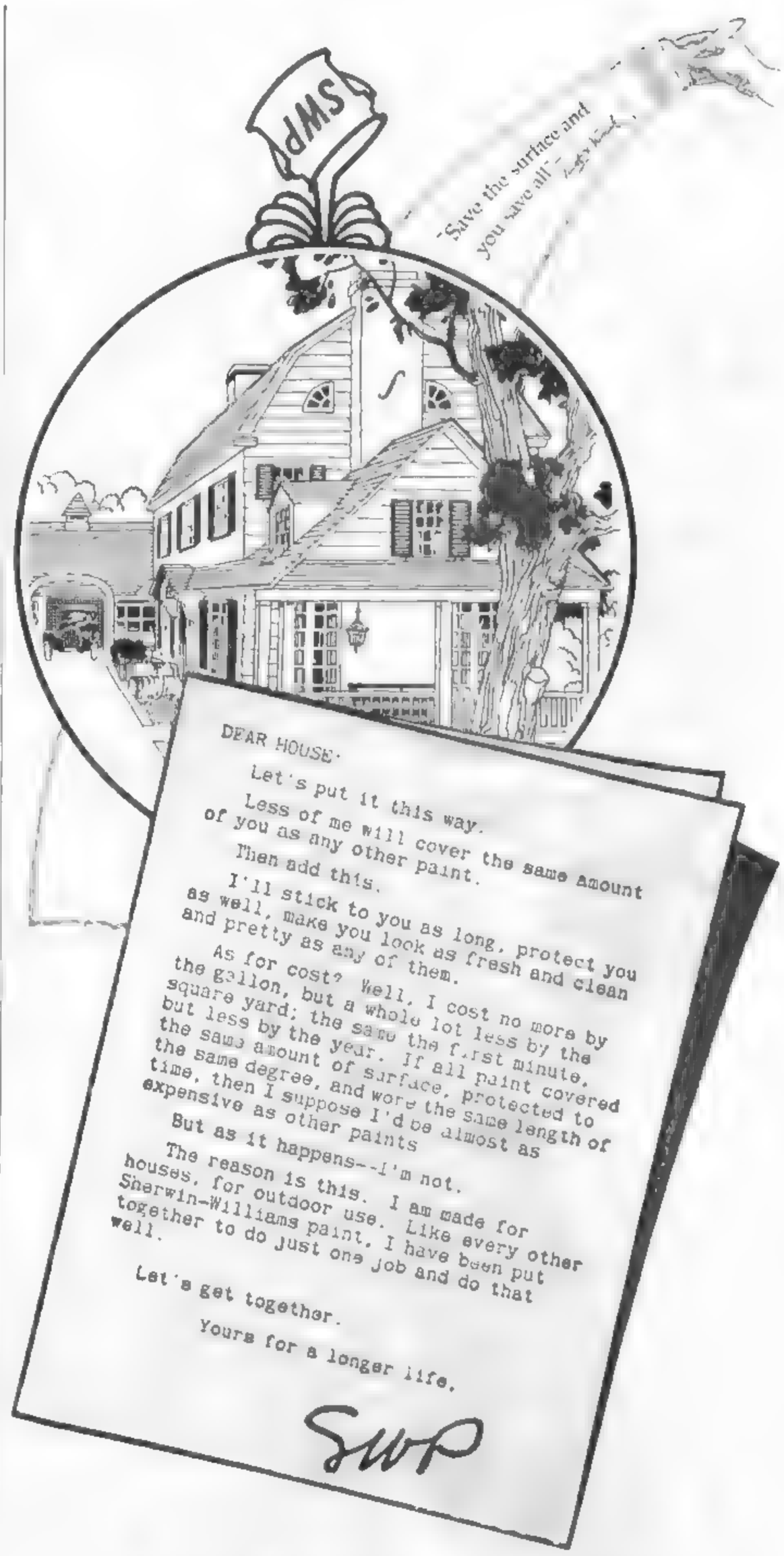
But many hours later, awakening with a start to a room flooded with moonlight, Milo realized that although he had tied Syrinx to the manger of the diminutive stable he had overlooked the far more necessary precaution of padlocking the outer door. Milo knew nothing of the unconscious or the conscious self; he had never heard of Doctor Freud and Doctor Jung, and if he had heard of them he wouldn't have liked what he heard; he was totally unaware that deep down in him a little quizzical-eyed elf was directing practically every move he made. The elf had seen to it that he forgot the padlock.

Trout fishing to the expert is a cool, aloof rhapsody, at moments heightened by a temporary well-calculated excitement. Water gurgles, rocks shine, the wind rustles the leaves, there is a swift shadowing of passing clouds—it is like a thrush song made perpetual. But to the beginner it is a series of irritations interrupted by breathless paroxysms of joy almost unbearable. Milo had never fished before that June and he had not fished the first two weeks of his stay, but one morning picking up a book on fly casting in O'Beron's library he had read it through; and subsequently attempting to put the theory into practice he had failed miserably, but had caught a tiny trout—a trout just above the limit of size. From then on, like all men born of women, he had been lost. A passion heretofore never suspected had been aroused.

On the afternoon in question, a week and a half after the reading of the book, he was whipping a pool a quarter of a mile or so above O'Beron's cottage. He had fished up to that point the evening before and had been compelled to stop because of darkness. But just beyond where he stopped he had caught sight of a dusky pool overhung with willows and thick bushes that later on spoiled for him an hour or two of sleep. Its hidden amber depths set the same fever in the veins of a fisherman as a fold in the rocks sets in the veins of a prospector.

By this time Milo imagined himself a fairly good angler. Of course he wasn't; it takes years on top of aptitude to perfect oneself in this most subtle and intellectual of sports. Like writing, it suffers from the fact that it looks so easy. Anyone can throw an imitation insect at a stupid fish and have him—or her—take it. Can anyone? The aqueous world is a profound and thoughtful and adroit one, sullen and self-contained; it does not make acquaintances easily. But Milo had reached a point where he hooked a tree only once in four or five casts and where once or twice a day some trout less experienced than the others struck at his fly. Enough anyway to make him completely absorbed and to cause him to stick his tongue out between his teeth without knowing it. Also he was now able to carry on an undertone of thought without interrupting the main business of the moment.

He was thinking about Miss Thisbe—Jane, he called her to himself now—and what he thought about her disturbed him. He wished that he could do something for Jane without in any way implicating himself. He didn't want to marry Jane; he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didn't want to marry anyone, but he especially didn't want to marry her. By the time you reached forty-five you realized that marriage was a bargain, and any possible bride would not only have to be acceptable to Israel but would also have to bring an increase to the reputation and fortune of Pankhurst & Pankhurst. Milo couldn't imagine Israel liking Jane; she did everything Israel didn't like; she swore occasionally, she snapped her fingers at most conventions, and she was steadily getting poorer. Jane was a problem.

Three mornings in succession—twice accidentally and the third time with deliberate intent on Milo's part, because he thought he hadn't said all he wanted to say the afternoon before Syrinx had escaped to the garden of the Nethercote tea room, and this had established such a bond of interest that almost every day since then Milo had indulged in the heretofore unknown habit of tea. This habit had grown on him until he could not make out whether it was his heart or his stomach that promptly at half-past four troubled him so much. At all events, Jane had been helped a little financially and Milo had bought a couple of her really charming landscapes, and with her childish optimism, which depressed Milo unbearably, she was looking forward hopefully to what she vaguely called the motoring season; but what was she to do in the meantime? She had just enough money collected in dirty five-dollar bills to pay her rent, and in a day or so Milo, apparently her one source of present income, was going back to the city. He didn't want to go back to the city, but Israel's letters grew more and more prophetic and direful. Undoubtedly in Milo's absence the coffee business was being beaten to its knees by the unscrupulous sellers of other liquid refreshments.

Milo was torn between what he considered to be business honor and his instincts. He was trying to think up some fantastic method of sending Miss Thisbe money without letting her know the source, and he was thinking about her so hard that he fished the pool—without luck—and turned the corner of the stream into a place where it ran deeply and sweetly between shorn meadows, before he realized that the object of his solicitude was sitting on the bank watching him. Obviously she had been fishing, too, for a battered rod and a creel lay beside her, but just as obviously she had more recently been wading, for she had taken off her boots and had rolled her breeches above her knees and was studying her bare feet.

"Hello!" she said.

Milo was embarrassed and suspicious. Being extremely old-fashioned, he thought it would have been nicer on Jane's part if she had attempted to put on her boots, or had made an effort to get behind a willow tree, or at the very least had given vent to a small alarmed cry. But she did none of these things, merely nodded her head and smiled and wriggled her toes.

"The water's exactly like liquid sunlight," she called joyfully. "Why don't you take off your boots and wade too?"

"Don't be silly," said Milo stiffly, and sat down on the bank beside her.

She had never told him she fished; he had a feeling that he was being followed Moreover, he wished she would do something about her slim legs. Every time he tried to look away disinterestedly from her direct friendly gaze he saw her knees. He had to admit that they were delightful knees and that below them were delightful feet, narrow and beautifully shaped. But he wasn't an expert on knees and feet and didn't want to be. He belonged to a school of thought in which there are no knees—merely unpleasant evasions about them. He also had to admit that Jane was looking exceedingly pretty with her golden-brown hair waving about her face and a soft color in her cheeks.

"I can't realize," she said, "you're going away so soon."

Milo muttered gruffly, "Business."

"Won't you ever come back? It's only a few hours from New York."

Milo hesitated; he wanted to say something final but not brutal, but just as the words formed themselves on his lips he caught out of the corner of his eye a flash of white circling a near-by thicket of willow.

"Syrinx!" he exclaimed hastily, and jumped to his feet. "Now that's too bad!" he complained bitterly. "I trusted him; I turned him loose in the orchard this morning without a rope. He has never wandered before during the daytime. I simply cannot put any confidence in him at all."

The goat paid no attention to this recrimination and, in the manner of a tactful and intelligent stranger who has stumbled upon two friends in intimate talk, continued his browsing with steadily averted eyes. Coming to the end of the willow bush, just where the bank had caved off into a swiftly flowing eddy, he raised his head and began daintily to eat the pointed leaves. Milo's last sight of him was as he raised himself on his hind legs to grasp the upper much desired branches with a trembling covetous lip

"Oh, do sit down!" said Jane with an unexpected touch of crossness. "Don't be so pernickety. What difference does it make if a poor goat does have a holiday on such a day as this? You have only one trouble, Milo; you're a dear, but you ought to be taken out once a day and shaken for at least a month."

Milo sat down. "I'm not pernickety——" he began frigidly. He thought he saw here the desired opportunity for a dignified quarrel. Subconsciously he was telling himself if he could by any chance put a certain amount of blame on Jane's shoulders the parting from her would have less conscience-stricken results where he was concerned. "Jane," he continued solemnly, "I have something to tell you. I am not the sort of man ——"

And then for the second time he jumped to his feet with a startled exclamation. He had a vision of Jane jumping to her feet even more quickly.

"Oh, quick!" she called. "Quick! It's Syrinx! Good gracious, did you ever see a goat before who couldn't swim? Here—lie down and stretch out and we'll grab him."

It had all happened with such lightning speed that Milo had been aware of only a sound of caving earth, a shrill, blatting, despairing cry, and the sight of a submerged goat being borne rapidly downstream. He followed his companion's directions and with her by his side threw himself on his chest and wriggled as far out over the treacherous bank as he could, stretching fingers that just barely missed the damp, by now unpleasantly pulpy wool that showed above the surface.

"A little more!" he grunted, and recollected nothing further—except that he had desperately reached back for the bank and had grasped Jane instead—until, Jane in his arms, he came spluttering and coughing to the surface.

Milo had never rescued a lady from drowning, but he had always heard that they struggled pitifully and that it was necessary to steel yourself to hitting them a stunning blow back of the ear. Transferring Jane to his left arm he plunged up and down in the water with his knees bent under him and drew back his clenched right fist. The blow would have found its mark had not Jane, in the midst of her efforts to free herself, looked up. She ducked her head and gave a spluttering scream.

"Let go!" she cried. "What are you doing? Are you crazy! Can't you swim? Put your feet down on the bottom."

Milo released her and found himself standing in water up to his armpits. He had the sensation of having participated in an anticlimax.

"I think we'd better be getting out of here," he said with quiet dignity.

For a horrid dazed moment he thought Jane was going to kiss him. She leaned towards him, but evidently changed her mind.

"You are adorable!" she cried with bubbling laughter.

Milo tried to overlook this extraordinary conduct and led the way silently downstream. On a sand spit at the end of the eddy Syrinx, flicking his wool in the sun, bowed his back deeply inwards as if his stomach was cold, and this restored the flow of blood to that exaggerated member, and then, without a glance at his would-be rescuers, stalked up the slope and started slowly homeward across the fields.

Milo stopped, ankle deep in water.

"What's the matter?" asked Jane at his side.

Milo's voice was awe-stricken. "That goat," he said softly, "isn't a goat at all—he's a conspirator." Nor would he explain what he meant to Jane's repeated questions.

"Come on," she said, with the tartness of a woman who has not been satisfactorily answered; "I'm getting cold."

Milo held out his hand to help her to the sand spit, and for a moment her fingers lingered in his. His face twitched and he turned hastily away.

"Hurry up," he said stiffly.

Her hair was hanging down over her eyes in lank ringlets, little drops of water still continued to trickle from the end of her nose, some way or other mud had stained her cheeks, her clothes hung to her so that there was a general impression of total collapse, but for the first time Milo saw her as an altogether lovely and desirable woman. And if he had been alarmed before, he was now doubly alarmed. She had been in his arms, he had felt her heart beat, he had touched the softness of her shoulders. Memories of twenty years before increased his perturbation.

Jane put on her boots and she and Milo regained their respective tackles and, these tasks accomplished, the two plodded in silence across the meadows and down the dusty road until they came to Milo's gate.

"Can't I lend you some clothes?" he asked. "Or take you home in the pony cart? O'Beron hasn't got a car."

"Oh, no, thanks," said Jane coldly. "Are you coming in for tea a little later—perhaps?"

Milo refused to meet her eyes. "I—I'm afraid I can't," he answered uncertainly. "You see—I've got to pack. I'll have to take the late train tonight. I really must be in town tomorrow morning. But I'll stop in on my way to the station and say good-by."

"The nine o'clock?" inquired Jane faintly.

"Yes, the nine o'clock."

"Oh, well, I'll see you then."

She turned on her heel and tramped slowly on down the road. Milo watched her diminishing figure. She looked very small and pathetic and yet at the same time brave and self-reliant. Milo sighed, brought his fist down on the flat gatepost, and went into the house, where he told Mrs. Haley his sudden change in plans, arranged by telephone for the local taxicab to stop for him after supper, and spent two hours absent-mindedly putting his clothes into a trunk and then deciding that he had

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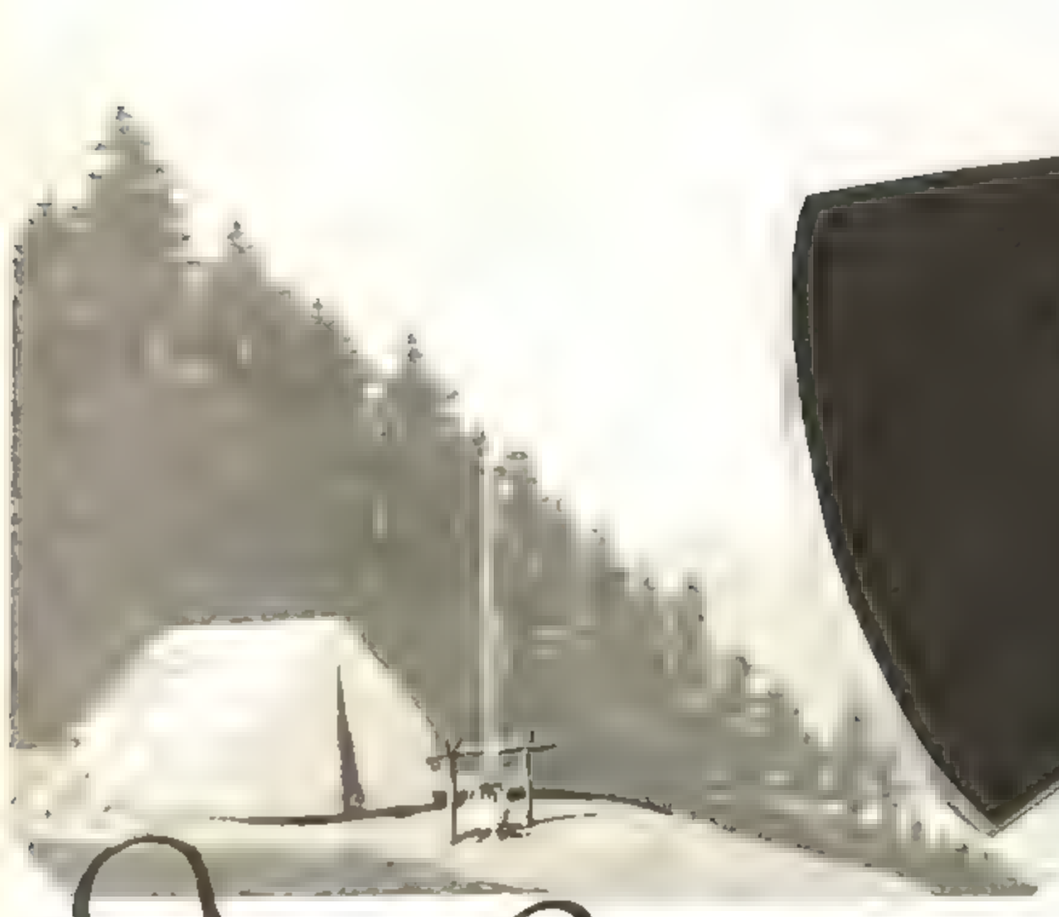
Seminole Village at the Tropical Gardens, Miami, Florida



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Take along a Plumb Scout Axe when you go camping, hunting, fishing; when you drive to the country to cook supper over a wood fire. Like coffee pot and frying pan, the Plumb Scout Axe is standard equipment for hike, camp and woods.

Hunters designed this axe to hang in a sheath on the belt. Plumb forged it for them, from solid steel. Thousands carried it.

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Factories, Philadelphia and St. Louis Established 1856

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No other organization brings to the production of a thousand dollar motor car the specialized ability to compare with that of the group of great manufacturers who have contributed, each his share, to the Columbia Six.

No other organization combines Continental's motor-building experience, Timken's understanding of axle construction, Auto-Lite's grasp of electrical problems, Durston's knowledge of transmissions, and the skill of the many other producers of Columbia Six units in a service-proved car that meets such a wide variety of tastes and pocketbooks.

It remained for Columbia engineers to devise a method of fabricating the products of these leading organizations into a motor car that affords a definite assurance of known dependability—a car of exceptionally fine quality—at an exceptionally low price.

It is a remarkable achievement in specialized methods of manufacture—a triumph of modern co-operative production.

Specialization is your best assurance of fine workmanship and consistent year-in-and-year-out dependability. And it is your best guarantee of economical operation, beautiful body designs and unusually long life.

You will surely want to see the Columbia Specialized Six. You will want to ride in it—drive it—and give it a thorough demonstration. For you will never know how good a car you can buy for less than a thousand dollars until you have ridden in a Columbia. The Columbia dealer in your city will gladly place a car at your disposal, any time you may select.

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Steel Wheels Extra—All Prices f. o. b. Detroit

(35)

Columbia

Specialized Six

—and specialization brings perfection

(Continued from Page 170)

done it all wrong and would have to start over again.

He thought he had never spent such dreary and irritating hours; he thought he had never tasted such a tasteless and uninspired meal as Mrs. Haley chose to give him on this his last night; he was glad when at half past eight the dilapidated taxi came to take him on the first lap of his journey. Well, tomorrow he would be able to settle down once more to normal living. Tears came into his eyes when he thought of the placid reassurance of Israel's figure. He longed for the smell of stale cigar smoke, for grunted monosyllables, for all the pleasant small rudenesses of urban masculine life.

"Stop at Miss Thisbe's," he said to the hidden figure that was to guide his destinies over the dark road. He dreaded the coming interview, but of course he would have to go through with it. He had purposely allowed himself only a limited time. The whistle of the approaching train would cut short any disturbing depth of feeling

But the little cottage half hidden by its bushes, only one light showing, seemed to him unbearably lonely and defenseless as his car stopped before it.

He jumped out, opened the gate, and started up the path, and, as on his first visit, he had just set foot on the gravel when the front door of the cottage flew wide and Jane appeared, running and stumbling towards him.

"He's gone!" she wailed. "He's eaten it all up! He's gone away with it!"

Milo grasped her by the shoulders and shook her.

"What's gone?" he demanded. "Who's run away with what?"

"Syrinx! He's eaten my rent! I was just going to take it to the post office, and for a moment I laid the envelope on a chair on the porch while I went back into the house to get something I'd forgotten, and when I came out I saw Syrinx disappearing up the road. I was going so carefully to have it registered and everything!"

Milo's grip on her shoulders tightened. "Listen to me," he said. "What direction did Syrinx take?"

Miss Thisbe waved a stricken arm towards the north.

"I'll follow him," said Milo firmly, "and get it back."

At the curb he instructed the still unidentified presence in the front of the taxicab to take his baggage back where it had come from.

He had little hope of overtaking Syrinx, and none at all, even if he did overtake him, of recovering the envelope with its dirty five-dollar bills. He knew enough about goats to know that to their minds there is no delicacy sweeter than the stained currency of the country in which they happen to find themselves. In this they are not alone. If Syrinx had stolen the envelope Syrinx had eaten it, and, as far as he was concerned, there was nothing to do but wish him a severe pain; but, on the other hand, it was quite possible to pretend to have found Syrinx and to substitute other five-dollar bills for the ones he had destroyed. At all events, you couldn't leave a locality until you had in some way or other set on her feet again a lady who had been rendered penniless by the actions of a goat for whom you were temporarily responsible.

Milo strode doughtily through the perfumed starlit darkness. Presently, without any particular purpose, he turned off the road and climbed a low tumbledown stone fence that separated him from a meadow that stretched away to a round hill covered with a plantation of spruce trees. He hadn't the slightest notion that Syrinx might be in that direction, and he didn't care if he was; it was necessary to allow a certain amount of time to elapse before his return, and, anyway, he wanted to think. For some reason the top of a hill seemed an excellent place to think.

In the middle of the meadow there was a small mossy stream and Milo negotiated this, the weight of his feet crushing to quintessence the pungency of mint and rank grass. A cow, huge and spectral, raised its head and stared at him. On the other side of the stream was a further stretch of soft velvet turf, and then another low tumbledown wall, and then the first dwarfed sentries of the trees. From dampness and a hint of mist and lush odors Milo came into the dry aroma of the evergreens. He mounted steadily through the waiting silence towards the summit—a round bald knob where for some reason the higher vegetation ceased and there were piled up gray rocks. When he had reached his goal he took off his hat, mopped his forehead, and sat down on a smooth rock and looked about him.

At the south he saw the lights of the village; at the east, long stretches of shadowy meadow and wood and upland; while toward the west the outline of the mountains made a bar of blackness across the horizon.

It was not for several moments that Milo saw the face that, from a cleft in the rocks, was staring at him.

Something must have happened, some curious break in memory, some retracing of the gigantic steps of time, some inkling of relativity; one of those odd moments when we seem to become what we were and be what we shall become; when past and present and future are the same thing; when we participate in a scene we have participated in before and probably will participate in again; when we know, without proof or rime or reason, that this so small and solid world we seem to live in is not small or solid at all, but a gigantic river upon whose flowing surface bubbles appear and float and do not know the mystery from which they come or into which they are sucked down.

Milo was frightened; he was seized with what was first called panic because it is the crux of fundamental fear; the fear of man for the earth, the thing he walks upon and digs up and washes off and most of the time forgets he is in terror of. For what seemed eternity he watched the white immovable bearded face that peered at him out of the darkness, and then, without knowing what he did, just as he had often done when he was a child and had been left in a dark room by a father who believed in such punishments, he dropped slowly to his knees and slowly hid his agonized eyes in his hands. He wanted to cry aloud beseechingly. He had been a very silent child, yet now in this crisis, a mature man, he wanted to pray. But—and here's the curious fact: a fact you'll explain later perhaps by Milo's recent near approach to a nervous breakdown—the words that struggled to be heard were in a strange tongue that Milo had never heard. He would have thought them nonsense if he hadn't been so sure that they weren't nonsense at all.

The spell was broken by the sound of footsteps, by the sound of a voice.

"Oh!" said Miss Jane Thisbe. "So you found Syrinx after all, did you? See! I'm afraid he's caught between the rocks so that he can't get out."

How she got there or why—she must have been following him closely—Milo did not know and did not ask for a long time afterwards. It was all part of a night that had abruptly become unreal. Nor could he in the least explain why they—he and Jane, Syrinx contentedly browsing or sleeping in their near vicinity—sat on the top of that hill through all the slow lapse of starlit hours until dawn. For some unaccountable reason they both wanted to see the dawn. Jane explained that it was a well-known phenomenon to her—she often got up to watch it—but Milo had shamefacedly to confess he had not seen it for twenty years.

Finally it came, as if a dark veil had dropped slowly from the uplifted listening head of night, leaving the whiteness that was night's essential being. The uplands brightened, the meadows took on a sparkling green, the spruce trees glistened at the tips of their needles, a chorus of birds broke into song; the bare summit where Jane and Milo sat glowed like a crown dropped by some king in flight—an immaculate, aloof spectacle, thin and sweet as flute music. And there was that same strange feeling that there was no such thing as time; as youth or age. Here was dawn older than the oldest generation of men, yet forever younger than the newest generation born.

"Jane," said Milo softly, "I've a brother named Israel. If he does not like you I'll commit in the offices of Pankhurst & Pankhurst some solecism so outrageous that we'll be ruined in the coffee business for good. Jane, what had O'Beron to do with you?"

She raised her head; she was lying in his arms. "Nothing important," she answered. "Nothing. O'Beron might have been an illusion for all I really cared for him. I was lonely and afraid. Hush! Look! Watch Syrinx! Goats do it, you know. Watch him! He is dancing in the sun."

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Year by year the high regard for Allen A Hosiery has been growing—as more and more mothers discover that *style that wears* is an accomplished fact.

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The Allen A Company
Kenosha, Wisconsin
Makers of Allen A Underwear for Men and Boys

ENGLISH BUSINESS METHODS

(Continued from Page 19)

"No, sir. In England employment is not gained that way. One must be sent for."

"Perhaps so," responded the American. "But I am afraid you are not going to be sent for very soon with conditions such as they are at present. The chances are that not over once in ten times did your application get beyond the front office. Now, suppose we try some other way. You sit down at my desk here and write a letter stating just what experience you have had in the mail-order business, and tell what you believe you could do to create business in some department. I will have the letter typewritten for you and we will send it to the biggest mail-order house in London. If this letter doesn't bring results we will write more like it, and keep sending them out every day to different houses until you get a job."

The young man dutifully did as he was bid, and the American had the letter typed, put in an envelope and stamped for mailing. The young man took it and started out, but there was something in his air that gave the American a thought.

"Come back here," he said, "and answer me this question: Are you going to mail that letter, or are you merely carrying it out of here to make me think you are going to mail it?"

The young man came out with the truth.

"Really, I do not like to mail it, sir," he said. "In America such a method might possibly gain a position, but you know it is not done in England. That house already has my name and address, which I left with them several weeks ago, and it might be considered that I was too pushing if I were to send them this letter."

Startling Success

It took half an hour's argument on the part of the American to convince the young man that businesslike methods are effective on both sides of the ocean alike. The letter was mailed, and in twenty-four hours there was a reply asking for a personal interview; within three days the young man's long search for work was happily ended.

It might seem that a young man who had shown no more initiative in finding a job would not be very efficient in his job after he had got one; but one cannot judge the English by American standards, and it is entirely possible that with his feet on the solid ground of employment he would be a valuable employe. It is a fact that the average staff in an English office organization is extremely efficient; the more so, perhaps, because unemployment is such a terrifying thing; and perhaps also because the class system itself, which tends to limit personal initiative, makes the individual especially competent in his own groove. A very intelligent London business man made a remark to me which I set down for what it is worth.

"I know you Americans think very little of our class system," he said; "and a good many of us over here don't care for it, either. Logically it puts us at a disadvantage in competition with a country like yours, where individual initiative is tremendously encouraged and where every worker expects to graduate into something ahead of where he is. But did you ever stop to consider that our class system really amounts to specialization of the greatest sort? A young man who learns the plumber's trade probably becomes a more skillful working plumber because he expects to work at it all his life, and has no thought of becoming a doctor or a lawyer. The shipping clerk is very likely a more efficient shipping clerk because he has no designs on the bookkeeper's job, and the farm laborer a more consistent worker because he does not aspire to go to college."

The gentleman quoted above may or may not be correct in his statement, yet the fact remains that the English do manage to turn the strangest things to account; and in England it is never safe to set a thing down as poor business until the results are all in.

The Lord Mayor's show in London, held each year to mark the inauguration of the newly elected mayor and city council, is probably the most pompous civic affair held anywhere in the world; and recently I had the pleasure of seeing it in company with a business man from a hustling young city in Oregon, who had come over to England to buy goods for his department store and to pick up stray business ideas. The Lord Mayor and his entourage left the Mansion House at precisely eleven o'clock, going by a devious route to the Royal Law Courts to be sworn in, all the bells in the city tolling meanwhile and the streets along the line of march packed so full of people that there did not appear to be room for a single extra one anywhere.

The route is adroitly arranged so that it takes in sections from which councilmen have been elected, thus giving their constituents a chance to see them in their inaugural glory. Upon the return to the Mansion House there is a banquet held in the style of five hundred years ago, even to the detail of having the Lord Mayor's coach wait outside the front door and his coachman stand behind him at table, whip in hand, ready to dash out to the scene of some insurrection or to command the constabularly in case of invasion by the hirelings of some foreign potentate.

My friend and I saw the parade on its way up the Strand, a pageant that made the inauguration of a President of the United States seem like small-town stuff There were half a dozen troops of cavalry, loaned by the government, all in red coats and bearskin caps, and as many mounted military bands. There were sheriffs and heads of guilds fixed up in medieval costumes and carrying large maces to show their authority. Each member of the city council, also dressed up, rode in a fancy carriage drawn by four caparisoned horses.

The Lord Mayor himself was well worth going miles to see; a sensible-looking business man who managed to keep his face quite straight, although he was fixed up in a Santa Claus suit of clothes and rode in a ten-ton coach which was entirely gold-plated, drawn by eight horses and attended by a swarm of grooms, postilions and footmen

My friend from Oregon was entertained, but somewhat supercilious over the show. It was childish, he said, downright childish that grown men with the responsibilities of a great city on their shoulders should go through with such foolishness.

The Man From Oregon Recants

"You bet we wouldn't stand for it back in my home town," he criticized. "There we elect our city officials to look after the business interests of the city, and not to make holy shows of themselves. When a new mayor is elected he celebrates it by going to the city hall, hanging up his hat and calling the council to order. We are good business people out there. I don't believe these English have the least conception of what business really means."

I saw him again next day, however, and a great light had dawned. He was sitting in the lobby of his hotel, alternately reading something in a newspaper and rocking himself back and forth in an ecstasy of jovial appreciation. The moment he saw me he beckoned me to his side to read me the item that caused his emotion. It was from a leading London daily and was the following:

"The Lord Mayor's show yesterday brought immense crowds of people to the streets which marked the line of march. Railroad officials report heavy sales of tickets from provincial towns, and many of the leading merchants of the city state that much shopping was done by the visitors."

The man from Oregon read the newspaper twice more and then flung himself back in his chair to enjoy it.

"I take it all back," he ejaculated, "what I said yesterday about these English not being business men. That whole show was one grand business stunt! In my home town we merchants subscribe a lot of money every year to spend on a harvest festival so as to get the country people to come to town and do their trading: but here the mayor himself puts on a show that doesn't cost the merchants a cent, and it gets the same results. You've sure got to hand it to these English!"

Certainly the longer one stays in England the less of a mystery it becomes that the English have been able to hold their own as a great trading nation for hundreds of years. In London and all the larger provincial towns one sees over the doors of shops and other commercial institutions large gilt

(Continued on Page 176)

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and then HE bought a Philco
[illegible] through the failure of ordinary
[illegible] We would be glad to hear from you.

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1. The Famous Diamond-Grid—the diagonally braced frame of a Philco plate. Built like a bridge. Can't buckle—can't warp—can't short-circuit. Double latticed to lock active material (power-producing chemical) on the plates. Longer life. Higher efficiency.

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An hour in a driving rain—

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To make sure of real raincoat protection *before they buy*, thousands of people today have learned to depend on the name "Raynster."

All the skill and experience of the largest rubber organization in the world have been used to make the Raynster name an unfailing guarantee of real raincoat protection. Every inch of a Raynster is backed by layer on layer of highest grade rubber. Every seam is reinforced.

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United States Rubber Company

Raynsters

REG U S PAT OFF

(Continued from Page 174)

reproductions of the coat of arms of the royal family, which means that some member of royalty has at one time or another had business relations with the concern so decorated. From the number of these decorations one is led to the conclusion that the royal family, past and present, has had the good business judgment to spread its trade around considerably.

Years ago, it seems, there were no special rules in the matter, and any shopkeeper night put up the sign who had the price to pay a signmaker for the work, on the simple basis of having sold a suit of clothes or a gold watch or a case of champagne to some member of the family. But abuses creep in everywhere, and matters went too far when the enterprising owner of a pushcart in Kensington blossomed out with a large gilt decoration on the strength of the fact that the King had stopped his carriage one day and bought some oranges.

This distressing incident led to the forming of an association composed of the more prominent holders of the decoration, and this association now decides as to which business houses may or may not display the royal insignia over their doors. Each applicant must allow the association to examine his books to prove that he is in no immediate danger of bankruptcy, must show that he has been in business a certain number of years, and must demonstrate that his claim to the decoration is based on more than a casual purchase by some member of the royal family.

Hard-Worked Royalties

But any rule may be got around if one's heart is in the work and if he uses a little imagination. The sight-seer going about the business streets will occasionally notice a fancy decoration over a store door which looks quite like the real thing, gilt and blue, with lions rampant and a Latin motto, but which closer scrutiny shows to be just a little different. Doubtless there is no intent to deceive; if customers mistake the imitation decoration for the real thing it is surely their own fault and not the shopkeeper's.

The royal household costs a good deal to maintain, but it cannot be doubted that the members have to work for their money. The three sons are kept especially busy attending chamber-of-commerce affairs, fat-stock shows, needlework bazaars and other public functions where the gate receipts need bolstering up. Recently an exhibit of manufacturers was held in London which cost a great deal to promote and which the public did not attend in paying numbers. The management faced a big deficit until it was able to announce that the Prince of Wales would visit the show on a certain day. On that occasion the box-office sales increased by nearly ten thousand over the sales of any other day, and as the tickets were $1.25 apiece the deficit was avoided.

During the week I write this article the Queen has been shopping three times, and each time the incident was fully reported in the news columns. Evidently the department stores thus favored employ exceptionally good publicity men, because on each occasion little titbits were worked into the news stories stating that her majesty was immensely pleased with the quality of the stocks submitted for her selection; and one masterly write-up contained the pleasing news that her majesty was quite amazed at the low prices which prevailed.

At the opening of the present Parliament the usual ceremonies were observed, which included a stately parade of the King and his entourage from Buckingham Palace, attended by soldiers, grooms, footmen, lords and ladies in their best clothes and decorated profusely with gold lace and diamond tiaras; an exhibit that filled the streets with enormous crowds of people from every corner of the island. That same afternoon one of the new parliamentarians, a Labor member elected from a Glasgow shipyard district, got up in his seat and stated heatedly that it was about time to stop such tomfool exhibitions. To date, not an aristocrat in the kingdom has raised a voice in protest of this unseemly speech, but outraged business men and merchants are still writing letters to the newspapers about it.

England is, indeed, a business country, however much the machinery may be concealed. In his opening speech before the present British Parliament, Mr. Bonar Law was quoted as saying this:

"Trade, however bad the conditions, if it is left to its own devices, with the wicked system of private enterprise, will find some means of making the best of the bad conditions."

Thus the Canadian-Scotch premier of the British Empire, himself a very successful business man, voiced the plain truth that it is not the function of governments to pull business out of bad holes, but rather the other way around.

There is in London a firm which for more than two hundred years has been making a very exclusive and high-priced line of goods, and during all this time the ownership has remained in the same family, being handed down from father to son. Until recently, too, the enterprise has been run in precisely the same fashion as it was run two hundred years ago, its factory and show room being located on a narrow downtown street where anyone who wanted to purchase its product had to go. The firm never inserted an advertisement in any publication, and never sold its product to any dealer; but since the time of Queen Anne the elect of the British Empire have been going to this dingy little factory-shop, glad to pay high prices for its really excellent product. During the latter part of the war, however, the government allotted the old firm a contract to make a certain device which went into the manufacture of munitions; and as the original premises were too small for the work, a large new factory building was put up to take care of the government contract.

This new building was finished just about the time the war ended, and the firm had it on its hands, an entirely superfluous affair as far as the manufacture of tableware was concerned. To make the matter worse, the firm had borrowed the money with which to put up the new building, and owed nearly a quarter of a million dollars on it. As this obligation had been incurred at the request of the government, the firm naturally felt it should have some help in its embarrassing predicament, and after considerable delay the government instructed one of its experts to look into the matter and see what ought to be done. At the end of a thorough investigation the expert went into conference with the head of the old firm.

"Before we start," the expert said, "I must tell you that I shall make no recommendation to the government that it shall pay this debt for you. Your firm owes the money and your firm will have to pay it."

This was not the kind of talk the manufacturer wanted to hear. For years his enterprise had been a family matter, looked on as an art rather than as a business; and the members of aristocracy who came to the establishment were considered more in the light of art patrons than mere customers. The firm had never made a great deal of money, in spite of the high prices charged for its product, because its output was limited. The debt of a quarter of a million dollars seemed quite beyond its ability to pay. All this the manufacturer explained in a desperate effort to make the government expert see the necessity for positive relief from a situation which the government itself had created.

The Expert's Program

The expert shook his head decisively.

"The government isn't paying anyone's debts but its own," he said. "The most I will do is to recommend, under certain conditions, that the government loan you the money on long time and at a low rate of interest. This will relieve you from the importunities of your present creditors and give you a chance to pay off the obligation by future earnings."

The manufacturer replied that a mere loan would not do any good; that a debt was a debt, no matter how long the time or how low the interest, and that he could not conceive of any conditions which would make it possible to pay an obligation of a quarter of a million dollars.

"Our whole business isn't worth that much," the manufacturer said. "We couldn't sell it for a quarter of a million dollars tomorrow."

"No, I don't suppose you could sell it for that much, right now," replied the government expert; "but if you will agree to follow out the plan I am going to propose, I believe your business can be made worth a great deal more than a quarter of a million. Understand, please, that I am not trying to dictate to you. I am merely telling you the terms on which I will recommend that the government lend you this money.

"During the last few years we have seen a lot of American firms come into the English market, and most of them are doing well. They don't wait for people to come and ask them for their goods, as you have always done; but they take their goods to the people, and that is just what I want you to do. You have just one thing to build on, and that is your reputation of more than two hundred years as makers of an excellent product. The thing to do is to capitalize that reputation. I want you to put your trade-mark on everything you make and then advertise the trade-mark everywhere, just as the Americans are doing so successfully here and in their own country.

"But merely doing this will not be enough. You will have to make it easy for the people to get your goods after you have told them how good it is, and the only way to do that is to send salesmen out to sell it to retail dealers everywhere, so people may get your product merely by dropping into the shops of their home towns. You could never pay off this heavy debt by sitting around and waiting for people to come to you. You must tell everyone how good your product is, and then make it easy for them to buy it."

As may be imagined, this kind of a program did not appeal to an English business man who had been used to seeing only the carriages of the aristocracy stop in front of his door. He argued earnestly that the business had been built up on the standpoint of exclusiveness, and that all would be lost if it became known that the firm was out to sell its product promiscuously. The government expert was not impressed by this line of reasoning.

"You forget," he said, "that your aristocratic customers do not buy your goods because they especially like you, but because they believe you know how to make your particular product better than anyone else. You do not have to lower your quality merely because you have a hundred thousand customers instead of ten thousand customers. The chances are you can make even better goods for the same money when you manufacture in larger quantities. Just you go ahead making the best stuff you know how, and let everyone know about it. The rest will take care of itself."

National Traits in Business

The foregoing took place a year ago. Upon his agreeing to accept the expert's program, the manufacturer received the government loan, and has already begun to work his way back to prosperity.

It is a distinct characteristic of the English business man to do everything with the greatest thoroughness and caution, even at a loss of immediate profit. Recently I had a talk with an American business man who has made enough money to take things easy and who is putting in a year in England merely to observe things. He had been at first, he told me, fully convinced that England was a back number, and that her world trade would fall into the lap of America or any other well organized, hustling nation that went after it. During his first month in the country he heard an expression that pleased him immensely: "The American may make more mistakes, but the Englishman certainly misses more opportunities."

"I couldn't help thinking of that expression all the time," this business man said, "as I went around the country and saw the way the English stick to old-fashioned ways and worn-out traditions. I began to think they had just happened to become a great trading nation because they fell into a good location and because no other country had ever set up really determined competition. But the more I have been going around the more I realize that we Americans can learn a lot about business over here.

"For one thing, I have got more respect for tradition, because, after all, a thing must have a good deal of merit to it before it can become a tradition; and it pays in the long run to stick to a tried method until you are very sure the bright new idea will work. Perhaps in England they hold on to the old methods too long, but in America I am afraid the present tendency is a little too much the other way for the most lasting results. Just yesterday an Englishman quoted that same expression to me that I was so pleased about when I first came over, only he worded it a little differently: 'Perhaps the English business man misses more opportunities than other people, but he certainly makes fewer mistakes.'"

Just there, perhaps, is the reason England has been able to maintain its position

(Continued on Page 179)

It's Either On Or Off

Powerful quick make—quick break mechanism features the newest safety switch

Our fourteen years' history does not record an achievement that parallels the development of the new Square D switch illustrated here. It is the finest and most popular switch we have ever offered. Undoubtedly the *safest* safety switch ever designed, its superiority from the *service* standpoint is equally marked.

One of its notable features of design lies in the force and simplicity of its quick make—quick break mechanism. This mechanism is completely enclosed within the switch box—where it is securely protected from dirt and dust. As a result, it cannot become clogged; nor can its action be retarded. It snaps the blades solidly home, or disengages them with equal sharpness. Positive contact is assured. Arcing is minimized. The new Square D is either completely on—or completely off.

The new Square D switch is being successfully used for all industrial purposes—in mills, shops, foundries, and general business buildings. In residential construction it is equally popular.

If your factory is still equipped with obsolete switches, see your electrical dealer at once. Have him replace them with new Square D switches. The low cost will surprise you. Bulletin No. 30 describes the new Square D in detail. A postcard brings it.

This shield distinguishes the Square D switch from its imitations. Look for it before you buy.

SQUARE D COMPANY, DETROIT, U. S. A. FACTORIES AT: DETROIT, MICH., PERU, IND., WALKERVILLE, ONT.

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Electrify! **SQUARE D**

Safety Switch

8
of Paramount's Super 39

POLA NEGRI in
A George Fitzmaurice Production
"BELLA DONNA"
Supported by Conway Tearle, Conrad Nagel and Lois Wilson
From the famous novel by Robert Hichens
Scenario by Ouida Bergere

A William deMille Production
"GRUMPY"
With Theodore Roberts, May McAvoy and Conrad Nagel
Screen play by Clara Beranger
From the play by Horace Hodges and T. Wigney Percyval

"THE GO-GETTER"
By Peter B. Kyne
With Seena Owen, T. Roy Barnes, Tom Lewis, William Norris
Directed by E. H. Griffith Scenario by John Lynch
A Cosmopolitan Production

GLORIA SWANSON in
A Sam Wood Production
"Prodigal Daughters"
Screen Version by Monte M. Katterjohn
From the story by Joseph Hocking

DOROTHY DALTON in
"The Law of the Lawless"
With Theodore Kosloff and Charles de Roche
Adapted by E. Lloyd Sheldon and Edfrid Bingham
From a Pictorial Review Story by Konrad Bercovici
Directed by Victor Fleming

THOMAS MEIGHAN in
"The Ne'er-Do-Well"
By REX BEACH
Directed by Alfred Green
Adapted for the screen by Louis Stevens

MARY MILES MINTER in
"The Trail of the Lonesome Pine"
With Antonio Moreno and Ernest Torrence
From the novel by John Fox, Jr., and the play by Eugene Walter. Adapted by Will M. Ritchey
Directed by Charles Maigne

A George Melford Production
"YOU CAN'T FOOL YOUR WIFE"
With Leatrice Joy, Nita Naldi, Lewis Stone and Pauline Garon
By Waldemar Young
Suggested by Hector Turnbull's story

If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town

America's Greatest Theatres Choose *Paramount Pictures* FIRST

The managers of the great picture theatres have no easy task.

To put on first-class shows all the time, and to know perpetually what's good requires great experience and sure knowledge of where the best pictures come from.

Almost without exception these great exhibitors choose Paramount first, because they know by a thousand precedents that *your* enjoyment is there.

The greatest theatres have a far more important thing to protect than temporary profit.

Their *name* for great shows is their life-blood all the year round.

When you hear anyone say "If it's at such-and-such theatre I know it will be good," you may be pretty sure that this is one of the successful houses which choose Paramount first.

Not only if it's a Paramount Picture is it the best show in town, but if it's a Paramount Picture it's at the best theatre in town!

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION
ADOLPH ZUKOR, President

The Stanley Theatre, Philadelphia.
One of those theatres which excels in luxury of equipment and art of presentation just as it does in quality of screen entertainment. Paramount Pictures are the predominant choice of the Stanley Theatre

Paramount Pictures

(Continued from Page 176)

as the world's big department store for so many years. The average English business man takes no chance that is not necessary, and will often go to apparently absurd extremes to safeguard himself. It does not merely happen that London is the insurance center of the world. There is, on the Thames, an old exporting firm which back in the '70's faced an unexpected situation which made it necessary that one of the partners should start on a long Continental trip. Unfortunately, the crisis occurred on a Saturday afternoon after the banks had closed, and it was found there was not enough money in the establishment to see the partner through on the long journey. Hurried visits to neighboring offices failed to result in sufficient cash and the trip had to be put off until the banks opened on Monday. A large contract was lost to the firm because of the thirty-six-hour delay.

But such a loss will hardly happen again, because ever since that time, nearly fifty years ago, each Saturday noon a messenger brings from the bank a satchel containing a thousand gold sovereigns. The money is placed in the firm's safe and a special watchman sits in the office from Saturday afternoon until Monday morning to guard it. There is no record of its ever having been needed during all these years, but if the need ever does arise some partner, of this or a future generation, will be able to make a quick start to any point in the world, with no delay from lack of expense money.

Caution in Town Boosting

The English habit of playing safe extends even into the field of town boosting, admittedly the most difficult matter in the world to treat with conservative judgment, and it was in Oxford that I ran across an illuminating example. Oxford, as it now exists, is a very good business town of about seventy-five thousand population, the two great and profitable industries being university students and tourists. Last year an automobile-manufacturing concern was looking for a new location, and decided Oxford would be the proper spot. There was an available site for the factory on a piece of ground close to the city limits, and the concern entered into negotiations for its purchase. No bonus or any other favor was asked from the local chamber of commerce; it was a well-financed concern, able and willing to go ahead on its own capital and initiative.

Any man who has ever been an active member of a small-city chamber of commerce knows how rare are the new enterprises that come to town unasked and unasking. Usually, indeed, it is quite the other way around, and the chamber of commerce not only has to do the asking but also has to pay well for the favor if granted. But here was the Oxford chamber of commerce with the prospect of a big plant coming to the community of its own free will, and bringing with it a pay roll of a thousand skilled workers whose families would spend the money with Oxford merchants. A special meeting of the chamber was held to consider the situation. There was no division of mind about the desirability of having the workmen's wages spent with the merchants of the community; but there was the serious question of policy as to whether Oxford, whose principal and highly profitable industries are students and tourists, could put in a side line of factories and make the combination pay. Representatives of the university were called in to help decide, and the majority opinion was to the effect that it would be wiser to continue to specialize on the old established and proved lines.

It cost money to carry out this decision, because the factory management already had entered into negotiations for the purchase of the site, and the chamber of commerce had to go down in their pockets to raise a fund to buy the land at a higher figure. It was doubtless a wise business decision, but one that would scarcely be made anywhere but in England, where the tendency is always to hammer along on the sure and traditional thing, even though immediate profits have to be renounced.

What long-established world trade really means is best typified by London itself, with not far from ten million inhabitants. In September and October the big London shops are ablaze with displays of summer finery, not bargain remnants but brand-new goods to be sold to visitors from the other side of the equator, who wear their hot-weather clothes from December to April. One can go to any number of establishments which make and sell nothing but outfits for use in the jungles of Africa and India. In a narrow street off Cheapside there is a long-established firm which makes a living solely from the export of birds' eggs. Down in a congested quarter of the city, for more than a hundred years a business has flourished, handed down from father to son, whose single commodity is a certain kind of pigment put up in little skin bags and sent to Central Africa to be used for painting the faces and tattooing the chests of native tribesmen.

Although a few English business men, like the typewriter manufacturer who advertised his machine on the basis of the American war debt, appear worried over foreign competition, most of them I have talked with seem confident enough that their own foreign trade is in no danger from outside opposition. Rather, the attitude is that in world trade England is distinctly in the professional class and all the others amateurs. Several men connected with exporting have told me that even the Germans, in all their prewar activities, were not the serious competitors they were supposed to be.

"The Germans were doing a tremendous export business, of course," one of these men said; "but they never got it on a solid basis. They were proceeding on the very dangerous policy of having their government guarantee their losses, which naturally makes the private trader reckless in his credits. It is precisely the same situation that prompts some young merchant to run his business extravagantly and take long chances because he happens to have a rich father-in-law who he knows will pay his losses if he happens to get in a hole. I know many cases where German exporters, guaranteed against loss by their government, would sell goods on long time, giving the customer anywhere from a year to three years to pay the bill, and then in the end find the account was worthless. That kind of thing, you know, simply isn't business. A sale isn't a sale until the money is in the cash drawer."

Painstaking Export Methods

In support of his statement the exporter told me that during the war one of his connections in China came into possession of the books of a German agency and found that the accounts outstanding were very largely with firms and individuals whose credit was so shaky that barely a third was collectible. A similar situation was found in a South American area. In the latter instance a case came to light where a German firm had set a retailer up in business who had no capital at all, but was furnished his stock entirely on credit, and after an unsuccessful couple of years went to the wall with assets of about enough to pay 10 per cent of his debts.

These, of course, are only the statements of a single exporter, and may not have applied generally; but the fact remains that the English, with their traditional methods, and with four hundred years of experience in remote business operations, not only sell the goods but get the money as well. When a shipload of English merchandise leaves an English port it is a safe assumption that the merchandise is going to be paid for.

It was in the office of this same London exporter that I was given an insight into the traditional methods of English export business through a long talk with one of the junior members of the firm, home on holiday after two years spent in a South American area where he had been sent to open up business connections. I do not think I ever met anyone who appeared less like a business man than this junior partner. He wore a monocle, a long-tailed coat and gray spats, and in the course of conversation he asked me if there was a monarchist party in the United States. He thought the Mississippi River was somewhere in California because he had attended a musical show in London a few evenings previously, and one of the scenes was laid on the banks of the Mississippi, with a background of orange trees, from the branches of which the chorus girls picked the luscious fruit as they sang negro songs.

But in spite of these sketchy impressions as to geography in other places, the junior partner did know, forward and backward, the South American area where he had spent his two years. Upon arriving there his first move had been to make arrangements with a native wholesale firm to act as distributor for the English goods in which his house specializes. This native firm is well rated and presumably able to take care of its obligations, but the junior partner did not rest on that. The area which the distributing firm was to cover is perhaps two hundred miles square, and has fifty or sixty villages and towns; but there are no credit agencies to give authoritative information as to the reliability of the local retail traders. If the London exporting firm was to ship great quantities of merchandise to the wholesale distributor on credit, it wanted to make sure that the wholesale distributor would get his money from the retail traders; and so the junior partner set out on a tour of the area to get first-hand information.

Safeguarded Credits

His method, he told me, was to go to a village, put up at the most likely appearing tavern and spend anywhere from three or four days to a week visiting around with the local storekeepers to find out which of them appeared most enterprising and reliable. Perhaps he would find one or two who seemed good credit risks; and if, after talking with the local banker, his judgment appeared correct, he would set them down in his book as desirable customers. This missionary work took him more than a year. At the end of that time he was able to go back to the wholesale distributor and say this:

"We are now ready to do business. Here are the names of about two hundred storekeepers in your area whom I have investigated and found to be reliable. I have sent for catalogues and samples of the merchandise my firm handles. When they come you can send your salesmen out on the territory and do business with these people, feeling sure you will get your money. My house in London will see that you get the merchandise precisely as you order it, and we will grant you any reasonable financial assistance."

Thus the London exporting house was doubly safeguarded in its operations; first through the responsibility of its wholesale distributor, and second because it had provided the distributor with a hand-picked list of customers who would be able in turn to pay their bills. Later on the junior partner showed me through the firm's shipping department. There were great piles of boxes from manufacturing establishments in Sheffield, Leeds and Birmingham, and I saw a gang of men opening up some of them and repacking the merchandise in boxes of much smaller size. I asked the reason for this.

"Why, it's this way," the junior partner answered: "Those things you see being packed in the small boxes are orders which have been sent in by our wholesale distributor in that South American area where I spent so much time. It is a pretty wild country, and some of the villages are miles away from a railroad. When our distributor sells a bill of cutlery or shoes or hats to some remote dealer the chances are that the goods may have to travel the last forty miles in a two-wheeled cart, or even on a man's back.

"About the most a man can carry is fifty pounds, so all of our stuff for that area is packed in boxes that weigh fifty pounds or less. That is the way our firm has built up its trade. We take plenty of time to learn about conditions in any territory before we try to do business, and then we take pains to meet those conditions."

Why users praise Mennen's

Probably three-quarters of our business comes to us as a direct result of word of mouth recommendations by Mennen users.

Once in a while, a man will admit that my advertising influenced him but a big majority of those I ask say that some friend made them give Mennen's its first trial.

A Mennen booster is always specific. There is always some particular virtue which won and has held his loyalty.

One will claim that it softens his mean tough beard as no other soap ever did.

Another likes to shave with cold water and claims that Mennen's is the only shaving cream that works as perfectly with cold or hard water as with hot or soft.

Men whose skin is naturally dry, thin, tight, and easily irritated think the world of Mennen's because it keeps the skin smooth, soft and pliable, with absolutely no after smart or itching. That is due partly to the absolute purity of the Cream—no free caustic—and partly to the heavy content of Boro-glycerine, a soothing, healing emollient which softens and relaxes skin tissues.

The facts that Mennen lather doesn't have to be rubbed in with fingers and never dries on the face appeal to a great many shavers—also the remarkable firmness and creaminess and enormous volume of lather that can be built from a tiny speck of Cream.

The economy wins much praise—less than ¼ of a cent per shave.

But why wait to be told by others? A tube costs only half a dollar. I'll take the risk if you'll try it. Buy a tube. Try ten shaves. If they are not the ten finest shaves of your life, mail tube to me and I will refund purchase price.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.

THIS SPRING TRY HAVING YOUR CURTAINS CLEANED THIS NEWER WAY

NOW comes spring—and time for cleaning curtains.

Curtains!

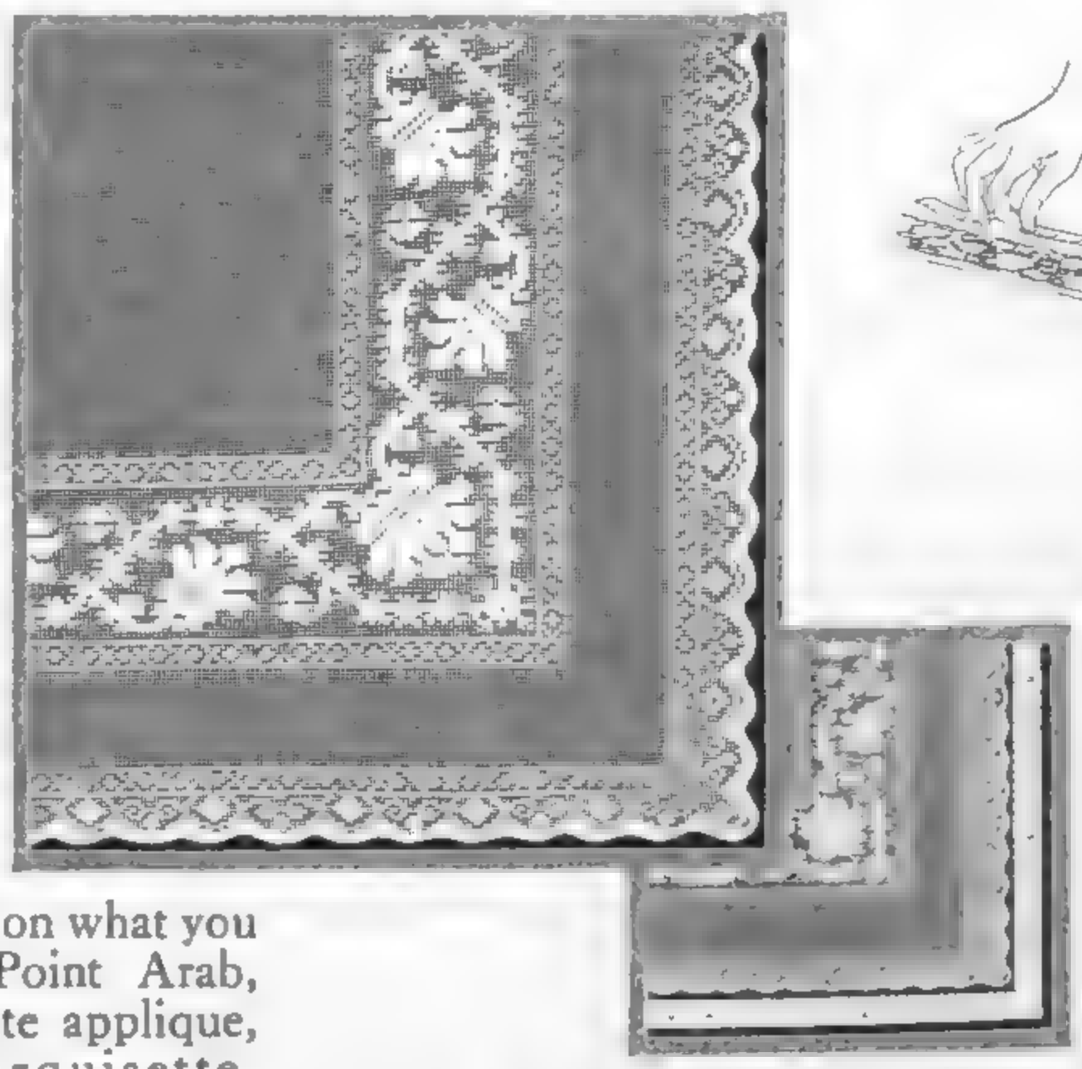
Wouldn't you prize a method this spring that would enable you to take them down—and forget them? Some method that would simplify cleaning; some means of having them gently, daintily, thoroughly laundered, and returned to you in exactly their original size, shape and softness?

It is precisely this service which the laundry and dry cleaning industries are now able to offer you—an improved curtain cleaning method which makes possible the handling of all kinds of hangings without the use of hooks or pins in any form.

This spring, simply by calling one of the modern laundry or dry cleaning establishments in your city, you can have this service, for no more than it would cost to do this work at home.

No limit is placed on what you can send. Voile, Point Arab, filet, Marie Antoinette applique, Nottingham, Marquisette, Brussels Net, Irish Point, Tuscan Net, Madras, Casement Net—all are cleaned with equal facility.

Curtains are gently patted down on an improved carding material—no pin holes or hook marks mar them -edges and scallops are smooth and even.



Curtains respond beautifully to this new and better method. They are returned to you smooth, dainty, with every scallop in place. Corners always square and shapely—as straight and true as when new.

First, each curtain is measured; then it is cleansed and finally is dried on a new kind of dryer.

Instead of the awkward, cumbersome dryer of old, with its harmful hooks and pins, this new dryer is provided with a special carding material, which so holds the curtain that the edges remain true. Each scallop retains its original form. There is no shrinking. Each curtain comes off the dryer with all its shapeliness retained, and with a few finishing touches is ready for return to you.

Try this service this spring. Of course you can have this help at

Every curtain is measured before it is cleansed. Each is dried to its original size and shape. There is no shrinking or stretching.

any time, if you wish, but during the current 30 days, April 16 to May 16, laundryowners and dry cleaners everywhere are giving special attention to this work.

Phone one of them today and your curtains will be called for promptly.

The American Laundry Machinery Co.
Executive Offices, Cincinnati

Have Your
CURTAINS CLEANED
April 16th to May 16th

GERTIE PUTS IT OVER

(Continued from Page 25)

"Cut it!" Johnny said a little sharply. "We got off to a bad start, that's all. Crying ain't going to get us nothing. Come on! Gather yourself, kid! Tonight we'll go better."

Gertie raised her head from the make-up shelf.

"You—you don't understand, Johnny. It's ——" She reached for a handkerchief.

"What's there to understand besides knowing that we've got a lemon on our hands that we've got to work into something managers will buy? You ain't worrying about the report this little manager sends in to the booking office, are you? It's the reports from the houses we play next week and the week after that that'll count."

"I don't mean that, Johnny. It's the m-m-money."

"Money! For cripes' sakes, Gert, you ain't grieving and spilling all this salt water because we cleaned out the bank, are you? We can always work and save more. Even if we canned this act and went back to the old one, in six months ——"

"In six months we won't be working any act."

Johnny looked at Gertie, bewildered, unable to believe he'd heard her right. She caught his glance.

"I'm telling you, kid, in six months—God help us—we won't be working at all. I—I'll be thinking about what hospital to go to."

"Hospital!" Johnny went white. "For what?"

"For the—a—a baby."

Gertie, slumped in all her finery on the cheap chair, looked at Johnny through swollen lids.

"A baby!"

"I suppose—I know I ought to be glad and thankful and—but, Johnny, with no money left and no time to save near enough before I—I have to quit dancing and—and working ——"

Gertie's head dropped on the shelf again as she let loose all her fears.

"Here, here!" said Johnny softly. "This will never do, kid!"

Taking her in his arms, he tried to think of something to say to soothe her—and himself.

Talking it over that night after going a shade better than they had in the afternoon, neither Gertie nor her husband could see any sense in scrapping their expensive new act as long as there was a chance to whip it in shape for the salary boost they needed now worse than ever.

"Having trouble, but act improving," Johnny wired a week later. "Get us more time out of town."

A few days later Louis wired back: "Next week, first half Lancaster, last half Harrisburg. Allentown and Reading week following."

"I wonder is Louis getting a rake-off from the railroad, jumping us around like that?" Gertie commented. "After paying six hundred pounds excess to Harrisburg, we'll be lucky to eat more than once a day. How much did we save last week?"

"If we'd been getting three hundred we'd of saved ——"

"Curtain!" Gertie interrupted. "I'll say this for you, old kid: no human can break bad news sweeter than you."

Gertie's crack about the excess congealed a lot of loose thoughts that had been churning around in Johnny's head. The result was that Saturday night, checking his baggage, Johnny forgot to tender the transfer man's check for one crate—the one with a hundred and seventy-five pounds of props, rustic seat and old-fashioned well in it.

Nobody in Lancaster missed it. In fact the act went a little better than usual. Especially well did it go the last day, when, disgusted with the hopeless efforts to keep her dresses free of dirt from the steps leading down to her dressing room, Gertie refused to make the change to the lightest and fluffiest of her gowns at the finish of the act.

"Maybe it's coming on just before the end in that lace-and-net dress that's been queering our finish," Gertie remarked.

"Well, we went better without you wearing it," Johnny admitted. "Listen! Why are you wearing out all your wardrobe out here anyway? Ain't some of your old stuff good enough?"

Gertie regarded him intently for a long minute.

"Three changes three times a day is too many for the money we're getting, ain't it, kid? Sure! Listen! Dump out all the stuff in that biggest trunk."

Frazier and Williams were the last out of the theater that night. But when they did leave, practically all Gertie's new gorgeousness, along with Johnny's spick-and-span wardrobe and some old clothes they didn't need, was packed in a trunk to be expressed C. O. D. to Philadelphia.

"With the crate, that saves us three hundred and sixty pounds of excess every trip," Johnny remarked.

"Not overlooking the ten dollars for the maid we won't need any more," added Gertie.

After the opening matinée in Harrisburg, Gertie threw her arms around Johnny's neck happily.

"Gee, kid, you got laughs today you never got before with this act!"

"They didn't have so much to look at," Johnny grinned.

"Maybe if they didn't have as much as they've got now we'd go still better," Gertie suggested meaningly.

Johnny weighed the chances of getting caught.

"We'll find out next week in Allentown," he decided.

So from Harrisburg went a two-hundred-pound crate containing one almost new decorative drop painted to depict a summer cottage with practical doors and windows wallowing in golden sunshine. It was marked: "Sender, J. Frazier, to J. Frazier, Philadelphia. Hold till called for."

"Where's your scenery?" the house manager in Allentown asked Monday morning.

"We ain't got any scenery," replied Johnny, all set with his ahbi.

"Oh, yes, you have—scenery and a bunch of costumes."

"The office must of forgot to notify you," said Johnny as easily as he could. "They wouldn't give us enough jack on this small-time stuff to pay the cartage of that act. You didn't think you were going to get all that flash—for two and a quarter!" He grinned. "Listen, mister! After you see the act today, if it isn't worth what you're paying us, we don't want a nickel."

"You better be funny, kid," murmured Gertie to her husband as the manager turned and walked away.

"Maybe we'd better slip in the applesauce routine of gags from the old act just before going into our finishing number," Johnny suggested.

"Sure! We got to give 'em something to take the place of our excess baggage."

There was nothing but smiles on the manager's face when he came back on the stage after the matinée.

"You're all right," he told Johnny. "My audience hasn't laughed so hard all season."

"Would you mind putting that into your report to the office?" Gertie's kidding smile masked her eagerness.

"Sure I will," the manager promised.

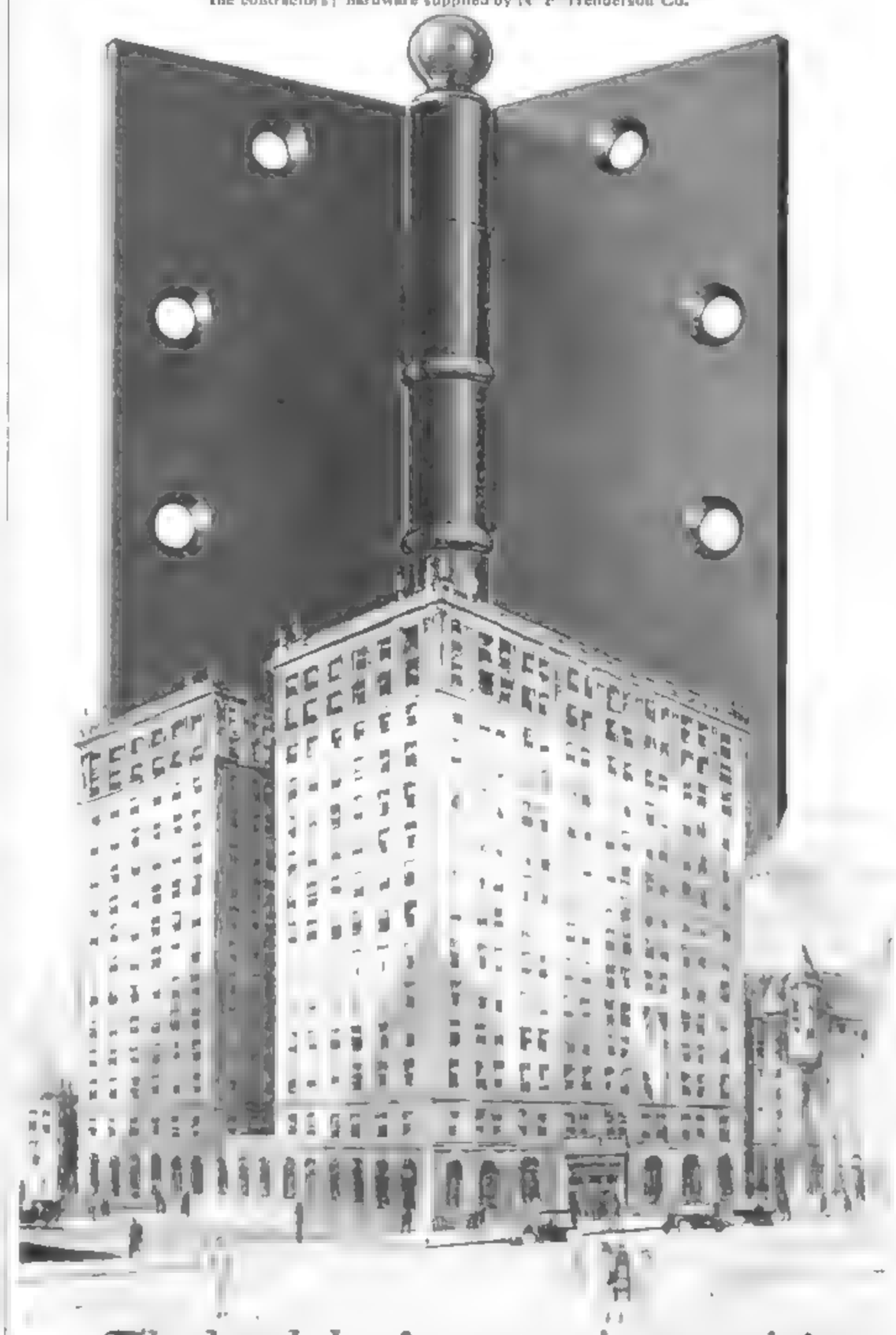
When Louis Kramm saw that report, and the just as good if not better ones that followed it, when he received no word from Frazier and Williams except wires for further small time, he began to wonder if Gertie meant to get a new agent along with her new act. He knew something must be wrong. Why should Johnny and his wife keep playing split weeks when from the reports their act was ready for the big houses? Why should Gertie be taking the newness off her wardrobe by packing, unpacking and pressing it twice a week instead of once? And why should Johnny be losing sleep and adding wrinkles to his soul by staying up two nights a week chasing his crates around stations when once was enough? To say nothing of playing for two and a quarter, when by coming into town they stood a good chance to boost their salary to two-six-bits at least? It didn't sound right to Louis.

When another month had passed he wired them: "How soon are you coming into New York?"

"When we're ready," Gertie dictated the answer, leaving it to Louis to interpret her meaning.

Johnny and his wife took turns praying they could keep out of New York until Gertie had to quit working. They knew how much they could save out of their salary as they were riding along, without any expense; but going into New York meant lugging their scenery with them.

Philadelphia's notable new Hotel Sylvania has been fitted throughout with McKinney Hinges. LeR y B. Rothschild was the Sylvania's architect; John B W g na Company the contractors; hardware supplied by N. F. Henderson Co.



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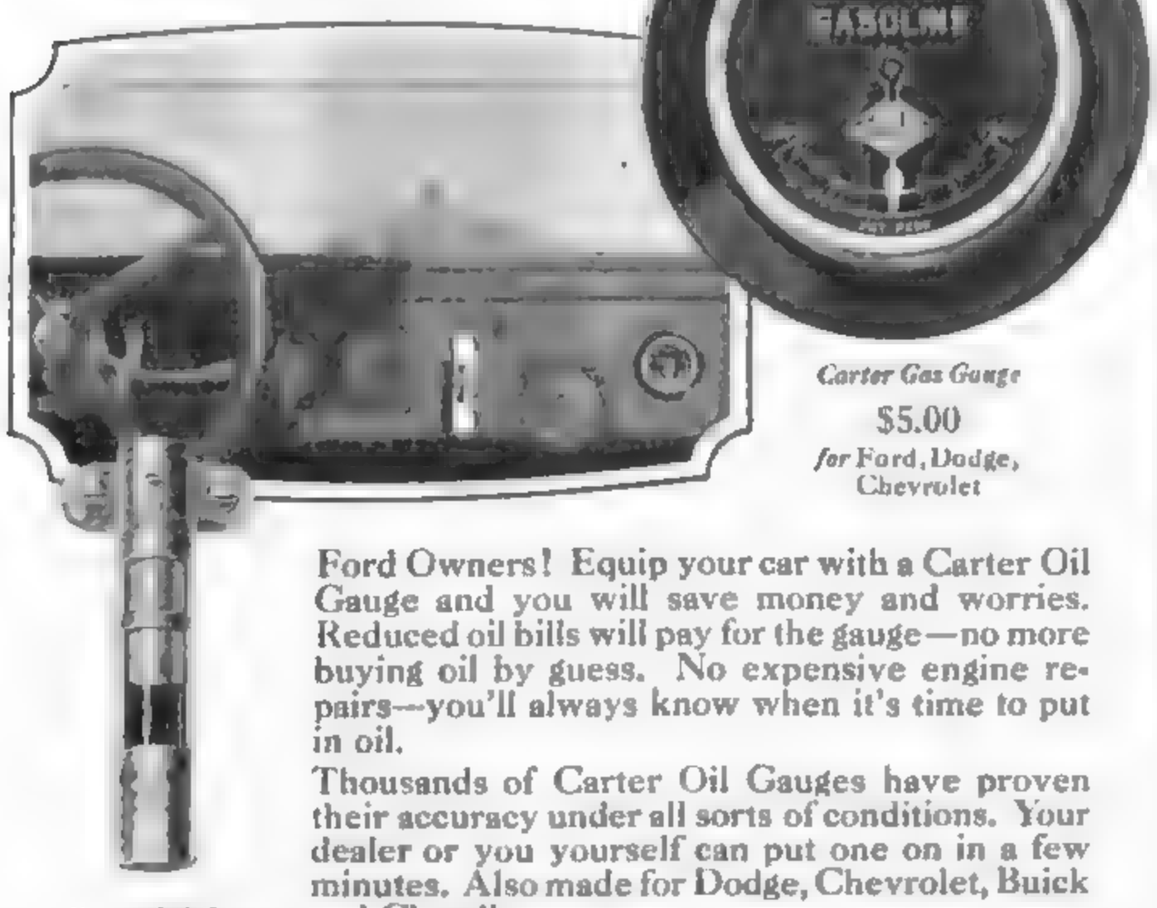

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CARTER
GASOLINE AND OIL GAUGES

Scenery meant loss of comedy. And was the display of Gertie's wardrobe strong enough to get them the raise they had to have to allow them to save as much as they could by hiding out in the sticks? Too much depended on the answer to take any unnecessary risks.

Louis finally forced a show-down.

"Can place you Alhambra, New York, week April twenty-first. Salary two-fifty. Advise acceptance. Salary understood to be showing salary merely. Not the future booking figure. Wire confirmation," was the way the wire he sent read.

"Nothing to do but confirm," Gertie decided. "I can't work after the middle of May. The houses will all be shutting down for the summer anyway. We'd better go in, show 'em what we've got so they can set the price we'll get after—after I'm able to go to work again."

"Sure!" Johnny agreed. "I want to get back into town, too, to dig up something for me to do while you're—while you're laying off."

"You ain't thinking of a vaudeville job, are you?" Gertie suddenly asked.

"Well, I thought ——"

"Well, think different, old kid. If you imagine I'm going to be left alone to twiddle my thumbs and wonder where you are while waiting for something to happen, you're so wrong you're cuckoo. Not me! I've got no relatives and no place to go. I've got to see you every day, if only to remind you that you made me what I am today and hope you're satisfied." Then all the kidding dropped out of Gertie's voice. She pillowed her head on Johnny's shoulder. "Gee, kid, I'd die of lonesomeness if you went away and left me."

"I probably couldn't find anything anyway," Johnny replied. "I'll dig up a job outside of show business. Maybe it'll do us good to get out of vaudeville for four or five months, as long as we know there's a job waiting for us at the finish."

Gertie's hand clutched Johnny's lapel convulsively. He heard her sharp intake of breath and felt the sudden rigidness of her muscles.

"Wh-what's the matter?" he asked, startled.

Gertie looked at him wide-eyed.

"Johnny! An idea! Wait—wait till I get it thought out!"

"What's it all about?"

"The third member of the Frazier-Williams troupe."

"What?"

"Listen! Sit down!" Gertie's eyes were snapping. "Nobody knows anything about—about me going to lay off, do they? You haven't told nobody, have you?"

"No. So far I only half believe it myself."

"Well, anyway, Louis don't know it, nor nobody up in the office."

"No. Why should I tell them?"

"That's the point! Why should we tell them—at all!"

"You mean?"

"We'll show them the act. No matter what they offer for it—two-six-bits or three or even three and a quarter—we'll demand more. When they refuse we'll tell them they can't have the act. They can't anyway. But we'll be the only ones that know why. We'll then retire as graceful as possible from the profession."

"What will that get us?"

"Nobody can tell. We're good, or they wouldn't work us as steady as they do. We're worth as much money as we know they're paying other acts of our type. We'll tell the office that. We'll tell them politely that we're in the business for nothing but shekels and that if we can't gather 'em from them we'll look elsewhere. Then, looking like we're making it come true, we'll drop out of sight for a while."

"I see it," Johnny said eagerly. "Should the office know the real reason, they'd figure we'd be glad to get back to work at any old salary after all the expenses of—of everything. They would sit tight and wait for us to come to them."

"Sure! By keeping dumb we stand a chance to put something over. The worst that can happen is some snooper getting wise and snitching to the office. Naturally, then, we'd have to take what they gave us. But if we could hide away some place ——"

Gertie ran through a list of likely places mentally.

"My mother is boarding out in Yonkers," suggested Johnny.

"Yonkers! Great!" Gertie enthused. "Most of those birds in the booking office think it's a suburb of Albany; some place to send telegrams to. We'll summer in Yonkers, kid."

"Gee, if we could only lose our scenery for the first couple of shows at the Alhambra," Johnny sighed, "I know we could put over a laughing hit."

"Well, why not?" Gertie asked. "Acts are losing baggage every week."

Which was why a baggage checker in Philly, attending to Frazier and Williams' baggage, felt a five-dollar bill pressed into his palm and heard Johnny say, "Listen, pal! See that crate there?" It was the case holding the fancy drop and summer cottage. "If that don't get into New York before Wednesday or Thursday I'll be tickled to death—see?"

It was a wonderful imitation of surprise and consternation Gertie and Johnny put on for the Alhambra manager when the transfer man showed up Monday morning, reporting one crate missing.

"The worst of it is," Gertie said, "not having the scenery keeps me from making all my changes."

"Well, do the best you can, folks." The manager shrugged his shoulders. "I'll have a man at the station to rush the crate up here as soon as it comes in."

Frazier and Williams were a laughing riot that afternoon.

Again at the night performance, with a bunch of managers and bookers watching them and their new act, they stopped the show.

"Funny what's become of your crate," the manager remarked as they came off, panting with exertion and exhilaration.

"We need scenery, don't we!" Gertie hissed sarcastically. "We don't get any laughs or nothing, I guess!"

When the crate arrived and the scenery was set up, on Thursday, the slight loss in the quality of the laughs Johnny pulled was offset by the quantity of it that roared from the packed-in audiences. Even the bookers, coming the second time to see the act dressed up, were fooled.

"It's a cinch," Louis Kramm told them Friday as they came off after the matinée. "I already booked you next week Newark and Elizabeth while they're laying out a route in the big houses for you. You can work way into July, and ——"

"All right, all right," cut in Gertie. "But what's the figure they put on the act?"

"Three-twenty-five in the big houses and three even in the smaller ones. But there won't be many of them."

"Guess again, Louis. There won't be any of them; nor big ones, either—not at that figure."

"What?" gasped Louis.

"You heard her," Johnny spoke up. "We got to get more money than that."

Louis took ten minutes to work up a sweat and fifty reasons why that was all the money there was in the world.

"You tell Mr. Kelloe, the head of the booking department," calmly said Gertie when Louis ran down, "that we'll play next week as booked rather than leave him short an act on such short notice. But you also tell him that it's our last week for him until he can see his way clear to giving us as much as he's giving acts that never stopped a show in their life."

Louis saw she meant it. A confirmatory nod from Johnny showed the team was united.

He tried once more.

"I know how you feel, folks; but—but remember what happened to Napoleon when he got too ambitious."

"We ain't thinking of playing Moscow this season," Johnny shot back.

"All right." Louis stood up. "Now you go home and think it over. You've had a long, hard season. Mrs. Frazier must be awful tired, what with that and getting up in this new act. Why don't you play out a few weeks more, showing the act, and then take a long rest—a couple months, maybe, at least? In the meantime I'll see if I can't get you a little more money—understand?"

"Sure!" Gertie nodded.

She understood thoroughly that Louis guessed that by the middle of August their bank roll would be pleading for succor with its last, gasping breaths; that if the office shoved a thirty-eight-week route in front of them they'd sign first and look at the salary later.

"We're going to take a vacation all right," Gertie concluded. "But you tell them they'd better take the act off their books if they can't sweeten the salary a whole lot."

(Continued on Page 185)

BLOOD WILL TELL!

What car attracted the crowd at the first automobile shows in 1903? The Auburn! What name has been on everybody's lips at the 1923 shows? Auburn! ¶ What is it that has enabled Auburn not merely to survive but to stay in the very forefront of the dozen cars that date back to the beginning of the industry? If there is one word that describes it, that word is "distinction." Auburn always has had that "something" about it which makes experienced motorists pick it out intuitively. ¶ Today that originality, skill, diligence, ambition—call it what you will—refined, developed and inspired by a twenty-three-year record of continuous success, is producing by far the most distinguished cars in Auburn's history.

Sport (illustrated) fullyequipped $1895. Other Auburn Models—6-43 Touring $1095, Touring Sedan $1465, 6-51 Touring $1275, 7-passenger Touring $1345, Brougham $1965, Sedan $2245, 6-63 Touring $1650. *(Freight and war tax extra.)*

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Throughout America, wherever good road movements are under way, you will see fleets of Rex Pavers moving into action this spring. There is a sound reason for this. Rex Pavers, due to their fast, dependable operation and big daily outputs of good concrete, make road funds buy more mileage and get highways open sooner. Because of their many proved superiorities Rex Pavers are being used on what is probably the world's largest concrete road building project—the 308 miles being put down in Maricopa County, Arizona * * On general construction work Rex Mixers match Rex Pavers in reliability and fast handling of materials, in economy of operation and earning power.

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REX PAVERS

Rex Mixers, Rex Chain, Rex Sprockets, Rex Conveyors, Rex Traveling Water Screens

(Continued from Page 182)

"I'll tell them," Louis smiled. "Well, enjoy yourselves on your vacation. Remember, the main thing in the summertime is to keep cool."

"I'll try and remember that," said Gertie, closing the door after him.

In the little flat in Yonkers it took Gertie, a skilled gas-jet-and-electric-heater cook, several days to get used to cooking more than one thing at a time. But Johnny's mother welcomed the four-plate gas range to her long boarding-housed domestic heart, with the result that within a week Johnny had no complaint to find with the dinners they sat down to in their tiny dining room. That is, it was a dining room at dinnertime.

What was his ever-increasing worry, as their small savings steadily dwindled, was the lack of jobs, steady or otherwise. Johnny knew nothing but show business, and show business in the summer is mostly confined to picture studios, studios entirely and thickly surrounded by actors out of work, as Johnny discovered.

As long as there was money in the bank, Gertie refused to let Johnny leave Yonkers. In August the sky turned into a furnace, dropping white-hot days and pitiless nights, raising in Gertie such unnatural fears for Johnny's safety that she begged him to give up the night watchman's job he'd found.

Johnny couldn't deny her.

The morning of September first, Johnny said to his wife, "Let's be sensible, honey. I'll go down to Louis' office, sign up that route at three and a quarter ——"

"No," objected Gertie.

" —— and then borrow a couple of hundred from Louis on the strength of it."

"No," repeated Gertie. "Not while the pawnshops are still open." A moment later she asked, "Louis hasn't phoned or sent word to you yet, has he?" Johnny shook his head. "He will," affirmed Gertie.

He did, that same day, not long after the doctor had arrived, in haste, with his little black bag.

Johnny, pacing the hall, wondering how much longer he could stand the strain of waiting for the doc to come from Gertie's room, grabbed the receiver off the hook almost with relief.

"Johnny? This is Louis Kramm. Listen! I got a new route ready for you, a pippin; thirty-nine weeks consecutive, easy railroading——"

A high, puny but penetrating wail reached Johnny's open ear from the direction of his wife's room.

Louis' voice crackled on unheeded. Another cry, lustier and longer, started Johnny's heart beating again. The low murmur of the doctor's orders sounded cheeringly capable. Johnny realized with a gulp that there'd be word for him in another minute or two.

Then he became conscious of the telephone receiver gripped tightly in his hand, held tense in front of him. Mechanically he brought it up to his ear.

"Am I talking to myself, or something? What's the matter with you? Do you want the route or ——"

"Route?" echoed Johnny. The nurse's face appeared at the door at the end of the hall. "Route? To hell with it! I ain't even thinking about vaudeville." He slammed the receiver back on the hook.

But Louis Kramm hung up and cast an anxious eye toward the ceiling, in the general direction of Kelloc's, the booking manager's office. For Kelloc had laid out the route for Frazier and Williams himself, and had told Louis to sign them up.

Unguessed by Johnny and his wife, a condition had crept upon the booking office unnoted until a review of the acts available for the following season had revealed it. Frazier and Williams had not been the only act that had plunged on fancy scenery and elaborate costumes. A perfect wave of craving for so-called class had swept performers off their feet. Team after team, in striving for individuality and more salary, had sacrificed laughs for daintiness and giggles. Kelloc's list showed an alarming shortage of acceptable low-comedy turns. To supply well-balanced bills that would attract business, to furnish the comedy kick for the bills of fifty or sixty big-time theaters every week, more broad comedy acts were needed. To permit this condition to become known would cause the acts already available to shoot their salaries dizzily upward and would enable new acts to demand fat salaries and hold out until they were granted.

Kelloc needed Frazier and Williams. But Kelloc knew that they knew they had been underpaid. The problem Kelloc faced was how to offer the team the money they were worth without letting them know they had the office at their mercy.

So when Louis reported that Frazier and Williams weren't even thinking of vaudeville, Kelloc, out of his experience, said, "Wait a week. Then phone them an offer of three-fifty straight for forty weeks, to begin immediately."

A week later one morning, waiting for the nurse to leave the room, Gertie smiled up at Johnny.

"Well, old kid, how's the bank roll? Now don't start telling me what ain't so. After what I've been through nothing can discourage me. How does she stand?"

"It ain't standing at all," Johnny replied. "It's flat on its back."

Gertie nodded.

"At that, it held out better than I expected. Your mother is a wonder. All she needs to cook a meal is a stove, a stewpan, a little water and the odors from the ice box. Naturally, though, the gas bill's got to be paid. So listen, Johnny! Take that green-and-gold evening gown of mine with the pearl ropes on it—take it out of the trunk and see how many cents you can get for every dollar I shoved out for it."

"But, sweetheart ——"

"What's the use of arguing, Johnny? That ain't the only costume I have. Better take that coral chiffon thing along at the same time. It'll save you making another trip."

Johnny had scarcely left the apartment when Louis called up. Johnny's mother took the message, relaying it to Gertie.

"He wants to talk to Johnny."

"Tell him," Gertie said, "that Johnny is very busy attending to business—heavy on the 'business,' mother—and that you'll give him the message when he comes in. Me—I'm not at home. Make it nonchalant and kind of bored, mother."

Gertie wouldn't let Johnny phone until she guessed Louis had left the office for the day.

"They're nibbling, kid," she said, exulting. "All we got to do now is hold out."

So a plum-colored silk gown, followed by others not so valuable, found its way to a secondhand dealer's clothes hanger, and the nurse never knew where her money came from.

The next time Louis telephoned, Gertie handed the baby to his grandmother and closed the door into the hall.

"Listen! If this babe yips and Louis hears him we're ruined. Remember!"

"Mrs. Frazier, what's the matter with that three-fifty offer?"

"Not enough, Louis. I've told you before it'll take regular money to make us change all our plans."

"Um! Three-seventy-five and feature billing?"

"Aw, quit kidding!" said Gertie, leaning against the wall for support and wondering how soon she could possibly start working again.

"Do me a favor, will you?" Louis begged. "You and Johnny come down and I'll get you an interview with Kelloc. Maybe he can show you where it's to your advantage to accept that offer."

"I'll mention it to Johnny when he comes home this evening," Gertie acceded.

Not only did Gertie mention that, but by the time Johnny came home she had paved the way for them to ignore Louis' invitation.

"Here's the idea," she told him: "I gotta

"Johnny! An Idea! Wait—Wait Till I Get It Thought Out!"

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Bassick Casters

THE BASSICK COMPANY
Bridgeport, Conn.

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save one stage dress." She pointed to it, hanging alone in her wardrobe trunk. "But we don't need a whole trunk to carry one dress, a pair of bloomers, slippers and stockings in. Paint out our initials and see what you can get for the trunk, kid."

Four weeks after the baby was born Gertie again listened to Louis' uneasy voice over the wire:

"Kelloc just sent down a route for you; forty weeks at three-seventy-five straight."

"That guy can't take a hint, can he?" Gertie managed to reply.

"What? Why, that's regular money! You ain't going to ask me to wire him you're turning it down, are you?"

"Wire him? Ain't he in town?"

"He left for a three weeks' tour of the West this morning."

"Well," said Gertie, thankful for the lucky break she was getting on time, "let it ride for three weeks, Louis. We'll come down and see Mr. Kelloc when he gets back."

"Three weeks!" she told Johnny joyfully. "Then another week to settle things and one more week playing the act out of town to get back into the swing of it. Five weeks before there'll be any money coming in. Um! How much have we got now?"

Johnny told her.

"Ouch!" Gertie winced. "What's left in the world to hock?"

"Nothing but our scenery."

"Scenery! Why didn't I think of that before? Sell it!"

"Sell it!"

"We can't eat it, can we?"

"No."

"And we won't need it if we go five weeks without eating, will we?"

"No."

"Then sell it, kid. I want our child to grow up loving his mother."

It was a harassed booking manager who waved Gertie and her husband and Louis Kramm to chairs in his office. Three weeks of house managers' complaints about the qualities of shows offered and a slight falling away of business all over the circuit had impressed upon Kelloc the craving of human beings for comedy.

"You look wonderfully well, Mrs. Frazier," Kelloc said in all truthfulness.

"Thank you, but why wouldn't I—lying around the house, taking life easy?" replied Gertie, smiling pleasantly, inwardly quaking with nervousness.

"You can go to work whenever you want," Kelloc smiled right back at her.

"I don't know if I want to bad enough," said Gertie, silently asking forgiveness for the lie. "Nice bill you put in at the Palace this week," she added, knowing Kelloc knew how rotten it was. "Maybe it's a little shy on laughs, but it's so refined and—er—genteel. How's the business?"

Kelloc eyed her savagely for an instant.

"Oh, so-so. You two could walk away with that bill. Listen, folks, about that route ——"

"I hear Miller and Brody are doing very well," Gertie interrupted, naming a low-comedy team which had been favored with a long route at good money.

"You could get more than they're getting," Kelloc stated.

"We'd have to," replied Gertie, hoping Kelloc would hurry and make a definite offer.

"I could stretch a point and offer you—er—four-fifty for forty-two weeks."

"Four-fifty for forty-two weeks!"

One hand clutched around the small roll of bills which was all the money left, Johnny kept his eyes fixed on his feet, afraid they'd betray him.

"Forty-two weeks is a long season," slowly said Gertie. "But with railroad fares and hotels the way they are ——" She paused. "Well," she said more briskly, her mind made up, "we won't take up any more of your time, Mr. Kelloc."

She rose from her chair. Neither Kelloc nor Kramm guessed that she had accepted the offer and was stalling merely not to seem too eager.

"Now, Mrs. Frazier," Louis jumped to his feet, "don't be hasty. You, Johnny, can't you say something?"

"It's up to Gertie," Johnny replied, playing the game.

"Listen, Sam!" Louis, playing the office's game, turned to Kelloc. "Can't you make an exception in this case? It ain't any new team that is just breaking its way into the big-time houses. Johnny and his wife have played 'em all, with success. Audiences love 'em. I know it's an awful lot of money, but if they ain't worth five hundred in the big houses, who is?"

From under her lashes, studying Kelloc's face, Gertie knew intuitively he was going to give them the added fifty. The joyous bound of her heart was followed by a sickening fall at Louis' next words.

"Scenery, Sam, scenery costs money to haul around the country. And Miss Williams' gowns cost a lot in the first place, and a lot to keep up. But the flash they give to the act—that's worth, anyway, fifty dollars, ain't it?"

Glancing at Johnny, Gertie understood the meaning of the white line around his lips.

Out of the swirl of her thoughts Kelloc's voice came to her.

"Well, folks, will five hundred in the big houses and feature billing everywhere satisfy you?"

Then it was that Gertie pressed her luck.

"We'll take it on one condition, Mr. Kelloc. We don't need scenery. We go better without it. With every other act in the business carrying fancy sets and costumes, there's no novelty in it any more. We can give you five hundred dollars' worth of laughs every week in street clothes, working in front of an advertising curtain. We know, because we have."

"She's right, Sam." Louis made it easy for Kelloc. "What do audiences care about scenery when they're laughing?"

Kelloc pressed a buzzer. To the stenographer who answered he said, "Make out a new set of contracts for Frazier and Williams—and hurry." Then, to Gertie, "How soon can you open?"

"Monday," replied Gertie, "if it's somewhere near the city here."

"How about Yonkers?" asked Kelloc.

"Great!" said Gertie. "We'll be able to eat at home."

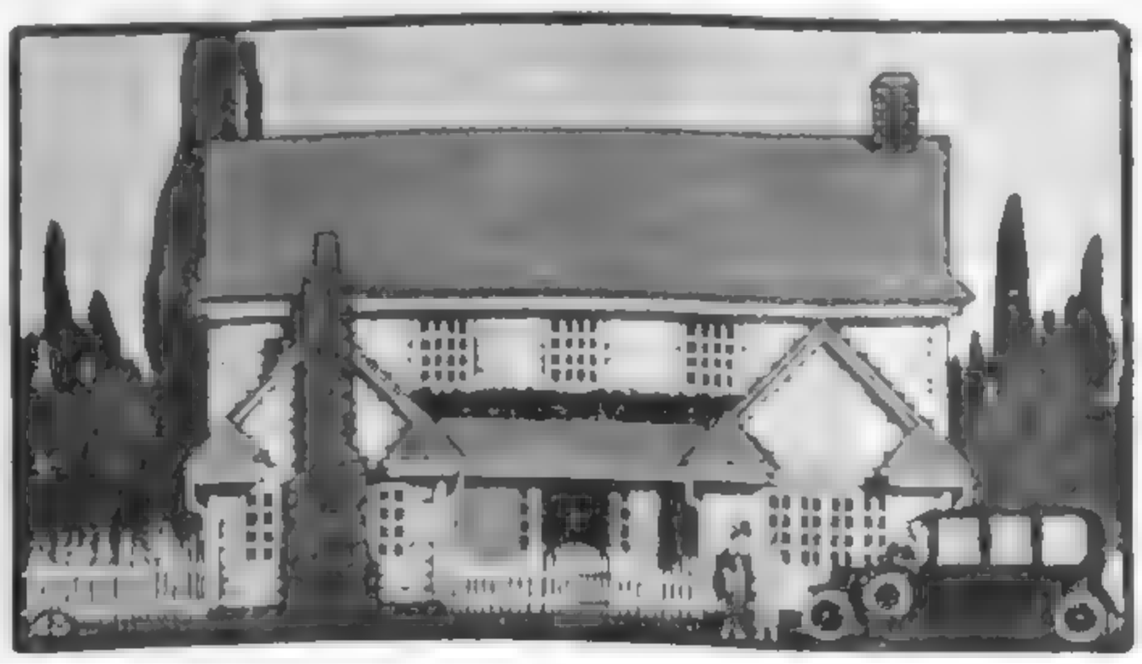
Billy Renton tossed his cigar into a convenient ash container.

"What did Kelloc do when he found out about the baby?" I asked.

"Nothing. Johnny and Gertie were making too good. Gertie got a trained nurse to help her mother-in-law take care of little Billy."

"Billy? After whom?"

"Me—out of gratitude. Going up in the elevator with them that last day, unconsciously I tipped them off about the shortage of comedy acts. Gertie says they never would have been able to put it over without that help. But, shucks, there's always somebody to help a fighter like Gertie!"



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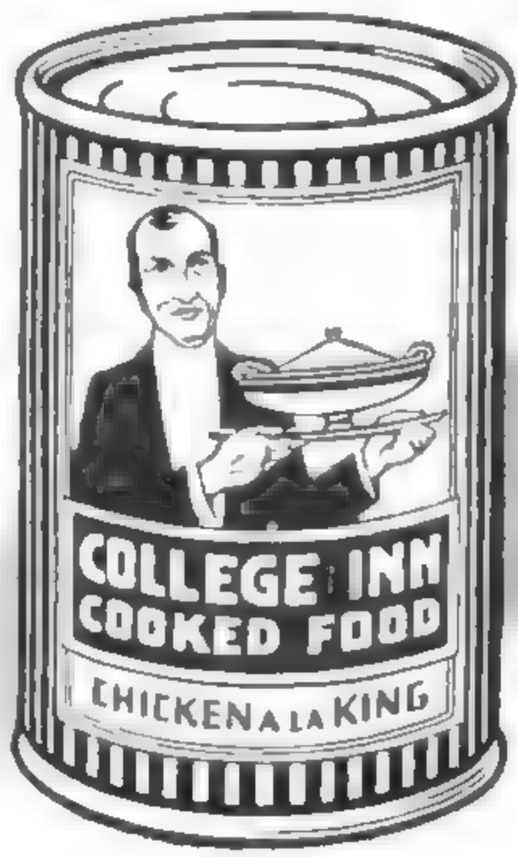

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THE SPOUTER

Continued from Page 40

with all his power into the monster. And in another instant the boat was rolled over and over, her men spilled out, and the night-clad ocean hideous with terrifying battle.

Eph spat the brine from his mouth and struck out for the light. He forced his way through floating débris of the boat—oars, bailers, tubs and mast. Ropes writhed about his legs; he kicked free desperately. And the whale loomed up before him, with a huddle of figures already clinging to it under the swinging rays of the lantern hung to the harpoon. In the darkness, not far enough away to be comfortable, the second whale thrashed the sea into fury, stricken mortally by Seth's impulsive stroke.

"Who's missin'?" gasped Eph, grappling a hand held out to him.

"Seth, an' ——"

"Cain't lose old Seth!" roared the doughty harpooner, grabbing out of the foam for a hold.

"Thet youngster's adrift, Eph."

Eph bellowed forth Percival's name, and kicked clear of the dead whale again. A faint answer came back. Eph plunged off in that direction, and gripped Percival by the hair.

"Let go my hair!" the youngster screamed. "I'm all right!"

He seemed to swim freely; but old Eph believed himself to be responsible for the lad to Jethro, and he persevered in helping him until he put his hand on the floating refuge. Then Master Percival turned and kicked savagely at Eph, knocking him back into the sea. It was a very angry whaleman who clambered on to the whale at last and secured himself.

"Perc'val," said old Eph, without heat, "yew are about th' pizenest mossel o' dawg meat ever I see. I be a-goin' tew warm yewr pants good, my lad. C'm here!"

That was a spanking to gratify the gods. On the sleek back of a fat dead cachalot, under the dancing rays of a lantern swinging to a harpoon shaft, with swishing seas curling and roaring about them, with a dying giant filling ocean and heavens with uproar near by, old Eph called forth all the strength of his ancient body and hauled Percival Furney across his knees.

"Is thet thar a bailer yew hev, Seth?" he asked then, panting, but deadly cool.

Seth passed the shovel-shaped wooden boat bailer over with a chuckle. It was the straw clutched at by one of the less expert swimmers in struggling towards the refuge of the dead whale.

"Three dozen 's about right, ain't it, fellers?"

"Kind o' light, Eph," somebody replied in the darkness beyond.

"It'll make him bawl, I'll bet!" chuckled another.

Spat! The bailer fell resoundingly; and the spanking went on, slowly, with due regard to the solemnity of the occasion. Percival did bawl. He bawled shamelessly. He swore desperately. He begged, promised, swore again, then bawled, and kept on bawling up to and long after the last ringing spank. But he no longer swore or threatened. Percival lay revealed in his true colors, and old whalemen who had treated him with half-open indulgence while a chance remained that true blue might show through sometime, now left him to himself, an outcast even among castaways, a yellow cur.

"'Tarnal fire! I wisht I hed some tobacker!" sighed Eph.

Dawn came, rosy, sparkling. Men straightened rheumatic old limbs and stood up on their rolling, heaving raft of flesh to look around. Near by rolled the second whale, a monster of seventy feet or more. Bits of boat débris had collected in the mazes of the tangled lines, and the two dead cachalots had the appearance of twin islets peopled by twisted gnomes. Until the sun rose that fancy might have persisted; but when the golden light shot through the rose and gray of dawning it touched a heroic group of stout-hearted old sea dogs who had never once doubted that their ship must pick them up.

And there she came! Fair to windward, with every sail set and a white curl at her stem, the Gayhead rolled across the popping seas. The young sun touched her homely old hull with glints of pure gold; her lofty spars and straining canvas, spidery braces and tarred backstays held the gleam of a fairyland picture that could touch the hidden chords in even those cramped, rusty-jointed ancients.

"Purty, a'n't she, Eph?" grunted Seth. His knees creaked, and his backbone seemed all snarled up.

"'Minds ye of them thar cobwebs wi' the dew on 'em in the grass at Snug Harbor," muttered another whaleman with beauty in his soul.

"Why wouldn't she?" Eph demanded. "Wuz thar ever anythin' on earth as come up tew a sailin' ship fer purtiness? An' ain't the old Gayhead es purty a ship es ever yew seen?"

"Ain't thet th' mate's boat at th' cranes?" demanded Seth, peering under the sharp of his hand.

"An', by thunder, ef she ain't a-towin' th' woppinest ol' whale alongside!" he added. "I tol' yew we'd hev a full hold in six months, Eph. What d'ye say now?"

"Sure I hope so, but 'tain't common," grumbled Eph. He had caught sight of Percival, lying where he had lain all night, whimpering still. And he had to report to Cap'n Jethro about the lad.

The weary crew went to breakfast as soon as the ship picked them up and made fast their whales. Three great masses of flesh and blubber would keep them busy and the try-works fires alight for one full round anyhow. Cap'n Jethro was elated. He paced the deck while Eph was below at breakfast, calculating optimistically. He recalled some record catches. A hundred and thirty barrels a month for a year had been known—once. A hundred barrels a month was a high mark. And here he was, not yet near his grounds, with a catch of three fat bulls alongside, every one of which would cut in a hundred barrels apiece.

Cap'n Jethro was rubbing his hands expectantly when the two mates came up. Jed went right to work, bawling for the men as he reached the deck. Eph was halted by the skipper.

"Is thar a bit o' real man in him, Eph?"

"Nary a mossel!" returned Eph shortly. "Thet youngster's nine degrees more south than th' lowest rat in the cellars o' hell, Jethro." Eph told of the night, and the skipper shut his teeth with a clash.

"All right," he said grimly. "I wanted to be sure. Jest give him th' same sort o' treatment as you'd give any other rat, Eph. He'll git his start in life, all right, but he'll earn it while he's aboard o' us. Jed hed the same tale to spin about Steve Latta. Git along now, an' git busy. Soon 's we cut these in we'll carry on steady down to th' twelve-forty ground and try for a swift trip."

■

FROM then on the Gayhead was never without a whale either alongside or fast to a boat. Her try-works fire was never out. The reek of her filled the ocean spaces as she rolled down towards the prolific grounds stretching away for a thousand miles eastward of Barbados. And the blubber room was a thing of fetid, nauseating horror. The decks ran grease; the bunks below, the food, the men's clothes oozed oil; but nothing approached the horrible blubber room for sheer nastiness. And it was there that Steve and Percival toiled heartbreakingly.

Day followed day smoothly, as such a well-greased series of days should follow, and the old Gayhead's well-seasoned hold grew still more seasoned as it grew fuller. Ships passing to leeward edged off farther; ships luckily to windward stayed there, but ventured closer to take a look at the old spouter, one of the last of a vanishing type, and stare at her smoke-grimed pink bulwarks.

And as if the dwindling numbers of the sailing whalers of recent years had encouraged whales to breed and return to their favored haunts, the bark had been on the twelve-forty ground not quite two months before the rising tiers of full barrels under the hatches gave unmistakable evidence of a record trip.

"How about thet thar six months' trip now, Eph?" chuckled Cap'n Jethro. "Hob's boots! 'Twon't be more'n four, this gait!"

"Sooner th' better," grunted Eph. "You'll be able tew start young Perc'val off an' make yew another new start yewrself."

"Ain't feelin' very good, be ye, Eph?"

"'Tarnal fire! How's a man tew feel good wi' them pair o' rats aboard and allus a-gammin' together in whispers? 'Sides, I bin and drapped a hull plug o' tobacker in the ile. 'Tarnal fire!"

"That didn't ought to bother an old blubber hunter like you, Eph," chuckled the skipper.

"Huh! It wouldn't, only a pipeful don't last no time at all. Fizzles an' burns an' puff, 'tis gone!"

Cap'n Jethro gave more thought to old Eph's remark about the gamming of the two rats than he appeared to. What good feeling he had ever had for Master Percival had been dissipated utterly. He wanted now only to be able to fulfill his promise, and that seemed to be well on the way, and much earlier than he had hoped. But his impulsive action in carrying Steve Latta to sea had caused him many an anxious hour since.

He had gone through the farce of getting Steve's signature to the ship's articles, and he was safeguarded in law; but he had only too good cause to know the potentialities lying within the skin of the man, once he got home. And Steve had been altogether too docile of late.

"Wonder ef that precious pair es a-cookin' up somethin'," he mused.

He walked along the main deck and stood for a moment looking down upon the subjects of his cogitation. Steve and Percival labored under his eyes in a welter of grease, to all appearances without a thought in the world of anything else than slicing blubber to the end of their days. They were too contented; much too contented. Even the old whalemen who tossed down the huge blankets of dripping blubber to them ceased remarking about the change and shot curious glances at one another.

"Hob's boots! What kin they do?" Cap'n Jethro exclaimed, and returned to the poop.

That evening, when finishing up a queerly lean whale which had promised well when captured, Seth Noakes detected a protuberance in the carcass. The old whaleman's keen scent urged him to investigate. He carved and delved with lance and blubber spade, and just as darkness fell he stumbled upon a find indeed.

"Sure he wuz a sick whale!" he shouted. "Right here in his big gut it is, Jethro! A lump es big es a cask o' ——"

"What?" demanded Jethro impatiently.

"Not ——" old Eph began.

"Ambergris!" roared Seth. "Send down a sling, boys. Who sez es we ain't a muck lucky crew tew go whalin'?"

There was no whisper of "Blo-o-ow'" that night. It was the first night for weeks that the try pots stopped bubbling; the first that the heavens had not been lighted and made hideous with blubber-fed fires and greasy smoke. But the Gayhead was a merry ship for all that. Barbados was less than a hundred miles ahead; tomorrow the old spouter would turn again and retrace her traverse once more in the hope of filling up her top tiers.

Cap'n Jethro stamped the deck long after he should have been asleep, snapping his fingers, whistling softly, building rosy edifices upon a foundation of grease. He was feeling so far at peace with the world and all men that he allowed old Eph to remain forward gamming with the men when he ought to have been on watch. He felt so snug at heart that when Master Percival Furney stepped out of the gloom of the main deck and appeared beside him at the ladder head he answered the youngster's hesitating greeting cheerily.

"Well, well, Perc'val, you ain't in no trouble, be you?" he asked jovially.

Now that the try-works fires were cold the old spouter lay dark upon the sea. When working blubber the ship had no need of sailing lights; and nobody had thought or bothered to light them now. The only light that shone upon the face of Percival was the glow of the skipper's cigar. Even the binnacle light was unlit. The Gayhead lay hove to. She was in no hurry. There was no need for a helmsman.

"I'm in no trouble, dad," said Percival. The glowing cigar touched up a glitter in his eyes, but his voice was respectful, even peacemaking. "In fact, I'm beginning to get used to this hard work. I guess I shall like it, after all. Won't you tell me something more about it? You know I don't see much, buried down there under heaps of blubber all day and every day."

"Ef you got any complaint to make, my lad, see Mr. ——"

"I tell you I've got no complaint," answered Percival with a little laugh. "I want to know more about the business, that's all."

"Ef that's all, I'm glad to hear it," said Cap'n Jethro. "What mostly d'you want to know, Percival?"

The lad spoke up confidently, and for half an hour he listened attentively to the old whaleman's roundabout story of how the business was carried on.

"And when all the boats go out at once there's only one man left with you to take care of the ship?" he asked when the old man ceased talking for a moment.

"Jist the cook an' me, Perc'val. But sence nuther you nor Steve Latta is much use a-boatin' jist yet, likely cook'd go in a boat an' leave th' pair o' you with me. Ain't nuthin' to do, y' see, less it's foller after the boats an' keep lookout for them."

"And how far out in the sea are we, dad? Seems we must have traveled a million miles." There was a note of eagerness in Percival's voice.

"Come in here," said Jethro.

He stepped into the deckhouse companionway, which served for a chartroom, and lit a socket candle. The chart lay flat, with the involved zigzag of the bark's wandering scrupulously laid down. And her last noon position was marked by a dot in a circle at the end of the line. Barbados lay very near.

"Thar we are, Percival. Le's see." With the dividers the distance was measured off. "'Bout eighty mile, doo west by steerin' compass."

"Gee! Are we going there?"

Percival could not conceal the keen anxiety he felt now. The old whaleman laughed gently.

"Not yet awhile, Percival. Not ef we kin help it. I ain't sayin', though, as Steve couldn't make it, ef he run away wi' one of the boats, and ——"

"Steve isn't that crazy!" exclaimed Percival quickly. "And I'm sure I'm not. I'm beginning to see something in this whaling business. How much did you say you expect to clear this trip?"

"I didn't say," chuckled Jethro. "But I dare say es ef this v'yage finishes es well es it begun, all hands might divide close to three hundred thousand dollars. Thet thar ambergris wuz a big pickup. Thet's valuable, thet is, Percival."

There was a swirl of acrid smoke and a faint fizzling of sparks, and old Eph mounted the ladder, his pipe at full blast, his red old nose glowing behind the bowl.

"Good night, dad," said Percival, and vanished.

Old Eph removed his pipe and stared into the darkness.

"How come?" he asked.

"Oh, the lad's got tired o' playin' foolish, I expect," said the skipper. "He's been yarnin' wi' me more'n an hour, I guess. Mebbe thar's somethin' in him, Eph."

"Oh, aye, cap'n. Likely," grunted Eph. "Nawthin' ever come out any good, es I see. Must be in him, o' course."

The old second mate sniffed the air, and watched the trade-wind scud flying across the stars.

"Yew goin' tew lay here all night? Ef we got tew beat back agin th' Trades, nighttime's es good es any time."

"Thar'll be a moon t'wards midnight, Eph. I hev catched a whale or two by moonlight afore now. Lay to ontil change o' the watch anyway."

Forward, against the try works, Steve Latta listened with wide ears to Percival's report.

"Three hundred thousand!" he breathed. "Say, d'you think if we bumped th' old rat off you an' me could run th' old wagon to Barbados?"

"What'll the crew be doing?" laughed Percival uneasily.

"Hell! They'll all be out in th' boats, won't they? We can say they was all lost in a fog or somep'n. We can sell this old lavender box for a fortune."

"Try to get away with anything like that!" retorted Percival. "D'you think you can pull strings in Barbados like you can home? Who d'you think would believe such a tale?"

Percival had let himself be carried away at first by Steve's suggestion that they make a break for profitable liberty; he was not so sure on further thought that it was as easy as Steve insisted. He had an idea of his own which now seemed far better.

"Suppose you forget all about three-hundred-thousand-dollar fortunes, Steve, and try something smaller," he suggested.

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To make a long story short, I started out to sell Simpson suits and the very first day I made $24 50 I just had to do it. I tell you I was broke and I simply had to make good. By Christmas day, 1922 I had earned $793 00 out of which I had banked $400.00—Yes sir, banked $400.00 and six weeks before I was broke.

The work wasn't easy. I never in my life worked harder. Nothing worth while is easy, I guess. I'm already getting a lot of help from my customers They're my boosters and there is scarcely a day goes by that I don't get a call from at least one man who is referred to me by someone who has bought a suit or overcoat. That's the easy, pleasant part of this job—the way your customers boost you—or rather J B Simpson tailoring—because it's their clothes, not me, that tickles them pink. I sell mostly business and professional men. I find the bigger the man, the quicker he can appreciate the reasons why we can sell such a splendid suit of clothes for $29 50. Out of the first 183 suits delivered, I found only six customers that were not well pleased and Simpson has since satisfied these six men. I can truthfully say that my customers are one hundred per cent satisfied.

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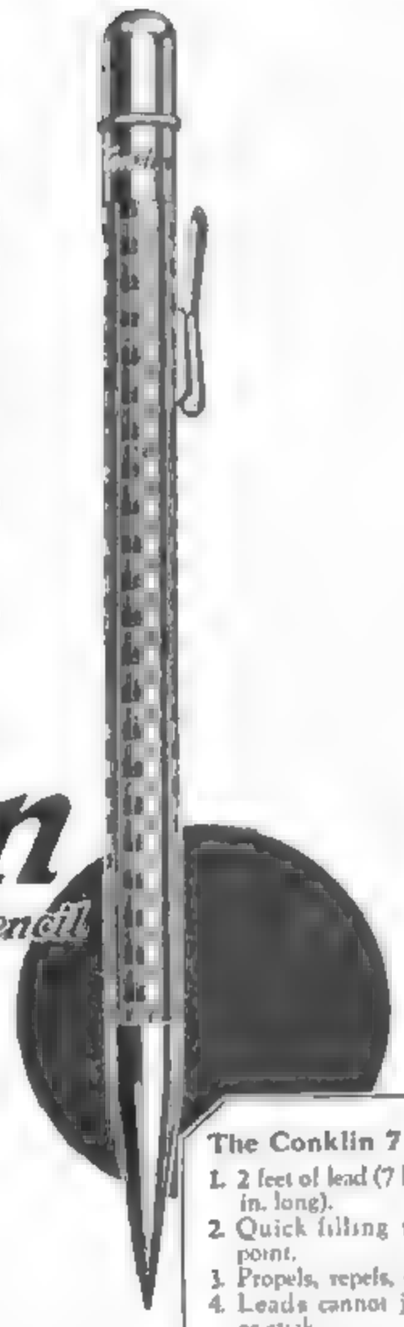

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"I'll be satisfied with that lump of ambergris. We can sneak that away in one of the boats. I'm not so sure that you and I can sail this big ship, even to Barbados. Suppose it blows a storm?"

"Suppose it does when we're in a little boat?" countered Steve.

"We can handle a little boat anyhow," Percival retorted.

When the watches were mustered at midnight the argument was still unsettled, and Steve cursed his ally fervidly as they made their way aft with the rest.

"Swing th' foreyards, Jed, and set th' courses an' t'gallants'ls," said the skipper. "Breeze is freshenin' a bit. Might es well start workin' to th' eastward again."

For half an hour both watches filled the decks with bustle.

"*Hey, hey, hey! Oh, hey!*" they yelled and stamped along, running the foreyards around by the braces.

"Main t'gallants'l! Give 'er a tune, bullies!" roared Jed Roach, leaping onto the fife rail and taking a high grip on the halyards. Noel Pease caught hold down at the lead block and raised his ancient pipe in a rolling old chantey reminiscent of his younger, perhaps wilder days:

"*Ho, Sally is th' gal as I love dearly.*"

And the heavy yard leaped to the roaring chorus:

"*Wa-ay, sing Sally-Ho!*"

"*Her cheeks so red, 'n' her hair so curly,*" piped Noel.

"*Hi-lo, John Brown, stand to your ground!*"

"*Stand to your ground, don't keep that yard a-hangin'!*"

"*Wa-ay, sing Sally-Ho!*"

"*Or round comes the mate, a-dingin' and a-dangin'!*"

"*Hi-lo, John Brown, stand to your ground!*"

The sail was set. The fore topgallant sail went aloft to the further adventures of Sally, who was a bright 'Badian mulatto and not too coy; then the staysails and jibs fluttered up their stays, and the Gayhead punched her way stolidly eastward, breasting the sharp drive of the trade wind, thrusting her blunt old snout twice into the same sea sometimes, but holding her easterly way in spite of all.

"See what you done?" snarled Steve, gripping Percival savagely by the arm as they crawled forward, backs and legs aching from unaccustomed hauling. "Now where are we? Hey? Y' snipe! Fat chance we got now of makin' either boat or ship, ain't we? I've got a notion to take a wallop at yuh just f'r luck!"

Old men resting from their labors were suddenly treated to the spectacle of Percival running along the deck, arms and hair flying, with Steve Latta hotfoot after him, howling threats of horrible things. Lost in the shadows as they circled the after hatch, they emerged into faint light again abreast of the galley, where the cook was issuing hot coffee.

"What's eatin' them pups?" exclaimed old Noel Pease. Steve had joggled his arm in passing and spilled most of his coffee.

"Dunno, rightly," grinned Slippy. "Fust thing I see wuz Perc'val took a smack at Steve's beak, an' started a-runnin' like sixty, wi' Steve arter him a-cussin'. Look at 'em!"

Steve caught Percival by the slack of his shirt, hauled him back, and punched him viciously in the face. Percival took it crying, never fighting back. Steve punched him again and again, and Jed Roach started along from aft to stop it, yelling to the men to separate them. Cap'n Jethro halted Jed at the ladder.

"Let 'em fight," he snapped. "Ef thet thar young cub kin hit a feller in the snoot an' then take a beatin' without fightin' back he desarves a lickin', and a dum good one. Let 'em be."

When the watch below slept and the ship sailed merrily on her eastward course, Steve drew Percival aside in the dark waist.

"Buddy, I'm sorry I beat y' up," he growled. "Y' oughta hold yer hosses before y' take a wallop at a guy. Y' ain't a fighter, Percival. Let's forget it. You can't git along without me, an' I can use you. What'll we do now about that getaway, buddy?"

Percival grinned, without mirth, and took Steve's hand. Steve could not see the deathly pallor behind that grin. He felt the hand that was given him shiver, but put that down to the recent excitement. He entered into a deep discussion of plans, and when the watches were changed again at four o'clock in the morning the two were apparently as inseparable as ever.

■

IN THE forenoon watch of the next day the pumps were manned. The old bark was tight enough, as tight as a wooden ship could be. She had lain at the dock for years, and had never leaked enough to need pumping. But at sea, getting deeper with her load, she was pumped out every other day just to keep her pumps wetted. It was a short job, and nobody thought it worth a song. Just a few strokes, a few spouts of water filmed with grease, and the pumps would suck. But today there seemed to be more water. The film was heavier.

"Makin' more water, Jed?" the skipper asked.

"Likely," replied the mate. "Gittin' deeper, I s'pose, and she's workin' heavy at times in this short sea."

But Jed seemed dissatisfied with his own explanation. He strolled forward and stood beside the clanking pump.

"The water risin'?" he asked.

"Seems mighty like clear ile t' me!" grunted Seth Noakes.

Jed stooped and thrust his hand into the stream gushing from the spout, and then rubbed both hands together. His face was dark with anger.

"This yer's ile, cap'n!" he shouted aft. "Some dum lunkhead hes stoppered up a cask wi' spun yarn! Great irons!"

Cap'n Jethro hurried forward. The old whalemen at the pump stared at one another dumbly. Not a man of them believed that it was he who was at fault.

"Somethin' wrong, fellers?" asked Steve Latta. He, too, had pumped. He seemed disturbed but little. He was ignored.

"Might 's well pump away," said the skipper gloomily. "Keep a-goin' anyhow until we see ef thar's more'n one bar'l leakin'. Hob's boots! I thought you wuz a crew o' whalemen!"

His roseate visions of a full trip in record time faded. It might prove that many casks were faultily stoppered. It might mean that, instead of cutting in more whales in the next weeks, the crew would have to break out every cask from the hold, pile them on deck, while the cooper and a gang went around doctoring the leaky ones. It would certainly mean that his fresh start in life would be delayed. And he had almost grown to cherish the notion of making yet another voyage, so successful had this venture been, so harmonious the working of his ancient crew.

The pump clanked, and presently sucked. A great sigh went up, not only from the skipper.

"That's luck!" Jethro breathed, wiping his brow with his hat.

Another day went by without the cry of "Ah, blo-o-ow!" being raised. Steve and Percival slunk through their allotted tasks, at odds with everybody, themselves included. Some of the looks Steve cast at his partner in trouble were poisonous. Percival returned such with interest; but Percival usually followed his glances of that sort with a terrifying grin, more like the snarl of a cornered monkey than a smirk of mirth. It was noticeable that he flashed such a grin only when Steve's back was turned.

"Lot o' good we done with that trick, didn't we?" growled Steve when another night provided the cloak of darkness. "You said th' old rat 'ud surely sail straight f'r Ba'bados to land the oil if he thought it was leakin' out. Now what about it?"

"If you hadn't got cold feet you'd have bored enough casks to make sure," retorted Percival. He grinned wickedly under protection of night. "If they had to pump again, and they didn't come to the end of the oil when they thought they'd pumped one cask, they'd surely sail back before they lost more." Steve cursed softly, unseen but audible, and Percival added the spur.

"I got the ambergris in the boat," he whispered.

"You got to come with me, then," muttered Steve. "Go get the auger. Gee! If them old rats had left me my gun!"

"Why don't you swipe one of the cook's knives?" Percival suggested. "Sharp as lancets they are, and handy too. I'll get the auger in two minutes. Stay here."

Steve listened keenly as Percival departed into the black of the bows. He tried the galley door, opened it cautiously,

(Continued on Page 193)

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Oils and Greases

(Continued from Page 190)

and listened again. Slippy sometimes slept there, particularly when whales were cutting in. There was no sound now, and Steve felt along the knife rack with deft fingers until he found a fine-pointed French knife. Then he went to the corner of the fore hatch and waited for Percival. He did not have to wait long

"I got a longer auger," said Percival. "You can get down to the second lot of casks."

"Y' dumb lump, what good's that?" Steve came back fiercely.

A darker blotch seemed to grow out of the blackness of the galley. Neither Steve nor Percival noticed it.

Steve was whispering: "I gotta bore into the bottom o' the casks, ain't I? Else how's the oil goin' to run out? You're a hell of a side kick, you are. If you'd found some sort of a tackle that we could roll a barrel up side with, you'd ——"

"Wait! I saw one of those patent tackles—chain things—down there."

Percival vanished again. Steve softly lifted the hatch cover. The decks were deserted and black. Forward, passing against the glimmer of the stars, the lumpy figure of the lookout appeared at intervals. Overhead the brisk trade wind poured into the full canvas sonorously; the taut weather rigging hummed; the seas ran alongside with a crisp musical swish. Aft a dim lone light made a faint splash of lesser darkness against the close-hauled spanker. A black shape paced back and forth, visible when it crossed that splash of lesser darkness. And over all hung the great red eye of Aldebaran, winking across the storming bark's trucks at the Huntsman of Orion to the southward.

The darker blotch against the galley moved. It stopped as Percival reappeared with the tackle. Steve felt the chain blocks, grunted ungraciously, and slipped over the coaming of the hatch into the hold. Percival followed silently. And still more silently Slippy, the cook, left the shadow of his galley and crept after them.

The hold was thunderous with the beat of the outside seas and the heavy creaking of the overworked foremast in its partners. The old beams supporting the deck squeaked, the cargo itself cheeped and chirruped in spite of dunnage wood and wedges. The blackness itself was awe inspiring; added to the noise and reek of the oil-laden hold, it terrified Percival and gave Steve Latta a queer feeling of emptiness at the stomach.

"Give me yer hand here!" growled Steve.

He stopped where the last cask stowed had been quoined off. Running his hand along the invisible cask he felt for the rivets of the hoops. In a line with them the bung would be found. That would be the first point of inspection when the new leak was found, and Steve meant to be sure that his boring was nowhere near the bung. Percival crept up beside him, shivering violently.

"I'll go get a lantern, Steve," he chattered. "It's too black to see what we're doing here."

"Give 's yer hand!" said Steve.

He struck a match. Back by the hatch Slippy shrank into the blackest patch of blackness. The match flared, then burned dimly. It touched Steve's frowning face, and the terrified features of Percival. It shone on the links of chain as Steve held the tackle up and sought for a place to hang it. The dying flicker touched redly the grimed oak beams overhead, and the oily skin of the great casks beneath. Then it went out. Percival gasped.

"C'm on," gritted Steve. His voice was not too firm. "Up with you and hang this top block to that hook you seen."

"Ought to have a lantern!" chattered Percival, obeying. He scrambled to his feet; the bark gave a deeper lee roll; he slipped, the blocks fell with a crash, and Steve cursed him viciously.

"I'm going to get a lantern! I can't work in this blind hole," Percival whimpered, and started aft without waiting for his partner to acquiesce.

Steve had worked the lee quoin loose under the cask, and had slipped the sling under it. All he wanted was for Percival to hang the tackle, pass him the lower hook, and set up on the chain, supporting the weight of the cask while he got his auger to work on the underside.

"Hey, c'm here!" he cried, forgetting that silence was golden. He was in a dangerous position, and knew it. Percival's running away like that left him helpless until he returned. "Let me out o' this first, Perc'val!"

His voice spurred Percival on. The youngster brushed past Slippy so unexpectedly that the cook could not avoid him, and they touched arms. Slippy rose, laughing grimly, and reached to grab the frightened runaway.

It was the last straw for Percival. He had meant to sneak out of the hold, leaving Steve there, and go to report to the captain the plot he had helped to build. Then they would catch Steve, perhaps kill him in their rage, and he, Percival, would reap the reward of his cleverness out of their gratitude.

But the touch of Slippy, Slippy's grim laugh, his own terror, all combined to drive Percival almost insane. He uttered a yell that echoed throughout the hold and up through the hatch, and among the lofty spaces of canvas overhead, bringing the lookout off the forecastle, and old Eph from the poop on the run. So close to that yell as to be indistinguishable from it, another, more poignant yell pealed out from the hold. Old Eph caught Percival roughly to him as he scrambled over the coaming.

"What's cookin' now, hey?" demanded the old second mate. "What hev yew been up tew, y' snipe?"

"Something touched me!" sobbed Percival. "Something alive!"

From the hold came a muffled broken moaning, and the voice of Slippy, the cook.

"Thet you, Eph? Git a light, lively. Thar's somebuddy nipped under a cask here!"

There was not much to be done for Steve Latta. Percival's terrified yell had startled him, he had moved his weight, letting the balanced cask fall to the side where there was no quoin. And the motion of the ship had done the rest. Steve was pinned under a weight great enough to have crushed his breastbone.

"It was him that give me the idea!" were his last words, uttered with venomous emphasis, with his arm pointing full at the shivering figure of Percival.

The influence of that dying accusation scared Percival into confessing everything they had done and planned. The discovery of the lump of ambergris in the boat proved his tale true. But he reaped no reward. Not the kind he had hoped for anyway. They buried Latta; the old Gayhead carried on to the eastward, and on the fourth day she cut in whale again. Thereafter, until her holds were full to the beams, she never let her fires die down. Cap'n Jethro and old Eph chuckled and smiled again; the ancients of her crew sang and capered, playing youthful pranks on one another as the killing work went on. But none had a word for Percival. An outcast before, he was avoided like a pestilence now.

"Ef he shirks, Jed, give him three dozen on a gratin'!" said Cap'n Jethro grimly. "Ef he gives any man slack, thet thar man won't lose me no sleep ef he wallops th' tar outa Perc'val. Make him work es he never worked before."

XI

AT THE end of the fifth month from port the old spouter was full laden.

"Bung full, Eph!" grinned Cap'n Jethro. "Ef this ain't th' record v'yage, call me a bottlenose. Whar's Jed? Call all hands, and we'll splice th' main brace afore sendin' up th' royals again an' startin' f'r hum!"

North through tropic seas, into the spring again, the Gayhead blustered her way. No seas could have any terror for her.

Her old skin oozed oil in such a film that no breaking crests ever reached her. Never a whaler entered port so thoroughly grimed and greased. Bulwarks, deckhouses, masts and sails were black, and hung with sooty grease. But the pink paint peeped through in spots; it was smiling through the dirt as the pride of the ancient crew shone through the rubbed-in masks of their own wrinkled, grinning old faces.

Only Percival slunk about the decks like a scorched rat. Jed had found it necessary to give him a rope's ending once. Men who had endured his meannesses before on the skipper's account now paid him in hard coin for his breaks. And as the warm tropics were left astern and the colder seas of northern spring were reached his job of cleaning the grease from those pink bulwarks and deckhouses became a thing of sheer grinding horror. Nobody spoke to him; nobody smiled at him; his mean soul

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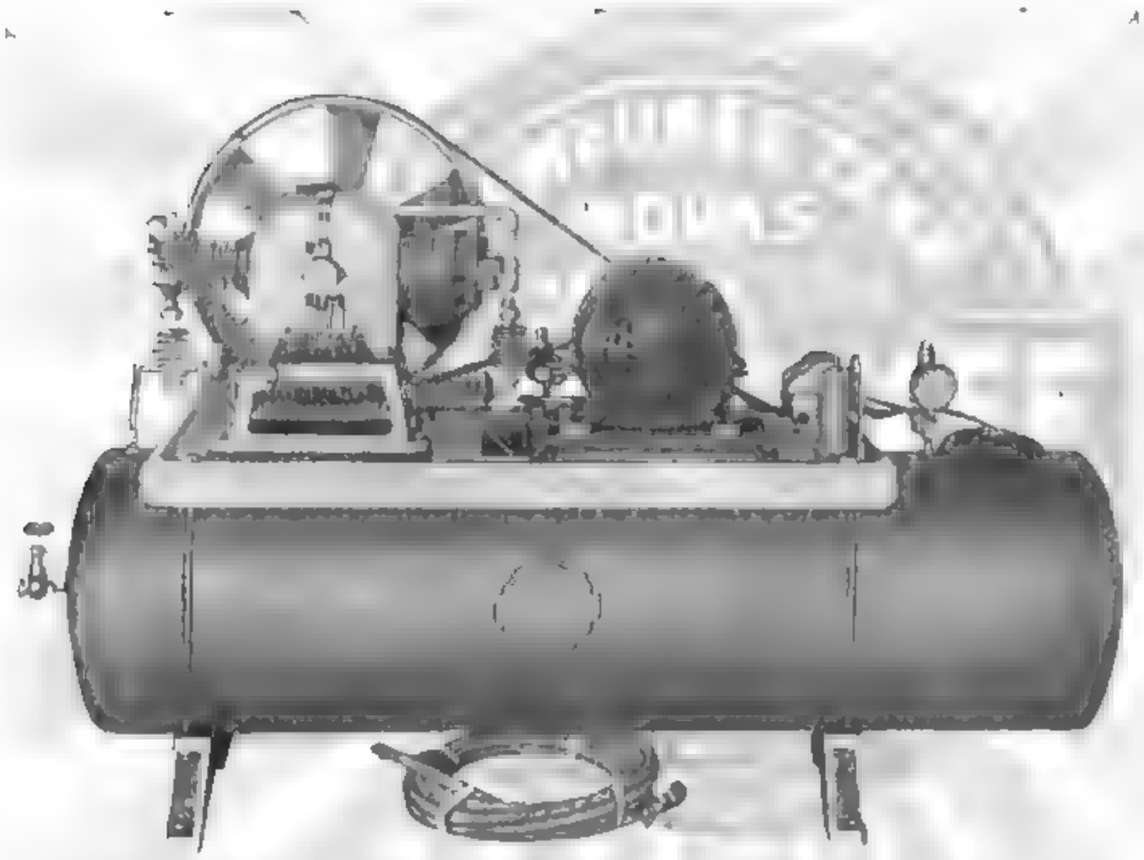

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shone through the medium of his grinning teeth, his drawn, thin lips, his hang-lidded eyes.

"Leave him be, Eph," the skipper said in reply to a question. "Soon's we hit th' dock I'll git some cash on the cargo and send him off with enough to give him thet thar start I promised him. 'Side frum thet, Eph, I ain't interested in him a dum bit."

Well under six months from sailing day the Gayhead dropped her anchor off the end of the dock and warped alongside. Men who had watched her leave drifted down to see what ship it was. They saw the ancient spouter, with her aged crew, and decided at once she had crept into port loaded deep with disappointment and perhaps despair. Seeing none but grinning faces and active though bowed seamen, men passed the word alongshore, and before the last hawser's eye slipped over the bollards the dock was full of hurrying curiosity seekers.

At the rail on the forecastle head, nearest of all to the shore, Percival crouched over the rope he was helping to put out. He, too, grinned; but a close observer might have decided that mirth had no part in that toothsome smile. A hungry rat might easily have felt jealous at that supremely ratlike grin.

"Hello, Cap'n Jethro! Hello, Eph! Howdy, Jed!" shouted the news seekers ashore. "Purty deep, ain't you? Hed a good trip?"

Cap'n Jethro and old Eph on the poop, Jed Roach on the forecastle head, had no answer for the cheery hail. Each stood with face fixed and staring eyes, gazing after a flying figure already well on his way up the dock.

"Hey, Perc'val!" roared Cap'n Jethro.

Percival's arms and legs twinkled. He never looked back. The skipper stared open-mouthed, then he met the dawning grin of old Eph. Slowly he produced his turnip watch and regarded the face, then glanced at Percival, just clearing the dock end.

"H'm!" he grunted. "He done it jest two seconts quicker'n last time! Must hev been well greased, Eph!"

"He sure hes took his start in life!" nodded Eph, controlling a gape of astonishment. "D'yew guess es he ain't took to whalin', mebbe, Jethro?"

"Likely it's th' smell o' th' ile he don't git on with, Eph."

A cozy snug warmth filled the cabin of the old spouter when she was all fast and the grimy sails had been harbor furled. The fumes of plug tobacco, cigars and whale oil went far with the reek of oil-soaked firewood and un-aged rum to thicken the atmosphere to a point of comfortable saturation. The skipper and old Eph, Jed Roach and Seth Noakes, Stippy the cook and Noel Pease were there; and smiling seductively at them all was the prosperous-looking buyer of a large firm of oilmen, hoping, not without reason, that his offer of a high price for an unexpected and amazingly rich cargo of sperm oil would be taken.

"Got to hand it to you and your crew, cap," the agent praised them. "Record trip, and with a crew of old men long past their day."

Puff, puff. Blobs of smoke answered him.

"Do you expect to try it again?" the agent persevered. "You ought to quit now, while the game's at the peak."

Puff, puff, puff. Old Eph crammed the glowing tobacco into his sizzling pipe with a horny forefinger, and sent gouts of rank smoke billowing across the table.

"Oh, well, I'll see you in the morning," laughed the agent, rising. He saw no chance of doing business in that atmosphere. The ancients appeared to be lost in dreams of far different things. "Don't turn my offer down, cap'n. It's a good one. We're all mighty glad to see you in luck again."

The agent went. The pipes and cigars burned on. On deck those of the crew who had tired of the smoke, or who could find no room there, chatted and conjectured.

"Purty comf'table here, ain't it, Eph?" rumbled Cap'n Jethro. His feet were on the table, his eyes were softly reminiscent.

"H'm, h'm. Puff, puff," Eph and his pipe replied.

"D'ye think th' hands hes had enough o' whalin', Eph?"

"One hes!" chuckled Eph. "Dunno 'bout any more."

There was another deep silence.

"Hey, Cap'n Jethro!" bawled an ancient through the skylight above. "Amos here sez yew don't aim t' take on ag'in. Ain't we goin' whalin' no more then?"

Other hoarse voices muttered overhead. Grizzled old heads crowded against the narrow aperture of the skylight. Jethro laughed softly.

"Take on when we pay off tomorrer ef y' keer to, m' son!" he replied, with a shrewd glance at his two old mates.

Jed grinned and reached for the tobacco. Old Eph dragged himself to his creaking feet, all abustle.

"Thet's th' talk!" he cried, slamming a hard fist on the table and making tins and glasses leap. "Yew stay here an' frowst all y'd amind tew. I'm goin' tew begin right now makin' out a list o' new gear. We ain't goin' tew sea ag'in in th' shape we wuz in last v'yage!"

Eph stopped halfway up the companionway, and stooped low to look back.

Jethro Scraggs and Jed Roach sat deeply sunk in their chairs before the roaring, crackling fire. Smoke curled in their whiskers, their faces were ruddy with health, firelight and a great contentment. The dancing shadows only added to the peaceful calm of the picture.

"Hey, cap'n," Eph called back; "'bout paint. Yew'll hev diff'runt paint, o' course."

Cap'n Jethro settled deeper into his chair, stretched his legs farther on the table.

"Pink, Eph; paint her pink!" he mumbled drowsily.

(THE END)

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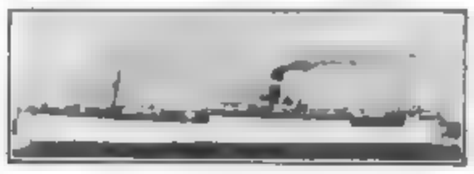

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MY DIPLOMATIC EDUCATION

(Continued from Page 23)

The words "ultimatum" and "mobilization" gradually crept into every conversation; and then—I am almost inclined to say out of a clear sky, so unexpected was it—the twenty-eighth of July arrived, with Austria's declaration of war against Serbia. By this time almost every ambassador had returned to Rome—most of them gathering at the Grand Hotel for dinner, as their embassies were dismantled and closed and I used to see and talk with groups that were for the moment intimate and friendly, and yet within little more than a week had become enemies and were avoiding one another like the pest.

Even after Austria's declaration of war, the question of a world war was not considered very seriously; it seemed too fantastic to be admitted as a possibility. So far as we were concerned, we felt that even though Europe might be drawn into conflict, our aloofness and disinterestedness would surely leave us entirely out of it. We realized that it was going to be tremendously interesting to watch; but so far as having anything to do, what could there be? This realization even created a feeling of disappointment; we were going to be so much out of it that it wasn't going to be real to us at all. Then, like a flash, everything was topsy-turvy, and most of all our embassy.

After the day on which the embassy was practically assaulted by frenzied American tourists, we spent the whole night in trying to plan out something that would calm and assist our alarmed compatriots. The military and naval attachés took rooms on the first floor of the Hotel Royal, a few doors from the Chancery, and organized a committee of several American business men caught in Rome and made it their special function to gather and give out information about the sailings of boats; the consulate accepted volunteer stenographers and teachers—there were many among the tourists—and began at once to issue papers that were used in lieu of passports, the great need of the moment; the first secretary had his hands full reporting conditions to Washington; and Francesco and I were left to receive the onrush of visitors and stand the brunt of their burning questions.

The moratorium, which had been declared by the banks, was one of the most disturbing incidents and for the time being appeared to foreshadow distressing conditions. Several hotel and *pension* keepers came to the embassy and explained that they were full up with American tourists; and that, as they could get no money from the banks, they could buy no food; and that it was only a question of a few days before they would have to close.

A Chance to Learn Patience

At this time the only place in the whole of Rome where tourists could get money on their checks was the American Express Company, and they frankly admitted they could not continue paying indefinitely. I remember particularly welcoming a man from Naples who arrived in the midst of the excitement and said he had three ships in the harbor that he would be willing to put into condition to make the trip to America if he could be guaranteed something in advance. I rushed him off to the military attaché's committee, and that night he returned to Naples with the space on all three ships taken and money enough to make the necessary preparations. In two weeks these ships sailed, and though accommodations were rather primitive, they appeared to frightened tourists like cruisers sent directly from heaven.

The consternation and disorganized conditions in Italy were increased by the arrival of tourists who had been in Germany and Austria at the outbreak of the war. They swooped down on us like a thundercloud, and the almost universal plaint of them all was that they had been forced to flee without their trunks. One charming old lady used to call each morning at the Chancery and ask if any news had come regarding the three trunks she had left in Wiesbaden.

"All my summer dresses are in those trunks. You can't imagine how uncomfortable it is to be here in the middle of August without them. I feel like a tramp. Don't you think they will arrive soon? The porter at the hotel was so sure they would follow me on the next train; but, of course, he was leaving the next day for the war. Poor fellow! How soon do you think it will be over? I'd like so much to go back to Wiesbaden before the cold weather sets in."

If there ever was a time to learn patience—in or out of the diplomatic service—it was during those first days of the war. Everyone's complaint was so trivial and personal; so few seemed to have any imagination about what was really happening. The German advance through Belgium and the retreat of the French towards Paris meant to the majority of travelers only that it was going to be even more difficult to return to America via France and England. Of course, it was quite natural that Americans should have viewed the upheaval as someone else's war, and being caught away from home in such a maelstrom was vastly irritating; but that their rights and comforts did not come first and foremost—even over the needs of war—did not appear to enter the average tourist's thoughts.

An almost pitiful example of egoism—or whatever you care to call it—was shown by a professor of English from a small American town, who insisted that I go with him to a ship-agency bureau and explain to the manager who he was. He felt sure that every educated Italian had heard of him; he had written several books on English literature; and he had lectured for years in all the American Chautauquas. The only way to calm him was to go with him and repeat in detail the history of his life—as compiled by him—to the agent; but it was worth it to watch the Italian's eyes grow bigger and bigger—they have an extraordinary way of opening their eyes until they appear ready to pop out of their heads—and more and more bewildered, and then see hands rise in a gesture incomparably expressive of regrets, deep regrets, at the disastrous circumstances that made it impossible to find a place on a boat for such an extraordinarily distinguished personage as my friend undoubtedly was.

The Tennessee to His Rescue

The only calming news we received during those turbulent days was a cable from the State Department stating that the battleship Tennessee was being sent to Europe with a quantity of American gold on board that was to be used for the purpose of taking care of stranded tourists. We had this news published in all the papers, hoping it would prove something like oil on troubled waters; but it had just the opposite effect. The onrush the next morning was greater than ever. When would the Tennessee arrive? What was her destination? Would she come directly to Italy or go to England? Her trip became an Odyssey; the fabulous voyage of Jason could not have aroused more interest; and yet, strangely enough, the eventual arrival was robbed of all punch by the fact that before that time we had reached an arrangement with a bank by which drafts were being paid.

It seemed weeks, even years, later that I was awakened early one morning by a call on the telephone from Francesco, who asked that I come immediately to the Chancery. I rushed out in the gray dawn, expecting almost anything to have happened, and found three bedraggled and utterly worn-out American marines sitting in the Chancery with two kegs of ten-dollar gold pieces between them. They had just arrived on the Tennessee, had made the trip down from Paris under adventurous circumstances, had been forced to get out of the train at Mentone, the French frontier; and finding no one there to help them carry the kegs to the frontier at Ventimiglia, had been obliged to kick the kegs over the intervening miles.

The $35,000 contained in those kegs was put in the bank and used for many purposes during the four years of the war.

In the midst of all our troubles the ambassador finally reached Rome, after having made a roundabout trip from London to Paris and thence to Rome by means of motors, troop trains and anything he could find along the way. He was inclined to scoff at our recountal of difficulties, as he had seen what the embassies at London and Paris were experiencing; and he gave a humorous description of the one night he had spent in Paris, during which he was

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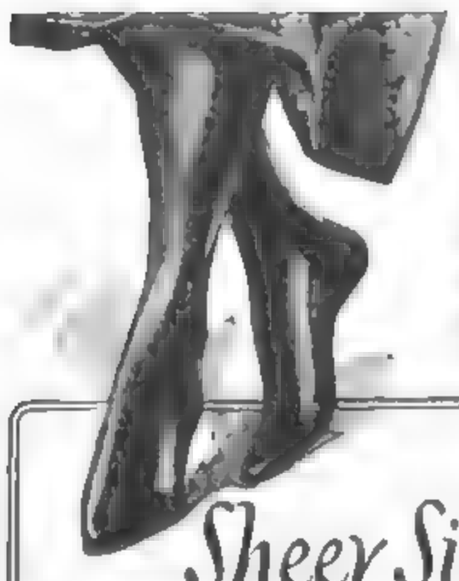

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made to get up out of bed, go down to the lounge of the hotel and address a crowd of Americans who had gathered there and were in panic over a predicted air raid. He admitted he didn't see what protection from falling bombs an ambassador would afford; but he did set an example by going back to bed and trusting to God to carry him through a peaceful night.

Immediately upon his arrival he took up with the Italian Government the necessity of arranging some way by which American tourists could obtain money. We had received a communication from the State Department stating that relatives and friends of stranded tourists were depositing money in the Treasury and instructing us to make some arrangement in Rome to pay this money to them. By the end of the first day the ambassador had put through a plan by which the Bank of Italy would pay drafts on the Treasury of the United States that were signed by him. This was cabled to Washington and a reply came informing us that a list of names and amounts would be cabled at once, and that we would have to use our own judgment in identifying applicants for the money.

At first thought this appeared a very simple arrangement; but as we began to work out a system complications arose in every direction. The first thing to be done was to have a number of blank drafts on the Treasury printed; these were shown to the Bank of Italy and the following plan agreed upon: When the name of the American and the amount deposited for him in Washington were received he was to be asked to show what identification he possessed, then a draft was to be issued to him, signed by the ambassador. He was to give a receipt for this, a letter to the bank was to be handed him and in this way he would be able to cash the draft. This done, we were to telegraph the name and the amount paid to our Government; thus was the deposit in the Treasury to be canceled. We were also to notify the embassies at London and Paris of this action, as in some cases it was not known at which embassy the applicant would appear.

The ambassador, much to my regret, put me in charge of this—what appeared to me to be—very complicated and dubious banking system; and ended with the statement that he would sign the drafts, as no one else could do that, but that he had no intention of being bothered with the details; that he had never had any experience in banking matters, never intended to have, and that he placed the whole responsibility on my shoulders.

Lucky Eunice

I began rather nervously to arrange my room for this new phase of diplomatic experience. Three desks were placed across the center of the room, which gave a businesslike appearance of a counter. Behind these were to sit three volunteer assistants. One was to check the name and amount as the applicant appeared, the second was to issue the draft, the third was to write the letter to the bank, cable the State Department and the London and Paris embassies. In theory, the system was going to work with mathematical precision. Even the appearance of the room gave an impression of efficiency. At least we felt that it did until, just before closing for the day and congratulating ourselves on being all ready for the next morning, Francesco came in with a strange-looking tubular bundle of papers tied with a heavy cord.

He thrust it on a chair and said laconically, "Cablegramma."

We cut the cord, and in a moment the whole place was filled with a voluminous roll of paper that looked like an exploded film. I finally got down on the floor, found the end of the roll and read: "Department of State, Washington, via London, via Paris, Rome: The following amounts have been deposited in the Treasury of the United States for the persons named opposite each amount."

Then followed a mass of names and figures—most of them garbled—that would have staggered a professional accountant.

How well I remember the name that headed the list! Eunice Swank, $500!

"Of course that isn't her name! It couldn't be anyone's name," one of the assistants commented.

"At any rate, it's a name worth $500," said another.

"Let's put it down that way. We'll probably find out tomorrow what her real name is."

The telegram was so endless and so garbled that we decided to have dinner before copying it off in more readable form. By two o'clock that morning we had it in somewhat comprehensible shape, and hurried off to get a few hours' sleep before the ordeal of the next day began.

At half past eight we were all on hand and in what we considered most businesslike attitudes—the three assistants behind desks, with pens poised, I standing in the middle of the room ready to demand any identification I thought necessary.

From time to time Francesco put his head through the door and announced that the reception room was filling rapidly with impatient applicants—we had made an announcement in the morning papers that all those who had been notified of deposits for them in the Treasury would be paid at the embassy.

At nine, the appointed hour, the first applicant was admitted. A picturesque lady, very tall, very robust, with quantities of fair hair and an enveloping smile, appeared on the threshold.

The Honest Miss Smith

"I hope you've got some money for me," she burst out. "I'm absolutely strapped."

"What is your name, please?" I asked.

"Mary Thompson Smith."

"Have you any means of identifying yourself, Mrs. Smith?"

"Miss Smith, if you please. . . . Identifying myself! Why, no! How can you expect me to do that when I'm in a town I never saw before? Here's my monogram on a handkerchief. See those three letters—M. T. S. They are a little mixed, aren't they? I paid a franc apiece for them in Paris."

"Perhaps you have a letter, or something that ——"

"I've got bushels of letters. But you don't think I'm going to let you read them, do you?"

"Not the contents—the address."

She handed me several envelopes addressed to her. Then I asked, "How much money has been deposited for you in the Treasury?"

"How under the sun do you expect me to know that? Mamma just cabled she had put money there for me. Golly, it takes you embassy people a long time to do anything!"

"Didn't your mother say how much?"

"No, she didn't. What's that got to do with it anyhow?"

"It is important for us to know if the amount you expect corresponds with the amount we have been notified has been deposited in your name."

"How much has been deposited in my name?"

I turned and asked if her name was on the list. The first assistant replied in stentorian tones that Miss Mary Thompson Smith had $6000 deposited to her credit in the Treasury. At this Miss Smith staggered, quickly regained control of herself, then sank down in a chair and burst into laughter.

"What's so funny about it?" I asked.

"Six thousand dollars! I never saw that much money in my life!"

"Perhaps your mother borrowed it for you."

"She might have tried to, but nobody would lend mother $6000. Why, the whole cottage and back yard aren't worth half that much!"

At this I grew a bit bewildered. It was an unexpected complication. I glanced at the list. There it was: Miss Mary Thompson Smith, $6000. When I looked back at Miss Smith she was gazing at me with bulging eyes.

"Say, are you willing to give me all that money?"

"We're instructed to—by this cable from our Government."

She raised one arm and waved it enthusiastically.

"God bless the good old U. S. A.! But look here! There's something wrong with that cable. The wires got twisted at the bottom of the ocean. I don't need all that money. If I took it I wouldn't sleep for wondering how I'd ever pay it back. It isn't for me, anyhow. All I want is enough to buy a ticket on a boat from Genoa to New York. God knows that costs enough—$400. If you give me five hundred I'll be satisfied. What do you say to that?"

Anyone will admit this was a baffling situation, especially as the lady had nothing but a monogram and some letters she

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didn't want read to prove her identity. It demanded the ambassador's attention, and though he was at that moment closeted with the British ambassador, I got him to come to my room for a few moments and solve the problem for us. He greeted the lady as though she were a long-lost friend, asked why she didn't want her letters read, got the coy admission from her that they were from her fiancé, and finally told us to give her the $500 she needed.

So much for being an ambassador! I wonder if a banker would have taken the matter as casually. We issued the draft, got it signed by the ambassador, wrote a letter to the bank, cabled London, Paris and Washington and said good-by to the lady, the whole proceeding taking about forty-five minutes; and in the meantime the crowd in the waiting room had increased to 100. At this rate everyone would soon be in a panic; the work would never be finished. However, the next case was simpler. The amount received and wanted was the same; but even this took fifteen minutes, as we had to wait until we could catch the ambassador to sign the draft.

Working as expeditiously as we could, we were able to attend to only sixteen people by one o'clock. Yet in just this way we went on for several weeks, until the banks and agencies began to pay again. I suppose there never was such a casual and unbusinesslike way of paying out thousands of dollars to people who usually had nothing but letters and visiting cards and monograms to prove their identity; but there seemed no other way of doing it, and the whole situation was unique. I had the feeling that all of us were going to spend the rest of our days in prison or some place where they confine people for careless administration of funds. It all seemed too absolutely fantastic to be real, and yet the most amazing part of the whole affair was that in the early part of 1919 the ambassador received a communication from the Treasury informing him that the list had been checked over carefully and that each amount paid at our embassy had been satisfactorily settled. Even the $500 credited to Eunice Swank—which had eventually been claimed and paid to Eugene Schenk—had not been questioned. And as for Miss Mary Thompson Smith, every now and then I catch myself wondering if at times she doesn't regret not having accepted $6000 instead of $500. But I suppose, like all the rest of us, she would have had all the fun taken out of it by the occasional prickings of that disturbing Puritan conscience.

Each day brought up some unexpected problem that we had to begin work on at once and have in fairly good running order by the next morning. One of these matters, sprung upon us at the outbreak of the war, was the relaying of telegraphic code messages emanating from Washington or London or Paris, and destined to the capitals of the Central Empires, as well as from those latter capitals to the former. There were apparently hundreds of people living in Allied countries, as well as in the United States, who wished to communicate with their relatives in enemy countries and whose most certain means of communication was through the embassy at Rome.

Marriage Orders for Molly

The messages reached us in code and were sent on in code to their various destinations, each message, of course, bearing the signature of the Secretary of State or an ambassador. It was a job that called for several men who could give their time exclusively to this work. Fortunately for us, a secretary who had been transferred from Athens to another post passed through Rome at the crucial moment. With permission from the department he was put in charge of these telegrams and was so continuously at work that none of us ever saw him except when he occasionally called out from his room to ask how the war was progressing, whether the Germans had reached Paris or if Italy had gone into the war. He said he did not even have time to read the papers.

When this work had grown a bit easier, and hysterical relatives had sent and received cables from those from whom they felt they were going to be eternally separated, the ambassador asked him to decipher a few of the cables that had been passing to and fro, with a view to obtaining some information about what was going on in other places. After several hours of deciphering he brought in a series of cables. We all gathered about with the expectation of hearing some vitally important world news. The first message he showed us read:

Washington. From Mrs. X to Madame Z, Number 0 Unter den Linden, Berlin: How is Jane? Tell her to take six eggs three times each day beaten in a glass of sherry. Thousands of kisses. BRYAN.

The second:

Cairo. For James Russell, Stoke Poges, England, from Tom: If you do not insist upon Molly marrying Jim she will have to leave Egypt. All unmarried women ordered from country. ARNOLD.

And the third:

American Embassy, Paris. For Miss Rogers, Ringstrasse, Vienna, from mother: When you leave bring my black velvet evening dress in large trunk in guest room. All my love.

AMERICAN AMBASSADOR.

After having heard these three examples, the ambassador said that he felt very much reassured about the world remaining safe for democracy.

Just as personal matters were more important than the war to American tourists, so it was with Romans at this time. One day while I was vainly attempting to convince an old gentleman that it would be unwise for him to try to go to Carlsbad for a cure, Francesco burst into the room and announced that the Pope was dead. Of course this, to Romans, was much more vitally interesting than that the French Government had found it necessary to move its seat from Paris to Bordeaux; and a few days later, when the cardinals had assembled at the Vatican and had been locked in the Sistine Chapel to remain until they had agreed upon the election of the new Pope, nothing would quiet Francesco until he had secured the ambassador's car and whirled me off to the Piazza San Pietro—accompanying me, you may be sure—to find out, by means of smoke that issued from the chapel chimney, whether the cardinals had agreed or not.

The New Pope Elected

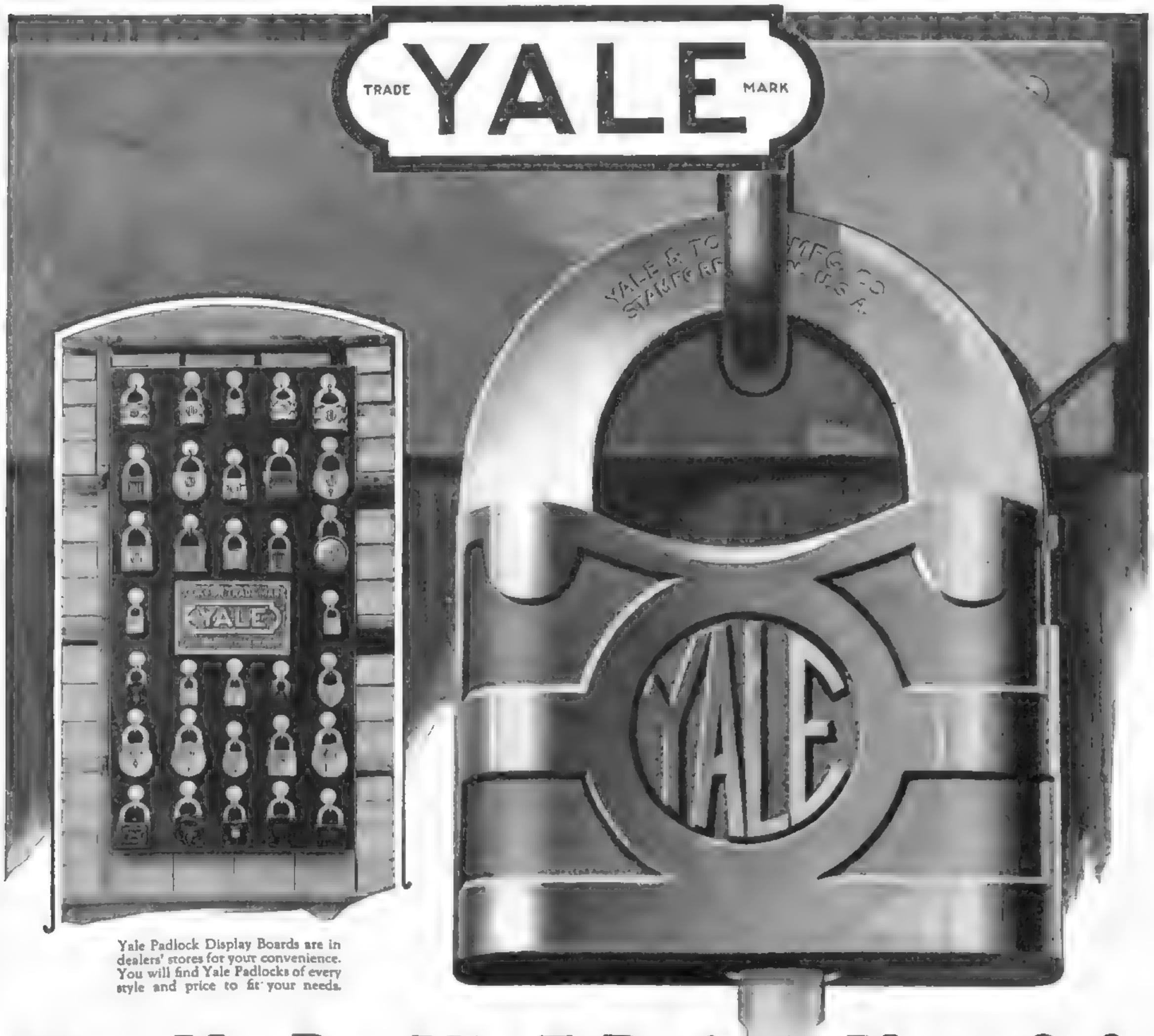
This event took place twice a day, at noon and at six in the afternoon, and apparently every living soul in Italy met in the Piazza at these hours. Every time the smoke appeared thin and negligible a groan of disappointment went up from thousands of throats, for this meant that the cardinals had not agreed and were only burning their votes. A huge volume of smoke would announce that a new ruler of Christendom had been elected. Francesco wanted me to be present twice each day, which was entirely out of the question; but so perfectly functioning were his communications with the Vatican that when the black smoke finally appeared it was only a few minutes later that we were on our way to St. Peter's.

The immense square was congested with people; a cheering, happy, enthusiastic mass that suggested very much some of our own political demonstrations. While we stood there the Swiss Guard appeared in the Loggia over the main portal of the church, gorgeous brocades and banners were hung out, and as silver trumpets sent a thrilling blast out over Rome a small man appeared in the opening between two columns and extended his arms. The cheering crowd suddenly became silent and knelt with bowed heads to receive the blessing of the new Pope. It was a dramatic and thrilling scene; even more so than the mass in St. Peter's for the dead Pope and the coronation of the new one, both of which ceremonies I had to attend incognito, as no one in an embassy accredited to the Quirinal is supposed to be present at Vatican official functions.

By the end of August we had become fairly well organized. Several additional secretaries had arrived, we had accepted the assistance of a good many volunteers, and the work was actually becoming systematized. Even Francesco had his own staff to assist him in opening the door and answering the telephone, this latter being one of the most incessant of embassy duties. I can still hear the Italian phrase of greeting at the telephone: *"Pronto! Con chi parlo?"* It went on four years without a moment's cessation.

It was not until September that I got a chance really to read about the war and keep conversant with what was going on. Before that I had got most of the news from people who were flowing in and out of the Chancery. When I finally had time to meet my colleagues again I was amazed to

(Continued on Page 20)



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"How shall I drape my French doors?" "What does Dad's room require?" "How shall I build a color scheme for Sister's room?"

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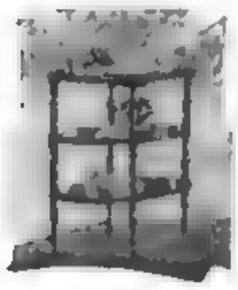
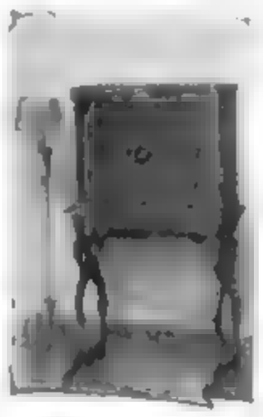
1—In Writing—Without Charge

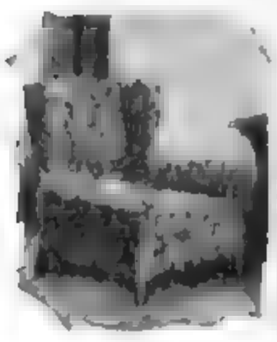
One of several unique services rendered the American people by the Home Furnishing Styles Association of America, is the free use of its Home Beautifying Consultation Bureau. This means that you may secure, without charge to you, advice and guidance regarding any question bearing upon the decoration, placement, draping, color harmony, etc., of your home interiors.



*This charming little PRESTON table has two roomy shelves of five-ply antique walnut veneer in addition to its top of the same construction, and is equally in its element as a tea table or a rack for magazines and books. Minor construction, gumwood. Nationally priced at *$24.50.*



*The GRANADA Hutch Desk, with its drop front, pierced stretcher, and antique finish, is pleasantly reminiscent of the picturesque vargueno cabinets of ancient Spain. The front is dull rubbed five-ply walnut with incised panels and an applied rosette, the interior pigeon holes are solid walnut; other parts of gumwood. Nationally priced at *$50.*



*The CASTLETON wing chair with its unusually deep seat and abundant springs makes for real comfort. Richly upholstered in floral tapestry. Nationally priced at *$60. Low back arm chair in corresponding design. Nationally priced at *$60.*

The Association has prepared a Home Beautifying Question Sheet, the result of years of experience of specialists who have supervised the answering of questions asked by thousands upon thousands of magazine readers throughout the country. This question sheet enables you to state your problem clearly and simply.

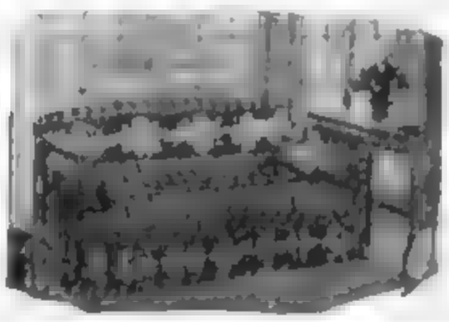
All you need do is ask the nearest Authorized Exhibitor of the Association for one of these Home Beautifying Question Sheets (or write direct for one to Home Furnishing Styles Association of America, Inc., Dept. A 4, 6 E. 39th St., New York, N. Y.). Indicate your problem on the Question Sheet and then mail it to the Association.

2—Through Magazine Articles and Illustrations

As part of its nation-wide program, the Association publishes a de luxe monthly magazine, "Home Furnishing Styles", dedicated to the art of home beautifying. In addition to the interesting and instructive articles on such subjects as "How to Make a Fitted Valance", "Draping the French Door", "Fitting the Shade to the Lamp", "Adapting the Dining Room to the Various Seasons", this magazine contains a series of full page room interiors, reproduced in rich art-gravure—room interiors that are neither impractical nor extravagant, but which might well be arranged for your own home.

The furniture shown in these rooms is the very furniture displayed for your inspection on the floors of the Association's Authorized Exhibitors.

*The BEDFORD ten-piece Dining Room Suite (in genuine walnut veneer combined with gumwood), derives its graceful contours from the Queen Anne period, in which the cabriole leg was a characteristic feature, and walnut the favored wood. Shaped overlays of burl walnut confer distinction, and rich color and texture are contributed by the diamond patterned Italian tapestry of the chair seats. Buffet, serving hutch, china cabinet, oblong extension table, arm chair and five side chairs. Nationally priced at *$445.*



*The NEW PORT swing divan glides back and forth with a smooth and even motion (without the use of overhead ropes or chains). Disappearing foot rest and adjustable back are additional comfort features. Metal construction, wood finish, with artistically decorated duck covering. Nationally priced at *$67.50*

Every suggestion in the Association's monthly magazine is a practical suggestion; every recommendation exists in the shape of actual home furnishings that can be secured at a very moderate cost through the Authorized Exhibitor in your city, who will be glad to show you a copy of this very instructive magazine.

3—Through Actual Exhibits

In your town, there's a store ranking far above the usual standards of furniture retailing. That's why it has been selected (by the Home Furnishing Styles Association of America), as an Authorized Exhibitor of National Award Winning TRIPLE GUARANTEE furniture, some of which is here illustrated. You'll know this furniture by the Association's mark of approval:

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*In the design of the CROYDON four-piece bedroom suite, of genuine walnut veneer with solid gumwood posts and frames, grace and dignity are combined. Note the sweeping curves of the mirror frames and the headboard of the bed. The ornamental moulding on the frames combines with the Italian lacquer finish to produce an effect of great beauty and refinement. Bow end bed, dresser, chiffonette, and vanity. Nationally priced at *$440.*

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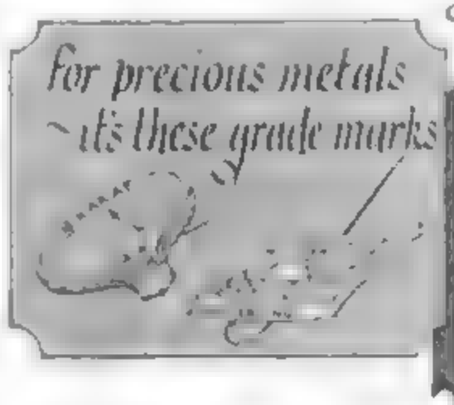
The name of the Authorized Exhibitor nearest your home and a free Home Beautifying Question Sheet, will be sent you if you mail a request to Home Furnishing Styles Association of America, Inc., Dept. A 4, 6 E. 39th St., New York, N. Y.



**Freight additional in certain sections of South and West.*

This educational announcement is issued by HOME FURNISHING STYLES ASS'N OF AMERICA, Inc., Dept. A 4, 6 E. 39th St., New York, N.Y.

Note: The TRIPLE GUARANTEE seal is not the trade-mark of any manufacturer or group of manufacturers. It is the Association's official O. K. appearing on only award winning models, selected from time to time, from America's best makers. It is your definite protection that the article so marked lives up, in every respect, to printed specifications.

(Continued from Page 198)

find how little they were doing in comparison with us, even those whose countries were at war. They had none of the tourist problems that had so occupied us; and so far as official duties went, they appeared to have less than before the war. The British secretaries seemed to have less to do than anyone else, and this they accomplished with their usual phlegm.

When I heard, on the morning of August fourth, that England had declared war I telephoned to the British Embassy, wishing to confirm this news, and asked to speak with one of the secretaries I knew there. The reply came that he was having a singing lesson and could not be disturbed for an hour. Imagine an American taking a singing lesson on the day his country was entering the war! Or admitting it, even if he had!

This calm attitude was maintained straight through the war; and it was extraordinary how not only the embassy but the whole of the British colony kept up a certain quiet and deprecating attitude towards everything that happened, especially if it were an event that might be interpreted as being discouraging to them. The similarity between what the embassy said and what the colony said was almost too exact to be fortuitous. One continually got the impression that the ambassador had seen each one of his countrymen personally and instructed him what to say when questioned.

Even when Kitchener's death was announced, and everyone was deploring it, every Britisher you met, official or unofficial, said almost lightly, "Yes, but of course, you know Kitchener's work was done."

It sounded a bit heartless; but I suppose it was merely the carrying out of that extraordinary policy that has been in existence so many centuries.

As winter came on and the Battle of the Marne had been successfully fought the French Government had returned to Paris, Antwerp had been surrendered to the Germans, the Battle of Ypres had gone on for many weeks and the whole scheme of warfare had settled down from its first great sweeping movements to an endless underground siege. Everyone appeared to have accepted the inevitable and decided to make the best of this new phase of existence. Embassies began to give dinners smaller than the year before, but much more interesting; theaters, opera and concerts went on as usual; in fact, except for a new vital topic of conversation, Roman life went on in much the usual happy, carefree way.

An Oppressive Function

The most interesting diplomatic function of that fatal year was the reception given by the King for the diplomatic corps. It took place in the morning, and though meant to be less formal on account of the war—for this reason ladies were not invited and the Queen was not present—it was one of the most oppressive state functions I have ever attended. Our embassy staff was the largest one present; and we must have given the impression, in our evening clothes, of there being more waiters than guests. We were the rallying point of the whole gathering, as we were about the only ones with whom everyone could talk. We stood about the ambassador in the center of the vast salon and got a good deal of quiet fun out of watching the others come in, all of them as stiff as ramrods and determined not to see their enemies. The master of ceremonies flitted from group to group, attempting to show no favoritism and confessing in a passing whisper that he didn't know what he would have done without our helpful neutrality.

The first embassy to enter was the British, Sir Rennell Rodd and his staff, who arranged themselves formally against the wall; Prince von Bülow and his secretaries came next, and took up a position directly opposite the English; Monsieur Barrère and his staff marched coldly by the Austrians without even admitting their presence in the room; then came Russians, Bulgarians, Swiss, Turks, Belgians, Dutch and the horde of South American legations. The huge salon suddenly became too small to hold such a difficult gathering; the silence grew more and more oppressive; and when a German secretary accidentally backed into a French attaché the exchange of pardons rang out with a warlike blast and made everyone jump.

People were approaching us from every side and shaking hands strenuously. Both the German and British ambassador started towards Mr. Page at the same time; and each, seeing the other's intention, stopped and returned to his place. Prince Lichtenstein immediately ended his conversation with our naval attaché when he found the Belgian minister within hearing distance, and a British secretary confessed to me that it was frightfully awkward to find himself in the same room with Hindenburg—a nephew of the general—whose wife, an Englishwoman, was one of his best friends. A few months before he had dined with them regularly every week. The excitement of the situation was increased by the fact that it was generally believed that Italy would soon make her decision as to the side with which she would link her destiny. Von Bülow showed by his assurance and geniality that he felt there was no doubt; Sir Rennell Rodd's smiling, calm countenance gave the impression that he had already been told that the Italians would be with him.

Official Neutrality

When we were finally shown into the audience chamber we were all somewhat shocked at the appearance of the King. The seriousness of the situation showed so plainly on his face. He greeted us gravely and had very little to say; and no wonder, when one realized that all sorts of influences were at work, swaying Italian sentiment in opposing directions: the political alliance with Germany and Austria; Austrian hatred, which had increased since the war of 1866; pro-Austrian feeling, which existed on account of so many family alliances between Italian and Austrian nobility; the attitude of the new Pope and the Vatican and the increasing power of the young Nationalist Party, which believed in burning all bridges and redeeming the lost provinces of Triest and Trentino. One had to live in daily contact with Italians during those uncertain days to appreciate the almost hopeless situation that faced their government, not only at that moment but throughout the war.

I found myself in endless conversations with the few Americans who turned up in Rome that first year, trying to explain to them that their criticisms of Italy were unfair, that her unity was only a matter of a few years, that many provinces spoke dialects unintelligible to others, that varying influences of the past century had created directly opposed characteristics, and that to build up a universal patriotic sentiment seemed for a time wholly impossible. We have only to glance at our own situation before we entered the war to realize that widely separated sections of a country possess wholly conflicting sentiments.

Our neutrality and that of Italy were the burning questions during those days; and after Italy took the final plunge we were left alone to bear the brunt of attacks from all sides. Though I do not believe there was one person in the whole of the embassy staff who was not wholly sympathetic from the very beginning with the cause of the Allies, Mr. Page insisted that each one of us follow to the letter the lead given in the pronouncements of President Wilson. He insisted that if we went out and accepted invitations we accept them indiscriminately; and he particularly made a point of our going to the numerous functions at the German Embassy, at which he, as well as the rest of us, found the atmosphere tremendously oppressive, especially when the conversation turned—or was deliberately turned—into explanations of why Germany had found it necessary to do this and that. And, of course, the secretaries and attachés were immensely cocky; they had every reason to be. Didn't every communiqué published recount their successes?

Mr. Page was continually rowing—as he expressed it—with his own countrymen, or, to be more exact, countrywomen. I have often seen him clench his fists, bang on the desk and shout out: "Dog-gone it"—his only oath—"if I could only lock up a few of these expatriated Americans! When I hear them cursing President Wilson, our Government, and telling everybody they meet that America is eternally disgraced for not having entered the war when Belgium was invaded I'd like to be able to take their passports away from them! I wish they'd find themselves so disgraced that they'd give up their American citizenship! But, of course, you'd never catch any of them doing that!"

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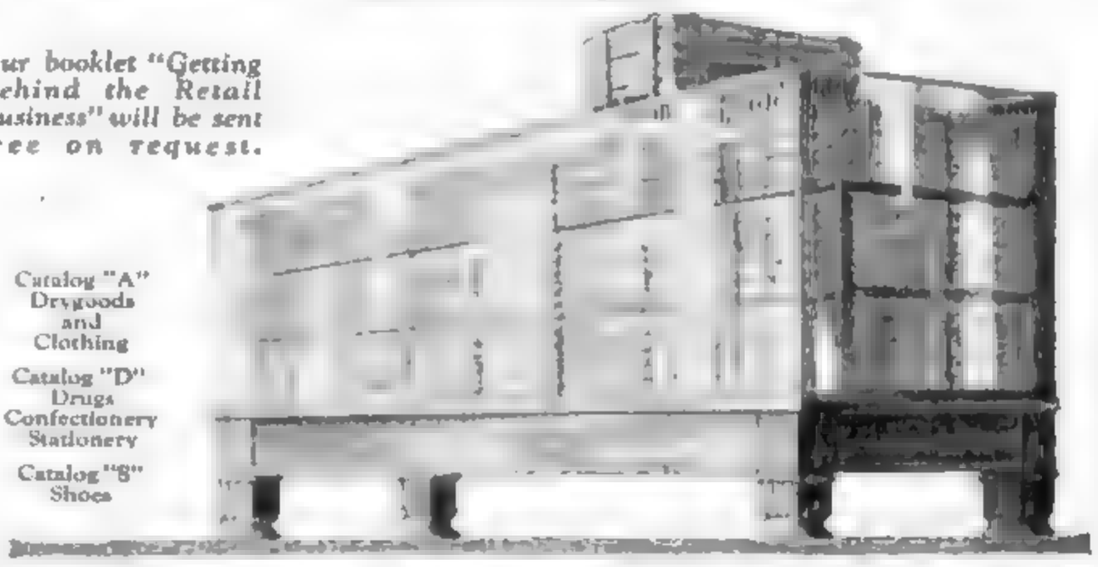

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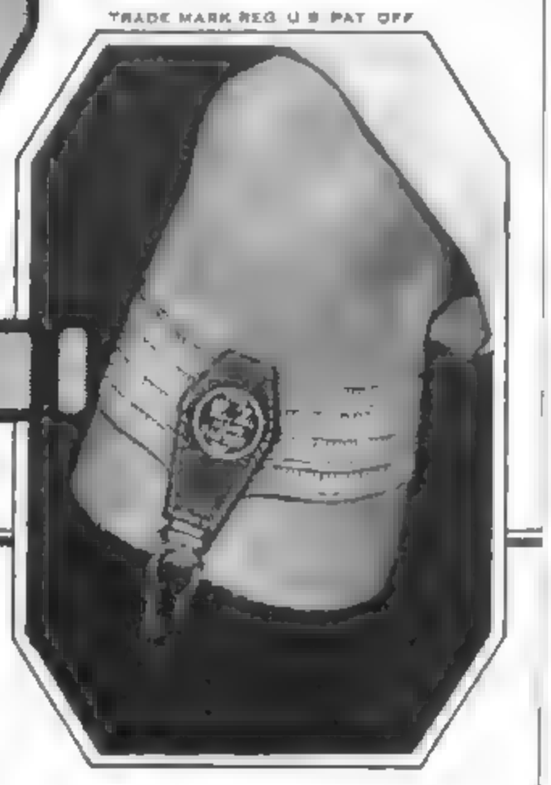

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Illustrated Style Guide free if you write

THOMAS G. PLANT COMPANY, BOSTON 20, MASS.

One day he sent me to call on an American who we had heard had arrived in Rome for the purpose of telling Italians, by means of lectures he proposed to give, that the United States was being kept from entering the war by the political party in power. The gentleman received me pleasantly enough, admitted that he was there for the purpose mentioned, but grew rather violent when I told him the American ambassador objected strenuously to bewildering statements being spread among the Italians. To this the gentleman replied that he didn't give a hang what the ambassador objected to; that he was a free American and that he felt it was his mission to let the Allies know that the United States, in spite of its Government, was heart and soul with them. Only a threat of taking his passport away from him persuaded the gentleman to give up his course of lectures.

Though the ambassador had all of us pretty much under his control so far as unneutral remarks and actions went, there was one member of his staff who refuted all such suggestions; and when I think of it now, it must have been a great satisfaction, even comfort, to him to have had one member of his family who made no pretense whatever from the very start of not being pro-Ally. When official position is an inhibition to expressing your own sentiments it is a great comfort to hear someone say what you are feeling; it is a delightfully vicarious way of blowing off steam. In this respect Mrs. Page was a joy to us all.

Garbled Utterances

It was quite natural that expressions of opinion by unofficial Americans and the reserve of officials were confusing to Italians. They looked to the embassy for the official attitude, and yet they said they supposed unofficial persons could really speak what was in their hearts. The garbled utterances of President Wilson, which invariably appeared in the Italian papers before we had received them from the State Department, increased our difficulties. It was days before we had the exact text in English of the speech that embodied the phrase, "*troppo orgoglioso di battersi*," and not one of us had translated it as "too proud to fight." Italians were so accustomed to seeing us traveling in hordes through their country, buying their pictures, raving over the beauties of the country and marrying our beautiful daughters to their princes that they naturally felt that whatever happened to them would be of vital importance to us. It was quite incomprehensible that our egotism and isolation—as someone expressed it made a European war a thing quite remote from the average American's life.

Our diplomatic colleagues maintained a certain reserve in all discussions with us, a fact that made it easier for us in one way and more difficult in another; yet now and then, in spite of a supreme effort, a biting remark would crop out about the vast sums of money we were making out of the war.

The sinking of the Lusitania brought forth a burst of excitement that concentrated on us with the question: "Now what are you going to do?" And an interesting story went the rounds that at the house of one of the German secretaries, whose wife was an Englishwoman, a toast was drunk at dinner to the latest German victory, meaning the destruction of the Lusitania. The wife refused to permit the toast, and said that, though she was German by marriage, she would not countenance any congratulations over such a monstrous crime.

A few days later a member of the Austrian Embassy passed me on the street, bowed, then stopped and rather timidly held out his hand.

"I suppose you'll think it strange," he began awkwardly, "but I can't help telling you what I think—how I feel about the sinking of the Lusitania. I hate to think of my country being allied to a nation that permits such hideous deeds to be committed. No good can possibly come out of such warfare."

Mrs. Page's Sentiments

When Italy finally made her decision and war was declared we all stood at the windows of the Chancery, watching the first contingents of soldiers pass by on their way to salute the King before leaving for the front. Rome was in a state of intense excitement. The streets were blocked with cheering crowds, bands were playing; and from every window strips of old brocades and tapestries were hanging—the Roman equivalent of bunting—side by side with the red, white and green flags. It was impossible not to respond to the enthusiasm of this finally united patriotic sentiment. We all felt a bit bottled up that day, and resented the fact that the biggest thing in the world was going on and we were still not a part of it.

Suddenly Mr. Page turned to me with a desperately worried expression.

"Run down to the embassy as fast as you can. These soldiers will pass there in a few minutes. Try to get ahead of them. See what is going on down there, and—and try to impress on my wife that this is a declaration of war on the part of Italy, not the United States."

I hurried out and fought my way through the seething crowds and reached the embassy just as the first lot of soldiers went by. A block away I saw the Stars and Stripes being waved from the balcony and heard the soldiers cheering it. I flew up the steps and out on the balcony, where Mrs. Page stood waving the flag and throwing huge bunches of roses down on the passing soldiers.

It was a long time before I could make my voice heard above the cheers that came up from the street. Finally I caught hold of Mrs. Page's hand and tried to draw her away from the balcony.

"The ambassador told me to tell you that the United States is still neutral."

She gave me a scornful look, told me to fetch her the largest basket of roses and rushed back to the balcony.

"The ambassador may pretend to be neutral—the United States may be—but I want the whole world to know I am not."

She leaned far over the railing, waved the flag with renewed enthusiasm and cried down to the soldiers: "*Viva l'Italia! Viva l'Intesa!*" And the soldiers answered back with ringing cheers: "*Viva l'America! Venga con noi!*"

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of articles by Mr. Richardson. The next will appear in an early issue.

PHOTO BY L. A. POWERS

The Memorial Amphitheatre, Arlington Cemetery, Va.

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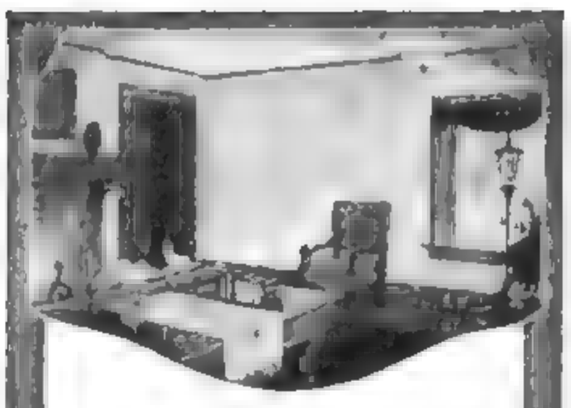

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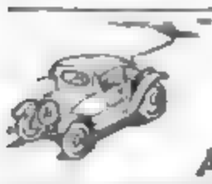

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THE PRODUCER GOES EXPLORING TO FIND THE CONSUMER

(Continued from Page 22)

because certain policies and oversights had offended merchants in that section of the market.

Many an article made, as its producer fancies, for the carriage trade is really being bought by what has been wittily dubbed the baby-carriage trade.

The market survey for a rather luxurious food specialty took the odd turn of being a survey of hospitality. The manufacturer wanted more well-to-do customers. It was found that he had pretty nearly all the customers that there were in that walk of life. Average folks couldn't afford to buy his product very often. But it was found that average folks spent a great deal more money on hospitality than rich people, income for income. When average folks entertain, nothing is too good for their guests. On that basis this manufacturer is broadening his market in new directions, offering his product as a luxury to people who can and do buy it as something particularly choice for exceptional occasions.

A certain automobile accessory was being sold all over the country. The manufacturer who made it concentrated most of his selling effort in Northern and Western states, neglecting the South on the assumption that it was not nearly so rich or populous. Curiously, nobody knew what the life of that accessory was—how long it lasted after going into service. Two years was the theoretical life, but that was a sheer guess. Inquiry showed the real life to be three months less, a very important thing to know for its bearing upon resales and turnover. And the life in the South was so much shorter, for climatic reasons, that the more frequent renewals there invited greater selling effort.

"Would you pay a quarter for this article?" people were asked in another investigation. "Would you pay thirty cents—or thirty-five?" The article was a drug-store specialty, and if people would pay thirty cents for it instead of a quarter, certain advantages in trade prices and discounts were possible. But the investigation showed that adding a nickel to the price would just about double the sales resistance among consumers, so the logical thing to do was to make the price twenty-five cents.

The Wrong Talking Point

An automobile manufacturer made great to-do about a certain mechanical peculiarity of his car, maintaining that it was a convenience and economy for purchasers. Most of his sales effort centered on that feature. Inquiries were made among hundreds of people who had bought his car. "Do you like that device?" Was it really an advantage? Far from appreciating, most owners said, "We hate the thing!" Thus the manufacturer was trying to sell his car by claiming virtue for its greatest handicap, and the fact that people still bought his car despite this prejudice indicated that it must have other good points. These points, also brought out in the investigation, were used as the basis of a better marketing policy.

Another automobile manufacturer made it a point never to advertise the price of his car. It was so good that people bought it on merit, not price—he thought. He didn't want his car associated with bargain automobiles. Hundreds of people who owned other cars were asked, "What is the price of the Blank car?" The averaged replies disclosed a popular impression that this car cost five hundred dollars more than it really did. With such a mistaken belief, many purchasers who could have afforded to buy a Blank gave it no consideration in making their choice, because they assumed that it was beyond their means—and then bought some other car that cost just as much.

This sort of market research is like a special census of consumers and distributors. Question sheets are drawn up to bring out the facts in each case, and wholesalers, retailers, contractors, architects, engineers, brokers, property owners, housewives are visited—everybody along the line, from the factory door to the final purchaser, who has anything to do with the article being investigated. Answers to these questions are then punched in cards, and these cards, put through sorting and tabulating machines, give all sorts of unsuspected information—to the fellow who knows how to use them.

"First we find out what we've got to find out," says one market investigator, "then we find out; and lastly we find out what we have found out. Finding out what we have got to find out means planning a comprehensive quiz that will get the required information. It might be compared with the testing engineer's plans for finding out the tensile strength, elasticity, hardness, wear, ductility and other qualities of a certain steel. The actual finding out brings in a mass of information. Finding out what you have found out means digesting and analyzing the facts to determine which are the ones that really matter. This is the biggest part of the job, calling for real insight to draw the few conclusions that may be vital. It's a curious thing that many business men are satisfied with the mass of information, and if left to themselves would keep it in a file and draw no conclusions. Just as there are sucker lists of people who will buy almost any fake stock, so there are sucker lists of business concerns that will engage almost any kind of efficiency expert. They are really looking for the philosopher's stone—some easy way of improving business. These data hounds are greatly impressed by statistics, charts, curves, questionnaires, and the like. They are comparable to the engineer who, having all the test data about a certain kind of steel, does not know how to use them in designing an automobile or a machine."

Market Opportunities

"The right sort of survey should show where not only your product stands but the product of all your competitors. Market opportunities are usually revealed along two general lines: First you find out where you are weak, and build up; second you find out where your competitor is weak, and do the things he ought to be doing. A certain manufacturer advertised his product nationally. We found startling differences between his sales in leading cities where his best market lay. In each city where sales were unsatisfactory he had no local selling representative—an illustration of weakness to be corrected.

"In another investigation, for a product that apparently had strong competitors, we found that the big fellows everybody thought impregnable were really sleeping, and that there were opportunities for somebody to step into their shoes.

"One man builds machinery. His chief engineer designed an unusually large apparatus, which was set up in a distant city. The man who installed it came back enthusiastic. 'Mr. Smith, that's the greatest machine we ever built—I wish you could have been there to see how well it worked!' The designer replied, 'Why, my boy, I saw that machine operate three years ago!' meaning that he had been able to visualize it when he designed it because he worked with accurate engineering information. The time will come when men, working with just as accurate information about the public, will design marketing machinery for their products and see them in operation mentally before they begin to work."

But where does the consumer come in? How is such marketing going to cut the cost of distribution? If Jones finds out where Smith is weak, and supplants him as a competitor, or Brown concentrates his selling effort on the unmarried ladies, or Cohen lets Stein make the stylish-stouts—what advantage to the public?

Better marketing is the application of the quantity-production idea to distribution. Everybody believes that marketing costs too much. Various reforms have been proposed to make it less expensive, such as eliminating the middleman, cutting down the number of retailers, lopping off this, that and the other thing. But when you propose eliminating this middleman or that retailer, somehow they don't eliminate. On the contrary, they generally make out a first-rate case for themselves as useful and indispensable citizens of the body economic, demonstrating that they render a necessary service for a reasonable, sometimes pitiful margin of profit. Government

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Delightful, too—the tempting taste of good old-fashioned wintergreen—its use is

"a sensible habit"

Aids digestion

BEEMAN'S
Pepsin Gum

American Chicle Co.

5 Room House $538

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You can buy all the material for a complete home direct from the manufacturer at big savings on the lumber, millwork, hardware and labor.

Price quoted includes all lumber cut to fit, windows, doors, woodwork, glass, paints, hardware, nails, lath, roofing and complete drawings and instructions. Highest grade lumber for all interior woodwork, siding, and outside finish. Send today for Free Aladdin Catalog No. 149.

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SMOKE on me FREE!

Have a Long, Sweet Smoke With Pete!

Men, here's a treat on Pete! Kentucky Hickory-cut Amerique's most particular smokers know it! The pure leaf genuine stuff. Hickory-cured as only Nature can do it in old Kentucky. Mellow! Tasty!

I'll Send You a Big Generous Helping of Old GREEN RIVER—FREE!

Two samples—TWO Granulated and Long Cut. Pipe delight you never had before. Mention mild, medium or strong. No obligation—but I'll tell you how to cut your smoke cost in two. Write now

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Smoking Tobacco

SALESMEN! We can always use a good salesman to sell our Testbestos Automobile Brake Lining. Write **American Asbestos Company, Norristown, Penna., U. S. A.**

SALESMEN WANTED

To sell a unique line of advertising novelties on a liberal commission basis. Highest references required.

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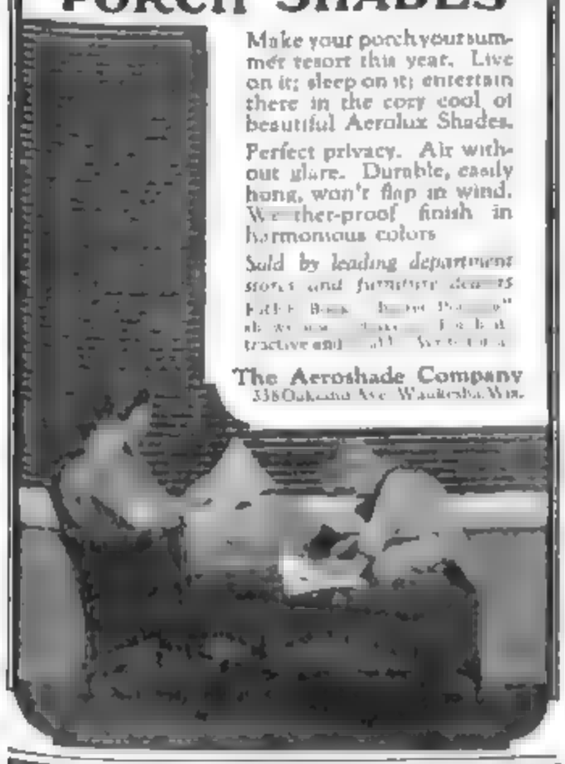
"Never Neglect a Break in the Skin"

Even the tiniest cuts and scratches may develop into dangerous infections. Apply New-Skin, the antiseptic dressing that protects against dirt and germs. It forms a smooth, waterproof film under which nature can do her healing undisturbed.

NEWSKIN COMPANY
NEW YORK TORONTO LONDON

15c., 30c., and 50c Sizes. At all Drug Sts.
Genuine New Skin is always sold in glass bottles, in red and gold paper cartons, *never in tin tubes.*

AEROLUX
VENTILATING
PORCH SHADES



Make your porch your summer resort this year. Live on it; sleep on it; entertain there in the cozy cool of beautiful Aerolux Shades.

Perfect privacy. Air without glare. Durable, easily hung, won't flap in wind. Weather-proof finish in harmonious colors

Sold by leading department stores and furniture dealers

The Aeroshade Company
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$400.00 PRIZES

First Prize $100 Second $50
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for the Best Original Published Article *on the*

Healthfulness and Importance of Increased Use of Spices

and for new and novel uses

JUDGES

Competent and impartial judges will decide on the merits of the published articles.

Send papers before Oct. 1, '23, containing articles to Geo. H. Carter, Chairman, 189 State St., Boston, Mass., American Spice Trade Association.

Clark's 20th Mediterranean Cruise
June 27, specially chartered Italian S. S. 24,684 tons, 91 days, $600 up, including shore excursions
FRANK C. CLARK, TIMES BUILDING, NEW YORK

commissions, legislative committees, economic experts and other investigators have combed the distributing system back and forth the past ten years, but nobody seems to have found the big hog in the marketing trough. In the end the investigator is inclined to turn on the public that demands lower living costs and say, "It's your own fault—you demand too much service."

Back to something has been the thought in studying this puzzle of living costs—back to the old bulk stuff in the barrel instead of the packaged article, back to the family market basket instead of the telephone order, back to the simple store of other days without elaborate fixtures.

But now business begins to see that it is a go-ahead proposition. Automobiles were not made cheaper by going back to the village blacksmith shop, but by building up quantity production.

Marketing seems to be expensive because it has not yet been put on the quantity basis. Some of the distributing expense may be due to the consumer's insistence upon service and cleanliness, but most of it is due to cut-and-try methods, slow-selling goods, dead stock, and other forms of waste which have been pretty well eliminated in production. There may be too many retailers, but there are not enough retailers doing a volume of business in keeping with the real purchasing power of the consumer.

In getting a better picture of its markets business is also getting striking new pictures of the retailer and consumer. It has discovered, that the average dealer who finally hands over the product is a sort of Topsy, who has just grown or was pitchforked into his business, and is a novice in the fundamentals of the merchant's craft. And it is discovering that the consumer who complains that income will not meet living costs is an astonishingly elastic creature with the ability to increase his buying power to acquire almost anything he desires—witness the development of the automobile from a so-called luxury to a carper-family necessity.

A manufacturer in a certain line of building equipment went to the market research director of an Eastern college, seeking light on his distribution problems. The director turned him over to an assistant. A little later the manufacturer came back, indignant.

"I have never been so angry in my life!" he said.

"Why? Smith is an inoffensive little fellow."

"Say, do you know what he said to me in that big voice of his after we'd talked an hour about my sales problem? Why, he had the nerve to tell me my difficulties were no different from those of a cheap jewelry manufacturer! The idea of classing our installations, that run into hundreds of dollars—yes, thousands—with glass earrings and brass watches!"

But the student was right, and the manufacturer had to admit it. For his product, like that in a dozen other industries apparently unrelated, passes out of a highly efficient producing organization into the hands of dealers who know very little of selling or merchandising. They begin as artisans, toting the plumber's bag of tools or sitting at the watch repairer's cabinet. Later, getting into business for themselves, sometimes because it is necessary to find work that way, they are mechanics first and merchants afterwards—perhaps.

Small Profits of Retailers

Suppose you make something well, at a reasonable factory cost. Suppose the average American family needs it, and can afford it, and would buy it if it were skillfully displayed or demonstrated. Suppose your middleman is this chap who thinks chiefly as a mechanic, and has little knowledge of salesmanship, display, advertising or the financing, management and turnover of a merchantile business. His store may be a greasy garage or contract shop. He may be so intent upon a fifty-cent job of soldering that he misses the opportunity to sell a fifty-dollar watch. You would quickly see that something must be done to give him mercantile training, and manufacturers with this picture of the dealer are beginning to do that, and also become merchants themselves by making their products as nearly self-selling as possible.

The number of retail stores in the United States is around one million, or a store for each twenty-two families. Probably six million people work in our retail stores, and not less than twenty million are supported directly or indirectly by mercantile trade. Yet, despite widespread suspicion that the merchant who passes goods along takes a large profit without rendering any real service, trustworthy investigators have found that less than 2 per cent net profit is made on the average retail sale; this includes both big stores and little shops.

"If these million merchants agreed to sell without any profit whatever," declare Harvard investigators, "it would not make a difference of twenty-five dollars a year in the expenses of the average American family of five persons."

Storekeeping is the last business to be studied scientifically. In contrast with the money spent to teach better methods of production to manufacturers and farmers, almost nothing has been spent on the storekeeper. Too often he gets into mercantile lines without knowing much about business methods, and gets out again to such an extent that mercantile failures are nearly twice as many as all other business failures put together. Mortality in the grocery business is estimated to be as high as 95 per cent; for each hundred retailers who embark in this field only five achieve permanent success. Our cities are full of little shops that do a business not much larger than that of the pushcart peddler—shops run by storekeepers who are not the pushcart man's equal as a merchant, for his business nearly always has a good balance of modest profit and overhead to healthy turnover.

Not long ago a manufacturing concern whose product is sold through two hundred and fifty thousand retail merchants went over its lists of dealers, cutting out those whose purchases were so small that keeping their business cost more than it was worth. It was thought that ten to fifteen thousand little shopkeepers might be dropped, but seventy thousand names had been struck off when the job was done. This company's salesmen not only call upon such merchants no longer but their orders are politely refused.

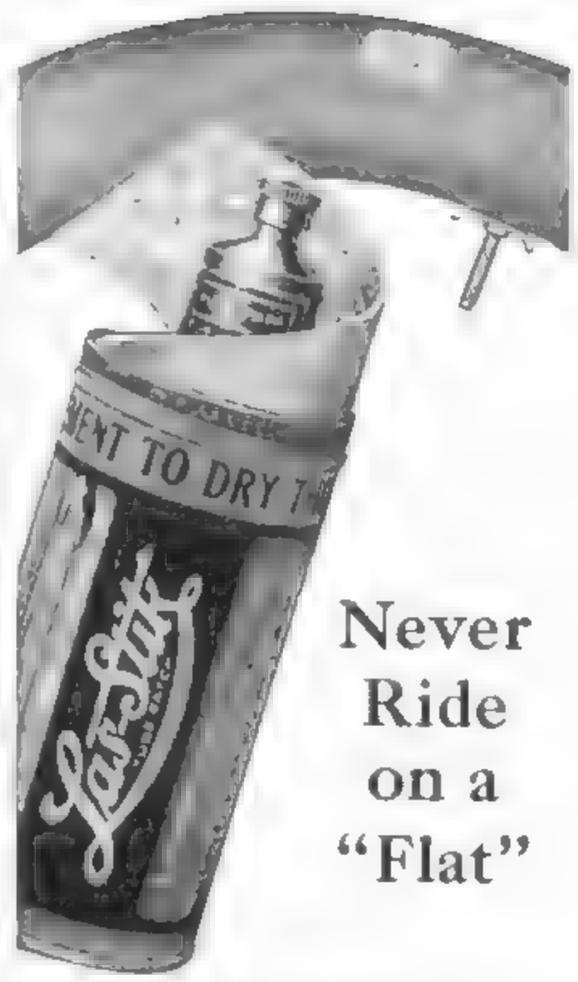
Retailing isn't a business so much as it is a battleground, and the public pays indirectly for all the casualties.

The New Arithmetic

The manufacturer, with his market investigations, is discovering things that the retailer already knows about himself and is trying to set right. During the past ten years he has had brickbats from all sides. The producer wants to get as much for his product as possible, and the consumer wants to get it at the lowest price. Therefore they are more or less antagonistic toward each other. Instead of direct hostilities, however, they both turn upon the middleman, and he has been accused of profiteering, subjected to the buyers' strike, supplanted by consumers' coöperative buying organizations, and made to realize his unpopularity in other ways. As an outcome the retailer is taking steps to get better business knowledge—and incidentally let the public know something about his real profits and his difficulties.

As an example, the retail merchants in the state of Washington have added an executive educator to their association staff, whose function is to teach scientific merchandising not simply to the merchants themselves and their employes but to the general public.

One of the biggest wastes to be wiped out in marketing is the cost of the failures of unsuccessful retailing. One-fourth of the grocers of the United States, or ninety thousand, do three-fourths of our grocery business and generally make money at it, while two hundred and seventy thousand others starve to death trying to divide the remainder. The most successful grocer in the West is said to be a merchant who makes a net profit of five thousand dollars a year on a fourteen-thousand-dollar stock of groceries. "Think of it!" a high-cost-of-living agitator might exclaim. "Thirty-five per cent profit! That is the way people are robbed." But this grocer turns his capital practically every month, doing a gross business of one hundred and sixty-three thousand dollars. He employs five expert salesmen on good salaries to keep stock turning, and does business at a net profit so small that a broken carton of eggs or a spoiled head of cabbage will wipe out the profit on many dollars' worth of sales. That is the sort of merchant who gives the public service at a reasonable profit, and also the kind of merchant who gives the manufacturer an outlet large enough upon which to build. That is the sort of merchant who can be made, in



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THIS unfailing white inner tube patch mends blowouts or pinholes the instant applied, and after being further vulcanized by driving, can't be torn off without tearing the tube itself.

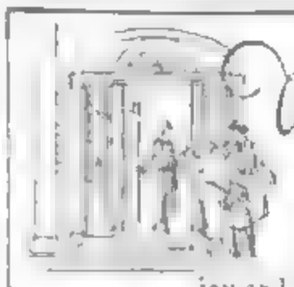
Always fresh and adhesive because made of pure, new, white para rubber. It couldn't be white if it wasn't pure, new rubber

Name stamped on every inch and consistent advertising of this patch a further guarantee of quality and a help to dealers and jobbers. Sizes 50c and $1, cement included

Dealers, send your jobber's name and we'll send sample can.

LAS-STIK PATCH MFG. COMPANY
Hamilton, Ohio

Las-Stik
TUBE PATCH



When your guests leave

Then you know the joy and pride of a home tastefully decorated with Niagara "Blue Ribbon" Wall Paper. Correct in every use. Noted for variety of artistic patterns, for texture, and moderate cost.

Quality coupon in every roll.

Send dealer's name for sample book in colors and "Helpful Hints" Free.

Niagara Wall Paper Company
212 Walnut St., Niagara Falls, N.Y.
$1000.00 In Cash Prizes to Paper Hangers

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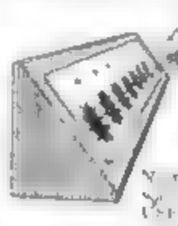

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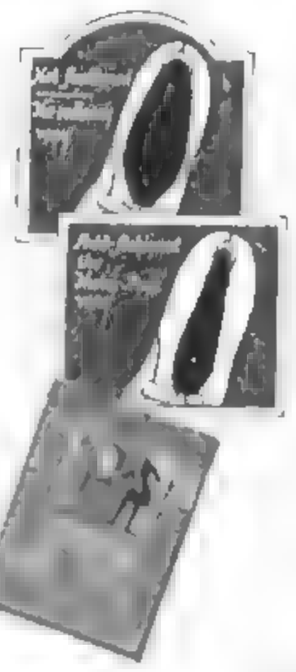
BIG OPPORTUNITY FOR EXCLUSIVE AGENTS

THE NUNN BUSH SHOE

"Faithful to the last"

The Ankle fit you Sought

THE tops of these shoes are fashioned in the making. Fashioned to hug the ankles—so there will be no gapping or bulging. Fashioned so their shapeliness remains long after their newness is forgotten. This feature adds much to their style yet little to their moderate price.



Your dealer will show you these Nunn-Bush Ankle Fashioned Oxfords and explain this achievement in modern shoe construction. Our illustrated 1923 style book gives you details in color. Copy on request

NUNN-BUSH & WELDON SHOE CO.
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Is Worth $3.00 to $4.00
To Leroy Phillips of D. C.

This week we want you to hear the story of Leroy Phillips, who represents *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* in the Capital City: "I devote from 20 to 40 hours a month to getting new and renewal subscriptions," says Mr. Phillips, "going out in the evening and working an hour or two at a time. I have made as high as $1.50 to $2.00 an hour." Isn't that better than idling around the house thinking of the radio, new clothes and other things more money would buy? Hundreds of our workers, both men and women, have found it ..

What Did You Do Last Night?

And the night before? Is the memory worth more than the dollars Mr. Phillips earns? Unless you're lucky enough to fall into an inheritance, extra money will come only through your own efforts—an opportunity for you to earn it pleasantly and with little effort is offered here, if only you will send the coupon.

The Curtis Publishing Company
252 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Gentlemen: Indeed I would like more money Please tell me, but without obligation, how I may earn it.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ *State*

many cases, by teaching the fundamentals of retail business, which is what they are doing in Washington. It is more than likely that this type of skillful merchant, making money on a large turnover of goods, will supplant the hundreds of unskillful storekeepers who fail to make a living. There will be no problem of weeding the latter out, for they are constantly weeding themselves out through business failure. Paul Findlay, a grocery-trade authority, figures that nearly six hundred grocers will go out of business in Los Angeles this year, where the mortality is 30 per cent.

Lately the Washington State Board of Education adopted a new business arithmetic submitted by the merchants' association. In the arithmetic, when you went to school, appeared problems like this: "You buy a horse for $100 and sell him for $125. What is your percentage of profit?" The answer, "Twenty-five per cent profit," satisfied the teacher. Very likely your own children today are solving problems of that kind in school.

Pedagogues who write arithmetic books evidently have not heard that it costs money to sell things. Before finding a purchaser for your horse you paid out about $15 for hay, oats, stable rent, grooming, discount on the buyer's note, and so on. The true profit was therefore 10 per cent instead of 25. This new business arithmetic for students in the sixth, seventh and eighth grades contains problems in which such business factors are figured. It is believed that boys and girls who study arithmetic that way will, even though they never go into business themselves, understand more about the fundamentals of business. And the new arithmetic is being studied by merchants and their clerks. For it was found that, given the profit-on-the-horse problem, not one merchant in twenty dug in for missing factors like selling expenses. In retailing, with much more subtle factors affecting profits, for lack of good business arithmetic a merchant may be losing when he thinks he is making money.

Sales Made by Display

But the consumer's purchasing ability is even more important than better business arithmetic and bigger retail turnover. Market research indicates that business does not yet realize how elastic a pocketbook the consumer carries or how people with goods to market can help keep that pocketbook filled and make it bigger.

The elasticity of purchasing power has been demonstrated by some interesting experiments.

A food article sold in grocery stores was chosen. It is the largest-selling product of its kind. Its manufacturer is the largest user of tin cans in the world. Everybody knows it, every grocer has it, and presumably its market could be increased only by growth of population. Twenty-one grocery stores in which this article simply had a place on the shelves with other goods were selected, and a sales record kept for three weeks, during which something over one thousand cans were sold. Then the product was brought down from the shelves and displayed on counters, and sales increased 70 per cent the following three weeks. Similar tests with other kinds of merchandise showed that there is a principle in the thing. If a particular article is placed where people see it more easily they buy more. By displaying different articles in rotation over a period of six months or a year the retail merchant can use this principle to increase his sales volume greatly, and the manufacturer can increase his business by helping the retailer, providing display racks, advertising and other sales aids whereby merchandise largely sells itself.

Carried from the grocer's counter into the census statistics, the principle is proved by the fact that our manufacturing output increased from twelve billion dollars in 1899 to sixty-three billion dollars in 1919. The latter was a boom year, to be sure, but after all allowances have been made for boom production and boom prices there is not the slightest doubt about the elasticity of the American pocketbook. It is the best-filled pocketbook in the world. It is constantly growing in terms of national income and personal income. It is a pocketbook carried by people who have a way of getting what they want. So new studies of income and purchasing power are very important in the better marketing movement.

The Irrepressible Consumer

Better marketing isn't altogether a matter of dipping into the consumer's pocketbook, but also of helping fill it. The merchant and the manufacturer can increase the buying power of their customers.

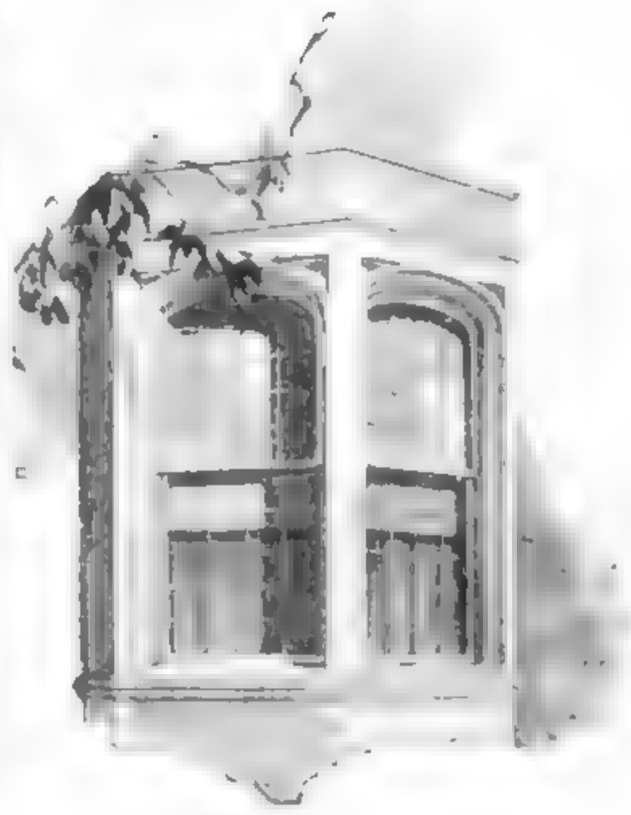
Business has had a way of thinking about income as something fixed and inflexible, like the clerk's salary and the mechanic's wages. Actually, the best consumer in the country—the farmer—has an income of remarkable elasticity. Coöperative marketing of his products is cited as one way in which the farmer's income can be increased. There is a strong coöperative movement afoot among farmers all over the country. Once the merchant sat back and looked upon such enterprises indifferently or in some cases secured control of the coöperative enterprise through buying up its shares of stock from members when they were transferable. Today, realizing that one of his greatest concerns is the purchasing power of his customers, he is taking hold with the farmers. Coöperative enterprises often fail for lack of leadership and business experience that he can supply.

Nor are wages or salaries fixed and inelastic. Unemployment, strikes, shifting of workers, transportation congestions, fuel scarcity and many other influences cut into pay envelopes and reduce purchasing capacity. The buying power lost through a single railroad or coal strike is incalculable, and everything done by the manufacturer to prevent such waste is better marketing.

The American consumer scares foreign economists, who sincerely believe that he is eating, wearing and using more than the country can produce—they predict a smash. He is scolded at home for his prodigality, his carelessness of thrift, his incurable desire for things our own economists declare superfluous. And business has been scolded for tempting him to extravagance. Yet he goes right on consuming, and the country hasn't smashed yet, because in order to increase his consumption he must also increase his production, and he seems willing enough to do that. In the new movement for better marketing, business has turned away from those who moralize about the consumer, and is going out to measure him.

PHOTO. BY MARTIN'S PHOTO. STUDIO NEW IBERIA, LA.

A Beautiful Oak in the Land of Longfellow's Evangeline, Iberia Parish, Louisiana



New beauty for the whole room
—with window shades of durable Brenlin

IN your home are you making the most artistic use of your windows? They are, usually, the most conspicuous element in the room and can be made to add so much to the effect.

Prominent interior decorators say that the importance of window shades is often overlooked. Are your shades in perfect color harmony with your rugs and draperies? And are they in good condition—or are they unsightly with cracks and pinholes?

At small cost, you can give new beauty, not only to your windows, but to the whole room—with shades of handsome, durable Brenlin.

In its base-material, Brenlin is quite different from the loosely woven, mesh-like fabric of ordinary window shades which are "filled" with clay or chalk and then painted. The constant wear of rolling and unrolling, flapping back and forth in the breeze; causes the dried out, brittle filling of clay or chalk to loosen and fall out leaving cracks, creases or pinholes through which the light shines and thus ruining the good appearance of ordinary shades.

Brenlin shade material requires not a particle of filling

Brenlin is made of a fine, closely woven material that needs no filling of any kind to make it smooth and opaque. It is strong and flexible and hangs straight and smooth. These qualities are woven into the fabric itself—not applied later. For this reason, Brenlin wears two or three times as long as the ordinary shade material.

Brenlin comes in a wide range of soft, rich colors among which you will find one that blends harmoniously with your color scheme. Experts finish Brenlin by hand and apply with the utmost care the beautiful colors that resist fading by the sun and defy stains by water. If you wish a different color on each side, get Brenlin Duplex for perfect color harmony.

After all, new shades are one of the little touches which make perfect the whole scheme. And Brenlin is not expensive. When you consider how much it adds to the beauty of your interior effects and how long it wears, you will find its use economical, indeed.

Look for the name Brenlin perforated or embossed on the edge. If you don't know where to get this long-wearing shade material, write us; we'll see that you are supplied.

"How to shade and decorate your windows correctly"—free

Write for a copy of this very readable booklet on how to increase the beauty of your home with correct shading and decoration of your windows. Samples of Brenlin in several colors will come with it.

For windows of less importance Camargo or Empire shades give you best value in filled shades made the ordinary way.

On the left, the material in an ordinary window shade right the fine, closely woven material in Brenlin

Scratch lightly a piece of ordinary window shade material Tiny particles of chalk or clay 'filling' fall out Brenlin HAS NO FILLING

Every foot of Brenlin is carefully finished and colored by hand for beauty of appearance, long wear, and smooth operation

HAND MADE **Brenlin**
the long-wearing WINDOW SHADE *material*

THE CHAS. W. BRENEMAN CO.
CINCINNATI, OHIO
"The oldest window shade house in America"
Factories: Cincinnati, Ohio, and Camden, N. J. Branches New York City, Philadelphia, Dallas, Texas, and Portland, Ore. Owner of the good will and trade-marks of the J. C. Wemple Co.

Corns

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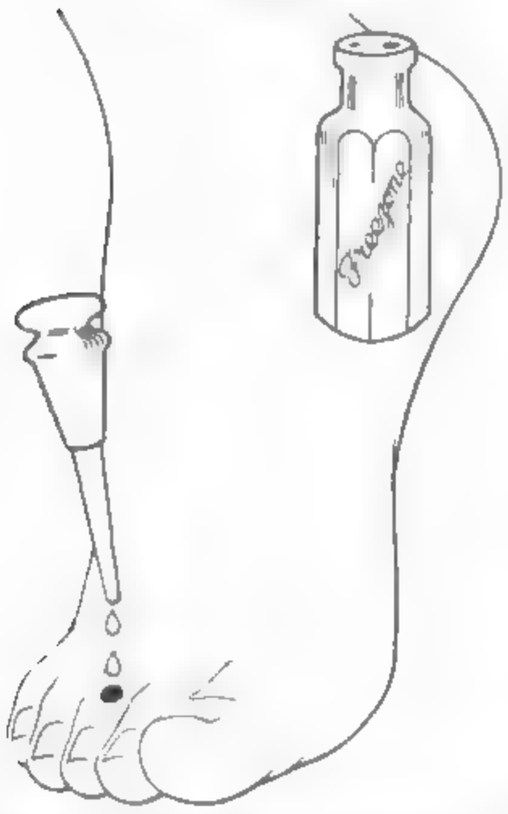

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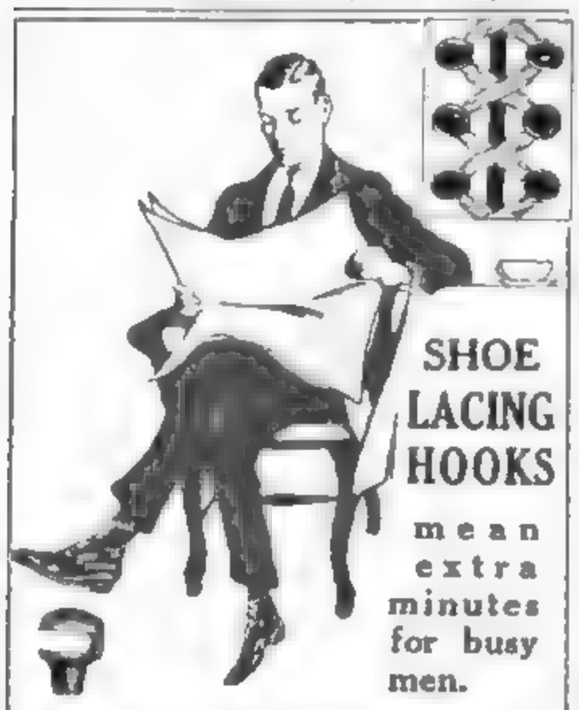

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THE BOGY OF THE RED ARMY

(Continued from Page 33)

their portion. So this opera-bouffe battle raged until sundown.

The British observer was honored by an invitation to dine with the staff. During the course of the dinner an orderly came in to announce to the chief of staff that another Bolshevik regiment had come in to surrender. The chief was annoyed.

"Tell them," he said impatiently, "to go on and surrender to someone down the line; we can't be bothered with them." The orderly saluted and was going. "Stop!" cried the chief. "Are there any commissaries with them?"

"Yes, two," was the reply.

"Then shoot the commissaries and send the regiment on to the cages."

If this was a fair sample of the Red Army how, it may be asked, did it prevail against the forces of Judenitch, Kolchak and Denikin? It is a fair question. General Judenitch undertook with a very ill-equipped force a sudden dash upon Petrograd, and he very nearly succeeded. But it was a life-or-death matter for the Communists. Only small forces were engaged. With command of the railroad, Trotzky was able to concentrate all his available men and strike at the enemy's flank, and the attack threw the invading force into confusion. In the case of Denikin the war was fought on the railroads. There was dissension among the civil and military leaders of the White Russians; the peasants would aid neither side because all they asked was to be left in peace. If they declared themselves to be anti-Communists how could they know whether the Communists might not arrive the next day and cut their throats? They had done it to others often before in the swaying fortunes of civil war. Gradually the fury of the White onset slackened and the Red commander's exploit in the frozen marshes of the Crimea put an end to the contest. Kolchak was defeated not by a Red Army but by revolt in Siberia behind his lines. Against a modern disciplined army, properly equipped for defense, no Red Army could hope to prevail, and the Communists in the Kremlin know it. So also do Mustapha Kemal and Ismet, but as long as European statesmen, to whom Lord Curzon is a brilliant exception, allow themselves to tremble at the mouthings of the Moscow bogy, it suits them to help in pulling the strings that move the lower jaw and show the teeth of the pasteboard monster.

The Second Stage Army

The Red Army consists of about five thousand armed men—mostly Letts and other non-Russians—who act as a bodyguard to the soviet leaders and are specially paid, fed and clothed to keep them contented. The Red Army displayed before the newspaper men are the second line, who are not trusted with arms except for review purposes. They are demobilized immediately after the show. This second stage army conceivably might be induced to fight against a foreign invader, because every Russian will do that, as was shown in the old days of foreign intervention, but they cannot be trusted to leave their homes to invade even one of the little border states. Nor are they sufficiently loyal to their leaders to be trusted with arms in time of peace. Every government is founded upon physical force in the background, and the Roman Empire showed long ago how small a minority may rule over a dissenting majority provided that the majority is unarmed and the rulers can count upon an armed bodyguard. During the decline of the Roman Empire the imperial rule was limited to the cities; its writ did not run among the country population. The landowners, the freedmen and the slaves who farmed the land in the fifth century took no interest in politics and asked only to be let alone. They knew by bitter experience that if barbarians overran their corner of the Roman Empire the central government was powerless to protect them. This is the attitude of millions of peasants all over Russia. They dislike all governments alike; in sentiment they are anti-Communist to a man and they would not stir a finger to help their present nominal rulers. If bandits or commissaries interfere with them they kill them and bury the bodies if they are strong enough; otherwise they bury their corn and bow their heads to the passing storm. As soon as they are alone they revert to their ancient form of local government—rule by the village council. Just as there is no Communist government in Russia, so there is no central Russian government. There is a central government in the great cities, and that is all.

As I have said in a former article, it is to be questioned whether any of the commissaries except Lenine, Tchitcherin and Lunacharsky, who are all Russians, have any real Communist convictions. The two last-named were always known in the old days as visionary fanatics, and Lenine tempered his fanaticism with worldly shrewdness. The others, and I know some of them, are selfish opportunists. Never in their hard early lives could they have dreamed of such a carnival of power and prestige. Litvinoff, who picked up a precarious living under the name of Harrison in London, had his head turned by dreams of returning as Russian Ambassador to the Court of St. James. His mouth watered at the thought of diplomatic precedence and all the privileges that are accorded to foreign representatives at state functions, and he took an early opportunity of laying claim to the Russian Embassy building in Chesham Place. He had his revenge when the Labor member of Parliament, Captain O'Grady, was sent over to Esthonia to negotiate for the liberation of the British prisoners of war who had fallen into Bolshevik hands during the ill-fated British intervention at Archangel. Litvinoff was appointed to negotiate for the Russians, and knowing that he would not again be admitted to England he drove a hard bargain.

Personal Characteristics

Meanwhile the Communist propagandists in Moscow had been exercising all their wiles on the British soldiers. As brother proletarians they must surely be anxious to break their chains, especially if aiding the Bolshevik cause in England was to be made profitable. The soldiers listened stolidly, but with secret amusement, and reported to their officers everything the little East Londoner had said. Out of this negotiation sprang the famous Trade Agreement, but Litvinoff was not selected to represent Russia in London. To that post went Krassin, and Litvinoff became his enemy. I suppose it was realized in Moscow that the oleaginous manners of Litvinoff had been tried in London and found wanting. Kameneff, Radek and Trotzky are not less self-seeking and ambitious than Litvinoff, but they are abler and better educated. They give lip service to Communism, since in any other political creed their names would never have been heard. Like nearly all the Communists they are out for what they can make, and they could have made nothing out of an ordered society.

The commissaries of Russian descent belong to a different order. Lunacharsky, the Commissary of the Fine Arts, is an artistic enthusiast with no more political sense than others of his kind; Tchitcherin was always regarded by his fellow students as a rather crazy fanatic, though at Lausanne he displayed some skill in his attempts to play one Western power against the other; Derdjinsky, the Pole, has confined himself to the sinister rôle of organizing out of the fragments of the Czar's secret police the redoubtable Che-Ka, which rooted out all opponents to the soviet government; Raskolnikoff, who commanded the Bolshevik naval forces in the Caspian and was brought to England as a prisoner, was formerly an officer in the Czarist Naval School. He is a competent officer of the better sort and does his duty by his employers without worrying himself with the theories of Marxism. Besides all these, there is the rank and file of the Communists—hard, illiterate and suspicious—realizing one fact only, that now they need neither toil nor spin and that any kind of change may snatch from them their newfound prosperity.

We have heard a great deal lately about a change of heart among the Communists in Moscow. Newspaper correspondents never tire of telling us how the shops are reopened and how, with the necessary millions of rubles, you can purchase anything you want. Less than a year ago the soviet government was making overtures to foreign capitalists, inviting them to take up concessions that were to be worked under

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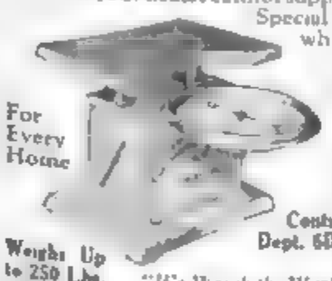

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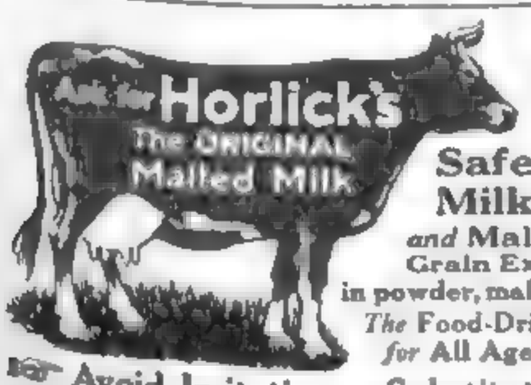

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soviet supervision. Though the Bolsheviks would never admit liability for the Russian public debt, they did actually make proposals to Mr. Leslie Urquhart, as representative of the principal British mining companies in South Russia, to return to Russia and begin again to work his old concessions. Mr. Urquhart went to Moscow and there were protracted negotiations which broke down in the end because the solid block of the Communist rank and file were suspicious that any concession to foreigners would lead to a return of the old economic system and that they would again be thrust down into the estate of hewers of wood and drawers of water—the only position, in fact, for which they were fitted.

The soviet finances—if any monetary position so chaotic can be called finance—are at the lowest ebb. Purchases abroad through Arcos—the all-Russian coöperative society—as well as foreign propaganda must all be paid for in gold, and the gold is nearly exhausted. The spoliation of the church was only a temporary palliative. The educated commissaries thought that they might achieve a twofold object by inviting in the foreign capitalist, provided that he was gagged and bound. They would resuscitate the ruined industries of the country and have someone in the country whom they could tax, and the capitalist in his turn would bring pressure to bear upon his government to recognize the Bolshevik Government. Moreover, once he had invested his capital the foreign concession holder would not dare to run away; he would stay by his money and have to abide by any vexatious conditions that might be imposed upon him by the soviet government.

Getting on Without Russia

It was in this spirit that Krupps of Essen were offered a block of land of one million acres—land, by the way, that belonged to other people. One of the directors provisionally accepted the concession, but was overruled by Herr Krupp von Bohlen, the head of the firm, who had the sure instinct that no sound business could be transacted with such people. The superior commissaries might possibly wish to keep faith, but it was certain that in the end they would be overruled and outvoted by the rank and file in the all-Russian soviet, whose members are almost as suspicious of the motives of their own leaders as they are of the foreigner. Nothing has caused more alarm among the Bolshevik leaders than the discovery that the world can get along without Russian trade. If a convulsion of Nature were to sink the whole country under sea the markets of the world would scarcely be disturbed, for the former Russian exports are all now being supplied by other countries. As far as one can see, the rich storehouse of minerals and timber that lies beyond the frontiers of Poland will not be opened to the world in the lifetime of the present generation. According to the latest reports Krupps are now considering a new proposition, a concession of agricultural land of fifty-six thousand acres in South Russia, which belonged, not to private owners but to the Czarist Government.

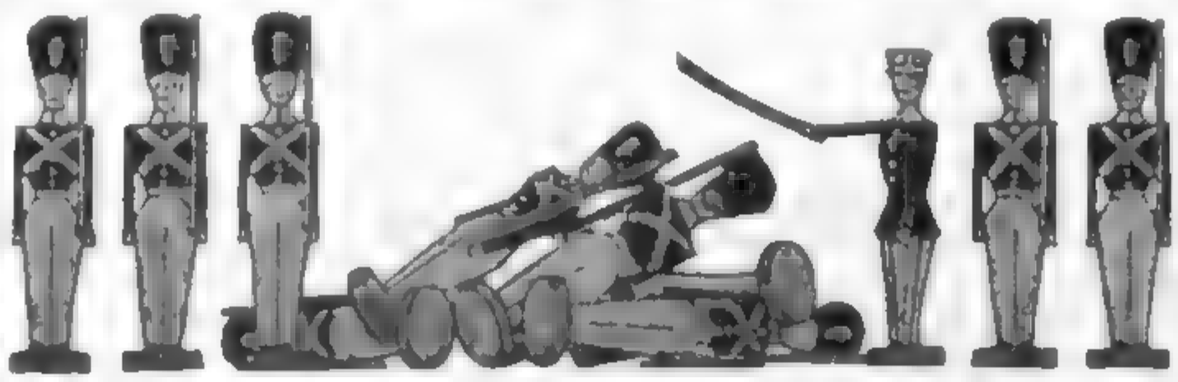
They do not propose to exploit this by themselves, but to transfer the greater part of the shares to a British company and to develop it in conjunction with the British. Here they would be free from molestation by the soviet government, for no Communist walking delegate would dare to show his face among the peasants of the region if he valued his life. It is uncertain how the seizure of Essen by the French will affect this scheme.

I remember a leading German industrial saying to me in Berlin the other day that there was no hope for Russia but in recolonization. What he meant, no doubt, was colonization by Germans. There has been much uninformed writing and loose thinking lately about a coming military and economic alliance between the Germans and the Russians. Certainly the present action of the French is calculated to drive the Germans into the arms of Russia if anything could. But nothing can. In the old German cartoons many years before the war, Russia was always represented as a sinister ogre, menacing the thrifty and peaceable German with a knotted club—the hereditary enemy, in fact, with a savage Oriental contempt for German Kultur. On the Russian side, the German was regarded as a self-seeking commercial person who delighted to order the Russians about, and who was possessed by a passion for hard work, order and regularity, all three of which are abhorrent to the Russian mind. The pictures were as distorted as the popular French estimate of the British as being a nation of shopkeepers, and of the Americans as cunning drivers of hard bargains; but such pictures are inevitably drawn when two nations do not love each other. The Russians will always oppose the wholesale admission of Germans to control their industries, though the commissaries are quite ready to use an alliance with the Germans as a bogy with which to intimidate Western Europe. At the same time they have never forgotten the way in which General Mannerheim and his German allies dealt with the Communists in Finland during what they are pleased to call the White Terror, nor the way in which they were handled in the peace conference at Brest-Litovsk. The directors of the great electrical company, the A. E. G., have long been negotiating with the Bolshevik representative in Berlin, and they still cling to the superstition that the Communists are undergoing a change of heart. Krupps have built locomotive engines for the soviet government railroads, but they were careful to be paid in advance in gold. The German Government has to submit to political propaganda among the German Communists because, if it were to expel the Bolshevik representative, there would be an outcry both from its more radical supporters and from the industrial magnates who are hoping for lucrative orders from the soviet government.

How Prosperity May Return

When my German friend said that Russia must be recolonized he came nearer to the truth than his meaning warranted. The reestablishment of Russia as a productive country will come from her frontiers. Foreigners will not establish industrial colonies in the heart of Russia, but they will push in railroad communication mile by mile, and on either side of the railroad the peasants will begin to buy and sell again on the basis of the market values of their products on a gold basis. The old paper ruble will cease to have any value—it has not much now. As the railroads push their way in, prosperity will begin to return and the protection of a nominal government in Moscow will be quite immaterial. In a large portion of Russia today the soviet government could not give any protection, even if it favored the enterprise. But all this will have to wait until the present gang of pseudo-Communists has fallen, as fall it will.

If there were really a disciplined Red Army in existence, now would be the time for it to act. For the first time since the war the action of the French has united the German nation into one, for national patriotism has always proved itself to be a stronger bond than political creed. The feeling is intensely anti-French. The Bolsheviks are almost as strongly resentful against both the French and the British. A Red Army, marching westward under the direction of German staff officers, would be a portent that might well shake the nerves of the world. But no one knows better than the Germans that there is no such army in existence except on paper, and



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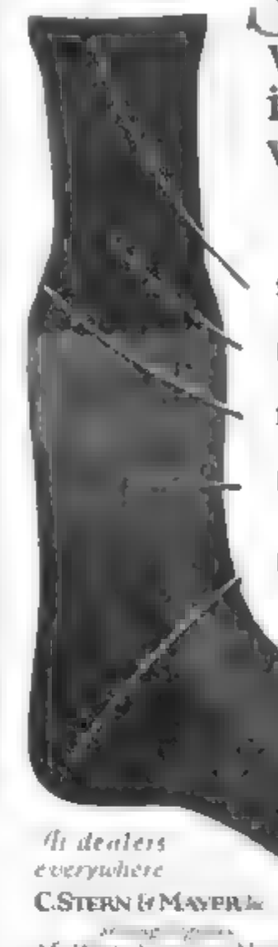

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that even if there were, in the present state of the railroads, it could not move. If there should ever come to be a strong central government in Russia again, a government that could make its power felt in every part of Russia and Siberia, the national feeling would reassert itself and a military alliance with the Germans would become unthinkable. The two countries are too near each other geographically, and a neighborly feeling between contiguous nations of alien blood is almost unknown in history.

Europe is sick. Alarmists are predicting her early dissolution, and even the optimists are agreed that something must be done about it. Just as when a man is stricken with a mysterious malady that defies the skill of the family physician, his relations begin to dispute among themselves whether an herbalist shall be called in or the patient be turned over to the surgeon to explore his interior under the knife, so our political wiseacres are urging their governments to intervene and do something.

But there is nothing mysterious about the disease from which Europe is suffering. Any country would be sick if her exchange were so deflated that she could not afford to buy raw material and food from foreign countries. To call in governments to regulate exchanges would be far more futile than to call in an herbalist to treat a broken leg. There is only one remedy, and that is to revive foreign trade on an international basis. The British commercial and industrial houses realized this long ago and were in treaty with German manufacturers to come to an understanding to their mutual advantage. As a German once remarked to me, "If you will allow me to say so, we Germans are better manufacturers than you are, but you are infinitely better salesmen." He went on to imply that if we pooled our resources it would be better for the world at large. What is true of the British and the German manufacturer is true of other countries as well. Let the governments stand out and, beginning with one industry, such as dyes, electrical products or railroad material, let the manufacturers of America, England and Germany get together, and the manufacturers of other countries would soon be knocking at the door. If there were a recovery in the mark, the payment of reparations would not be so difficult.

Economics knows no frontiers. There is no room in international trade for racial prejudices or political schemes. Had it not been for the evil ambitions of the military clique in Berlin, Germany would soon have found her place in the sun through the growing predominance of her foreign trade. Her fortunes were wrecked by government. If Venice had been content to act as middleman between Europe and the Orient her power might have endured into the eighteenth century. The ambitions of governments and their inept meddling with the iron law of supply and demand have always brought their own punishment.

Let us then face the problem of the aftermath of war sanely. There is no danger from a Red Army; there is no danger of a new world war; there is no danger of a military alliance between Germany and Russia. There is, however, grave danger from the actions of governments such as the seizure of the Ruhr, which cannot possibly recoup the French for their expenditure, let alone producing the arrears of reparations. The only remedy for the ills of Europe is recovery in manufactures and foreign trade, and this needs time. The time may be shortened by combinations and agreements between the manufacturers and traders of all countries. Any attempt on the part of governments to find a short cut is foredoomed to failure.

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(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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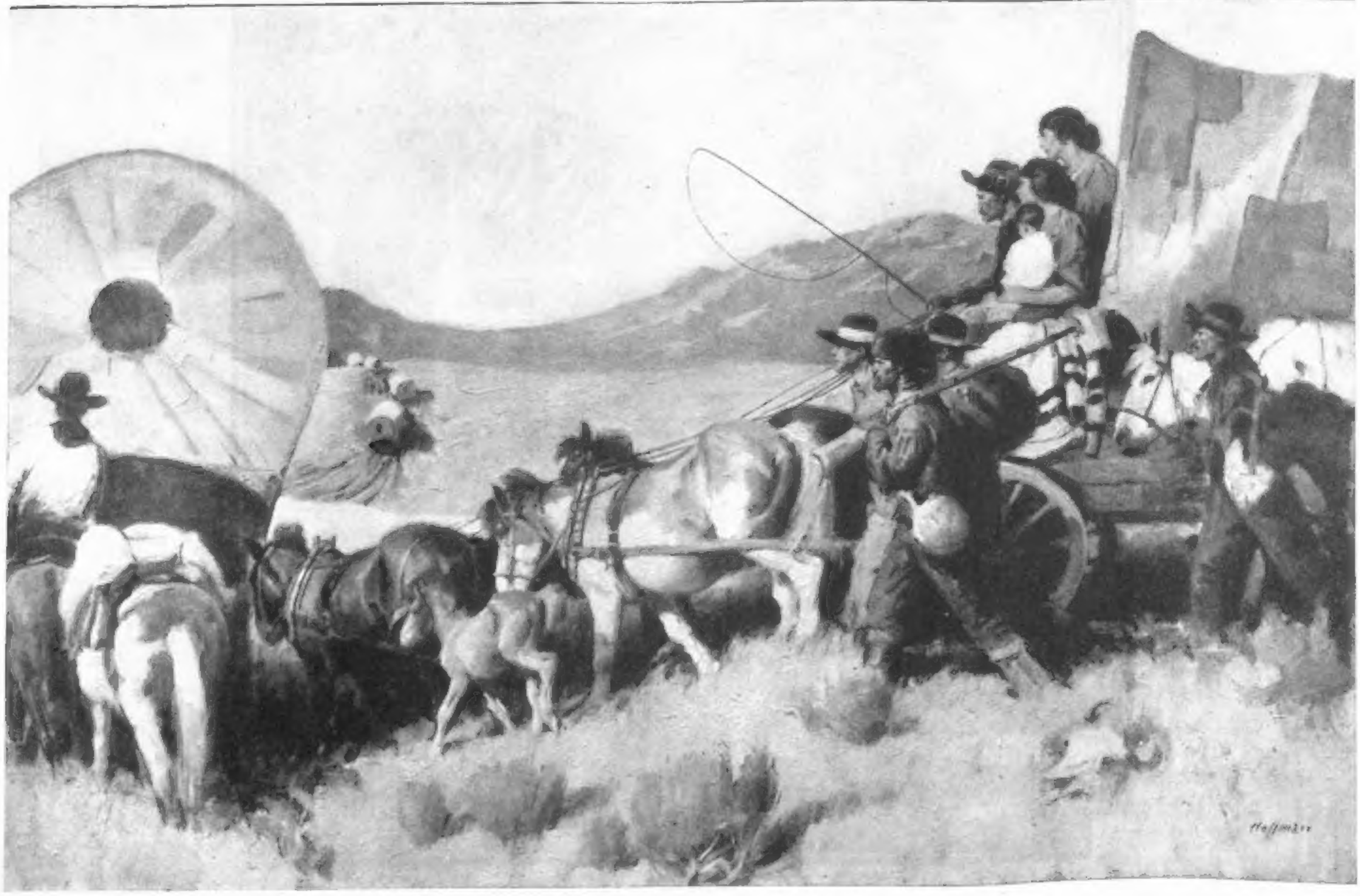
MASON CITY, IOWA NEW CASTLE, PA. KANSAS CITY, MO. RICHMOND, VA.

LEHIGH . . . THE NATIONAL CEMENT

"We flatter ourselves we are the germ of a great state ..... the country must populate" *Memorial to Congress*, 1839



THE PATH OF EMPIRE

A LIFETIME ago an exhausted band of one thousand people, with 120 wagons and more than 5000 cattle, struggled into the Pacific Northwest.

The ruts of their wagons reached 2000 weary miles behind them. Months of terrible toil were over—the first of the Great Migrations was at its journey's end.

A lifetime ago! The Pacific Northwest was still a wilderness, the "Path of Empire" a wagon trail.

* * * *

From 1843 onward caravan after caravan of covered wagons lurched over the Oregon Trail. Then railroads and a mounting wave of immigration.

Yet, only 40-odd years ago, in all the vast expanse of Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Montana and Wyoming there were fewer people than in Cincinnati or Minneapolis today!

But 40 years have wrought their miracle. Population has increased almost *eight times* as fast as in the United States as a whole. Large and beautiful cities have arisen. Rapidly growing towns and villages, and comfortable farm homes dot the countryside.

And with the tremendous growth in population has come a like growth in industry, commerce, agriculture, markets.

An Empire of Opportunity has unfolded, *is* unfolding in the Pacific Northwest swiftly. Its opportunities are the unequalled opportunities of a wide and rapid development in a *new* land of vast natural wealth.

* * * *

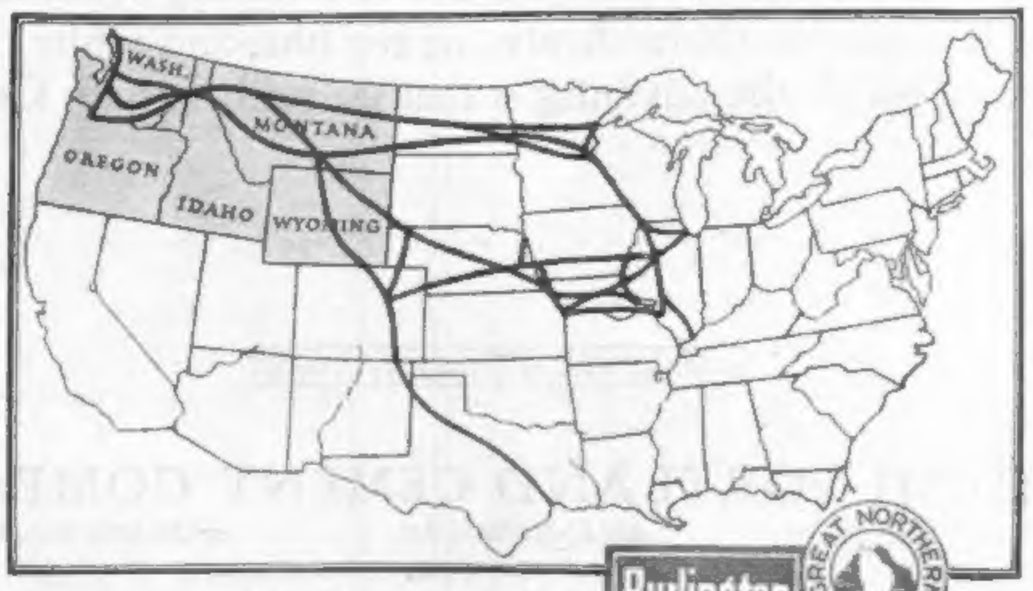
And this development, despite the high level it has reached is still in infancy. In a great domain more than twice as large as France there are but three and one-half million persons. With millions of fertile acres adapted to intensive cultivation, there are but seven persons to the square mile. Its mine of latent resources has only been scratched.

Young, rich, virile, the Pacific Northwest stands at the edge of an illimitable future. Its call is still for pioneers: pioneers of the land—farmers, dairymen, stockmen, fruit-growers; pioneers of industry and business—manufacturers, retailers, distributors, workers, operators; pioneers of trade and commerce.

For each of these, in a land of gloriously mild and healthful climate, awaits the old, precious heritage of the American stock—a chance to "grow up with the country," a part in the second winning of the West.

Write for interesting booklet, "The Land of Opportunity—Now". Address: Chicago, Burlington & Quincy R.R., Chicago, Ill.; Great Northern Ry., St. Paul, Minn.; or Northern Pacific Ry., St. Paul, Minn.

The Burlington-Great Northern-Northern Pacific Railroads were created largely by the pioneer energy of the Pacific Northwest for its service and hold ever in mind this purpose of their founders



Burlington Route

GREAT NORTHERN

NORTHERN PACIFIC

CHICAGO BURLINGTON & QUINCY R.R.
GREAT NORTHERN RY.
NORTHERN PACIFIC RY.

To the Pacific Northwest

THE LAND OF OPPORTUNITY

The commotion the Frazers caused

The blare of a motor horn at four in the afternoon and the crunch of heavy tires over the gravel drive. The Frazer cousins unloaded—seven grown-ups and two children for good measure. Glad to see them, yes—but why couldn't they have let her know! The food part of supper could be managed. The silverware—there *was* the difficulty! Quick, she must borrow from Patricia next door or from Hilda over the way in order to have nearly enough. This borrowing silverware was getting a bit too common, even if the girls were so nice about it. She must have more of her own.

Do you often have to borrow silverware?

PERHAPS when unexpected guests arrive in unexpected numbers, you, too, are obliged to borrow silverware, or to set your table less appropriately than you desire. No doubt you put up with this inconvenience because you fear the expense of adding to your present silverware.

But you need not! In 1847 Rogers Bros. Silverplate you can add to your table service most reasonably and in small quantities, should you desire. In the classic Anniversary or the other patterns, a half-dozen teaspoons cost only $3.75. Other pieces are priced as sensibly.

Yet in this fine silverplate you can provide all the different kinds of pieces you may need—ice cream forks, salad forks, coffee spoons, serving pieces and tea and coffee sets of matchless grace.

And on future occasions, as the need arises, you can add to your table service of "1847 Rogers Bros." Leading dealers everywhere carry the newer patterns. Remember that 1847 Rogers Bros. Silverplate has stood the test of three-quarters of a century. It leaves nothing to be desired in durability, beauty or guarantee.

Send for "HOW MUCH SILVERWARE," booklet D-90, which outlines the table service families of different sizes should have for gracious, comfortable living—every day and for entertaining. We also furnish handsome illustrations of the Anniversary and other patterns. International Silver Co., Meriden, Conn.

Anniversary Teaspoon

ANNIVERSARY AFTER-DINNER COFFEE SET

There are tea and coffee sets, vegetable dishes, platters, trays and even vases to match the newer 1847 Rogers Bros. patterns. These pieces in the Anniversary Pattern will be on the market shortly.

1847 ROGERS BROS.

SILVERPLATE

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

Chaliapin as Boris Godounow

The big events in music center around Victor artists

In opera or in concert the outstanding performances are those of Victor artists. The names that draw the biggest audiences are

ALDA	CLEMENT	GLUCK	LASHANSKA	SCHIPA
AMATO	CORTOT	HARROLD	MARDONES	SCHUMANN-HEINK
ANSSEAU	CULP	HEIFETZ	MARTINELLI	SCOTTI
BATTISTINI	DE GOGORZA	HOMER	McCORMACK	TETRAZZINI
BESANZONI	DE LUCA	JERITZA	MELBA	THIBAUD
BORI	DESTINN	JOHNSON	MOISEÍVITCH	WERRENRATH
BRASLAU	ELMAN	JOURNET	MORINI	WHITEHILL
CALVÉ	FARRAR	KINDLER	PADEREWSKI	WITHERSPOON
CHALIAPIN	GALLI-CURCI	FRITZ KREISLER	RACHMANINOFF	ZANELLI
CHEMET	GARRISON	HUGO KREISLER	RUFFO	ZIMBALIST
	GIGLI	KUBELIK	SAMAROFF	

who with other famous artists make records for the Victor only.

No other such service, no other such quality nor variety of musical entertainment, is obtainable in all the world as that which is afforded by the Victrola and Victor Records—used together, the one with the other.

Victrola

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Important: Look for these trade-marks. Under the lid. On the label.

Victor Talking Machine Company, Camden, New Jersey